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## A DECADE OF FEDERAL RAILWAY REGULATION.

THE federal Act to Regulate Commerce went into effect April 5, 1887. A decade in the life of a law, especially if it has been the subject of administrative and legal discussion, is a sufficiently long period to warrant an examination of the principles upon which it rests, in the light of the experience that it has encountered.

To insure a proper understanding of the purpose of this law, and of its place in industrial development, it may be well to say a word about the peculiar character of the business of transportation by rail, and to explain why, in 1887, it became necessary that a federal law for the control of railways should be enacted.

The merchant, the manufacturer, and the farmer, working under conditions of industrial liberty, do not seem to require any peculiar supervision on the part of the state; for competition is adequate to insure relative justice as between customers, as well as to insure the sale of goods at a fair price. But in the railway industry competition does not work so beneficent a result. On the contrary, such is its nature that it imposes upon railway managers the necessity of disregarding equity between customers, and of fixing rates without considering their fairness, whether judged from the point of view of cost or of social results. Were this not true, there would be no railway problem.

But what, it will be asked, is there peculiar about the business of transportation which renders it superior to the

satisfactory control of competition? Even at the risk of raising a larger number of inquiries than can be satisfied by my reply, I venture to submit a categorical answer. The railway industry is an extensive, and not an intensive industry. It conforms to the law of "increasing" returns rather than to the law of "constant" or of "diminishing" returns. This being the case, ability to perform a unit of service cheaply depends more upon the quantity of business transacted than upon attention to minute details. Another way of saying the same thing is, that the expenses incident to the operations of a railway do not increase in proportion to the increase in the volume of traffic. As an industrial fact, this does not pertain to the business of the manufacturer, the merchant, or the farmer, but is peculiar to the business of transportation; and it is adequate, when properly understood, to explain why all advanced peoples, without regard to the form of government they may have adopted or the social theories they may entertain, have surrounded the administration of railways with peculiar legal restrictions. The necessity of some sort of government control lies in the nature of the business itself.

Before the first federal law designed to control the business of transportation went into effect, most of the states had already made legal expression of the conditions under which those railways lying within their respective jurisdictions

might follow the business of common carriers. Speaking broadly, this legislation had been either restrictive or constructive in its character. As an illustration of restrictive legislation, mention may be made of those laws, so common in the statutory records of the states, which forbid the consolidation of parallel lines, or which deny the right of association to railway corporations.

It was not along this avenue, however, that railway legislation found its most easy and natural development, and a moment's consideration will make it evident that such a development would have been illogical and ill advised. For if it be true that the source of the difficulty in the railway industry lies in the abnormal manner in which competition works, or, as it is sometimes expressed, in the excess of competition between railways bidding for the same traffic, it must follow that laws which have for their purpose the stimulation of an already overactive struggle for commercial supremacy cannot be approved. Not only do such laws tend, as their first result, to aggravate the evil of which complaint is made, but, in the long run, they lend their influence to that consolidation of interests the fear of which was the chief reason for their enactment.

One cannot say that the sentiment in favor of restrictive railway legislation is entirely a thing of the past; it is true, however, that greater reliance is placed at the present time upon what I have termed constructive legislation. This sentiment expressed itself among the states in the creation of railway commissions, entrusted with a more or less complete jurisdiction over the administration of railway affairs; and the strength of this sentiment, no less than the trust placed in it by the public, is shown by the fact that when, in 1887, it became necessary for the federal government to take official notice of the public evils incident to the manner in which the business of inland transportation was car-

ried on, the law framed by Congress incorporated the essential principles of the stronger state commissions, and established the Interstate Commerce Commission.

To explain fully the occasion of a federal law in 1887 would demand a general study of the evolution of industry in the United States, so far, at least, as to show why, about 1870, through traffic came to be of relatively greater importance to railway managers than local traffic. In accounting for this result, it would be necessary to refer to such facts as the development of agricultural machinery which followed the withdrawal of adult labor from the farms during the war of the rebellion, to the substitution of steel for iron in railway construction which enabled the railways to compete with water-routes in the carriage of grain and other heavy freight, and to many more facts of the same sort. But we cannot follow this line of investigation, and must content ourselves with a technical answer to the question. Technically, then, the reason for the federal law of 1887 was a decision of the Supreme Court in 1886 which expressly limited the jurisdiction of the states to local or infra-state traffic. This was but an affirmation of a principle clearly expressed in the Constitution; but so anxious had the courts been to assist the legislators of the several states in their endeavor to solve the railway problem, that they had stretched a point and supported the states in their claim that state governments had the right to regulate through traffic as well as local traffic so long as Congress refrained from definite action. In the decision referred to, this ruling was reversed. The jurisdiction of the states was limited to traffic within their respective territories, and it was clearly shown that, should the states be granted jurisdiction over traffic from or to other states, the result would be inextricable confusion and the absence of all efficient control. Such being the condition of

affairs, the necessity was presented to Congress to undertake the formal regulation of interstate commerce, or to allow the most important and the most troublesome portion of railway traffic to develop without regard to the rights of shippers or the interests of the public. It could hardly fail to choose the former alternative.

The chief aim of the law, as indeed of all efforts to regulate transportation when regarded from the public point of view, is to guard against invidious discrimination in the administration of railway property. It lies in the theory of modern society that men should succeed or fail according to their abilities. As a matter of fact, a railway manager has it within his power, through the manipulation of rates, to make or to destroy; to determine which persons in the community, and which communities in the state, shall attain commercial success, and which shall struggle in vain for its attainment. Such unusual powers cannot be safely entrusted to the guidance of private advantage, but must be brought under the direction of the public interest. Public control over railways, at least so far as may be necessary to eliminate from their administration invidious discrimination, is essential to the permanency of a democratic society; and those sections of the law of 1887 which are designed to secure the same service for the same price to all persons and places must meet with universal approval.

Three classes of discrimination are specially mentioned as under the condemnation of the law: these are, discrimination between persons, discrimination between carriers, and discrimination between places. It has been said that discriminations of the sort referred to, falling under the heading of an unjust price, are misdemeanors at common law, and, therefore, that no necessity existed for special legislation. It is not designed to discuss this question, but rather to call attention to the fact that common law

methods of procedure are not adequate to secure for a shipper or a community suffering under an invidious discrimination in the matter of rates that speedy relief essential to the preservation of an established business. Suppose, for example, that one cattle-dealer in Chicago is selected by a pool of railways to control the shipment of meats from Chicago to the seaboard, and that, in order to secure him this control, he receives a rate ten per cent less than the rates charged other dealers: it is evident that the favored shipper will quickly destroy the business of other shippers by bidding more for cattle than they can afford to bid. Even if it be true that the discrimination is not approved by common law, what remedy has the small shipper that is speedy enough in its action to rescue the business which he observes to be slipping from him? He has no remedy, and for this reason it is essential that discriminations of the sort referred to should be made statutory misdemeanors, and that some special method of procedure, more rapid in its operations than an ordinary court, should be established to cause the railways to desist from their wrong-doings.

In this line of reasoning there is presented the defense not only of a formal law by which certain acts common to railway management are declared to be "unlawful," but of the establishment of a special bureau or tribunal whose duty it shall be to cause all unlawful discrimination speedily to cease. Such is the aim and spirit of the Act to Regulate Commerce; and in so far as it has failed to grant relief to commerce and industry from invidious discriminations in railway charges, it has fallen short of the high hopes that were entertained when the act was passed.

Before inquiring what the interstate commerce act has accomplished, it is essential to explain something of the method of procedure which the framers

of the act contemplated in its execution; for most of the difficulties have arisen from the rules laid down which are strange to the established character and usual practices of the courts. It is evident that a body of men charged with the duty of protecting the public from the maladministration of railway officials must be provided with some means of exerting an authoritative influence upon the manner in which railways are administered. It is equally evident, to one familiar with the rôle played by the courts in the political organization of the United States, that this authority must in some way rest upon the powers granted by the Constitution to the judiciary. However this purpose might have been accomplished in other ways, the method which approved itself to Congress was (to put the case concisely) to grant the commission the liberty of appealing to the courts for the exercise in its favor of such authority as might be necessary to the performance of the duties imposed.

According to the act, the commission may invoke the aid of the courts to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to secure from them all lawful information. In case a carrier shall refuse or neglect to obey any lawful order of the commission, the commission may resort in a summary way to the court, whose right it shall be to select and apply such process as may be necessary to secure compliance with the order. When the court is called upon to act, the record submitted by the commission must be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of the matters therein stated. One is scarcely at liberty to say, without the consent of the Supreme Court, what the intention of Congress was in creating the Interstate Commerce Commission. If, however, we accept the language of the act as the only basis of interpretation, it seems clear that the ability of the commission to perform its duties was made dependent upon the coöperation of the courts.

Had it been possible for the courts to accept the spirit of the act, and to render their assistance heartily and without reserve, there is reason to believe that the pernicious discrimination in railway service and the unjust charges for transportation would now be in large measure things of the past. As it is, the most significant chapter in the history of the commission pertains to its persistent endeavors to work out some *modus vivendi* without disturbing the dignity of the judiciary.

Two lines of action were open to the commission: it might institute investigations on its own account, or it might sit as a tribunal to hear complaints. Neither of these modes of procedure has been followed to the exclusion of the other, but the chief reliance seems to have been placed upon the latter. This policy, on the whole, must be regarded as wise, and for two reasons. It is not possible for five men, with a limited amount of money at their disposal, to exercise an efficient visitatorial supervision over so vast an organization as the American railway system. It must be remembered that the railway industry employs between eight and nine hundred thousand men, not counting the shippers, who, if Mr. Albert Fink be correct, are the persons who make the rates. While it was undoubtedly wise for Congress to bestow upon the commission the right to initiate cases, it would have been a mistake for the commission to make such use of this right as to take upon itself the character of a detective agency. A second reason why it was wise for the commission to sit as a tribunal for the investigation of complaints is found in the fact that the commercial and social principles which govern the business of transportation by rail are as yet undeveloped. In the first report of the commission attention was called to the fact that the modern railway system is without precedent in the experience of the world, and the implication was carried throughout that a permanent sys-



tem of administrative rules could be developed only by the crystallization of opinions passed upon an extended series of cases. The idea seemed to be that authoritative principles of railway transportation should be developed very much as legal principles attain their growth. It was necessary that a large variety of cases should be presented, and this result the commission hoped to secure by offering to adjudicate cases of discrimination and unjust rates that shippers or others might bring before it. This is certainly a broad and comprehensive view of the subject, and one which in some way must be realized if the control of railways through commissions is to prove a permanent part of our political organization. The fact that the commission entertained this opinion at the outset, and has consistently held to it in the face of most serious difficulties, is to its credit. While I refrain from expressing an opinion upon any of the points of law raised in connection with the act, I must confess to the impression that, had the courts been willing to grant the law the interpretation that Congress assumed for it when it was passed, the railway problem would by this time have approached more nearly its final solution.

In calling attention to what might have been done under circumstances different from those which really existed, there is some danger of overlooking the important work that has been accomplished. That the Interstate Commerce Commission has been the centre of a most decided influence for reform in railway administration during the ten years of its existence cannot be doubted by one who has followed its persistent efforts to execute the law. The record of this influence, as found in the commission's published reports, gives ample testimony to the usefulness of the law; but the formal "opinions" rendered upon cases brought for trial have, perhaps, exerted an influence less potent than what, for

want of a better phrase, may be termed the private correspondence of the commission. Never in the history of American railways has there been such a marked movement toward uniformity in administration as during the last ten years. It is not claimed that this has been accomplished by the commission against the wish of the railways,—indeed, the formal steps have not infrequently been taken upon the orders of railway managers; but no one who knows the situation can for a moment believe that they, of their own motion, would have interested themselves in establishing uniformity of administration to the extent that it has been established. The chief merit of a public body to which has been granted an authoritative voice in the administration of a quasi-public business consigned to private ownership is, that such a body is able to focalize the varied experiences of independent managers upon a particular question, and to select a rule of uniformity the best adapted to the aggregate of industries considered as a unit; and in this manner the systemization of the business will proceed under the guidance of the public interest, and will not be moulded exclusively by the hope of personal gain. This merit the Interstate Commerce Commission has; and while I shall make no attempt to separate its influence from the spontaneous purpose of railway managers, in the tendency toward uniformity of administration, it is right to affirm that the influence of the commission has been decided and aggressive.

To appreciate the work of the commission, one must consider again the law as it was left by Congress. It is easy to say, as the law says, that "all charges . . . shall be reasonable and just," but who can tell what a reasonable or just charge is? For industries that are subject to the control of normal commercial forces, the competitive price is assumed to be the just price; but were this true of railway

charges, there would be no railway problem, and no need of a tribunal to determine authoritatively the justice or injustice of established charges. It is easy, also, to say, as the law says, that "it shall be unlawful . . . to give any undue or unreasonable preference or advantage to any particular person, company, firm, corporation, or locality, or any particular description of traffic," and to enumerate certain sorts of discrimination peculiarly repugnant to the sense of common fairness; but it is by no means a simple task to discover any general principle, either commercial or sociologic, by which one may say with precision under what conditions a discrimination is undue or unreasonable. The commission has approached the formation of an opinion upon these questions, not by philosophic generalization, but by the investigation and adjudication of such cases as have been submitted to it. This, then, is the significant fact in the life of the commission: that out of the opinions expressed upon cases there has begun to develop a system of authoritative rules and established interpretations, which, sooner or later, will come to be recognized as a body of administrative law for inland transportation.

I have dwelt thus long upon the theory of the law by which the deliberations of the commission have been guided, because it is not possible to enter into that detailed study of conditions, precedents, principles, and results which alone can make an investigation of cases intelligent or interesting. Between eight and nine hundred points have been decided by the commission since its establishment in 1887. Its opinions make five volumes of reports, which look down from the shelves of every well-equipped law office with all the dignity of law reports. We must therefore content ourselves, in this rapid sketch, with a simple statement of a few of the principles laid down; and these, it must be remembered, are given as illustrations of

the crystallizing influence of the work that is in progress. There is no attempt to present an exhaustive or a classified statement, but of the opinions of the commission the following may be mentioned as fairly typical.

It has been decided that a just schedule of rates will not tend to destroy the natural advantages for the production and sale of goods possessed by localities; but in judging of local advantages, care must be taken not to confound those that are artificial with those that are natural.

Not only must a just schedule of rates rest on a just base, but the relative rates on competitive articles must be such as not to disturb the natural order of competition.

A just schedule of rates will conform to the competitive equities that exist between goods shipped at different stages in the process of their manufacture.

All shippers should have at their disposal equal facilities of transportation; and when the same commodity is transported by two or more different modes of carriage, the charge should be uniform for the unit of commodity.

"Group rates," by which a given commodity produced at different points within a prescribed territory is rated as though shipped from a single point, do not constitute a discrimination repugnant to the law; but this opinion is limited to the cases presented, and is not set forth as a general principle.

A rate on one commodity in a class, or on one class of commodities, cannot be justly depressed so as to become a burden on the transportation of other commodities or classes of commodities.

The law does not impose upon the carrier the duty of providing such a rate that goods may be sold at a profit to their producers.

The car-load, and not the train-load, is the proper transportation unit, but higher charges may be made for goods in less than car-load lots: with this excep-

tion, the decisions of the commission have been consistently against the application of the "wholesale" principle in the adjustment of railway charges.

Many other principles have been arrived at through the opinions rendered by the commission, bearing upon the question of justifiable discrimination, upon the classification of freight, upon the relation that exists between the employees of one corporation and the management of another, upon the responsibilities of carriers to those who purchase tickets, and upon under-billing, through-billing, the acceptance of foreign freight, and similar questions of an administrative and legal nature; but a sufficient number have been presented to show how the railway problem is in process of solution in the United States, and to indicate the important work that is being accomplished by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The work of the commission has not been confined to the enforcement and interpretation of the Act to Regulate Commerce. Considerable attention has been given also to the creation of those conditions under which the law may become what, for want of a better phrase, we may term self-executory. All laws depend for their execution upon the surveillance of the police or upon the initiative of interested parties. The Act to Regulate Commerce can never be effectively administered on the lines of criminal procedure. Not to mention the administrative difficulties of such an endeavor, public opinion would never sanction the severity that such procedure necessitates, for the crime contemplated by the act lies in the situation rather than in the evil intent of the individual. Moreover, the solution of the railway problem demands above all else the application of scientific analysis, a mental process that cannot be well sustained in connection with punishment for crime. What has criminal procedure to do with the practical interpretation of a reason-

able rate, or with tracing the effect of a schedule of rates upon the evolution of industrial and social relations? The law to regulate commerce finds its true theory of administration in the fact that the principles of transportation must evolve themselves out of its execution, and it is essential that all varieties of cases be brought before the commission, and that the energy of the commission be devoted to their classification and adjudication under the crystallizing influence of a desire for uniformity of rule. This means the bringing about of such a state of affairs that a shipper will be anxious to use his knowledge of discrimination by a carrier in such manner as to cause the discrimination under which he is suffering to cease, rather than, as is now too frequently the case, as a means of blackmail upon the carrier to force in his own favor a yet more flagrant discrimination. It means also that a railway must be willing to testify against another railway, and, by making use of the machinery that Congress has established, to secure for itself the possibility of a right administration of its property.

Now this state of affairs, the only conceivable one under which the theory of commissions can succeed, can come about only as the result of easy access to authoritative evidence. One reason why a shipper makes complaint to the general manager of a railway rather than to the commission, when he observes his business slipping from him through no fault of his own, is that he is not sure of his evidence. With the manager, the more indefinite the information, the more effective it may be; with a court, or a commission whose findings may be reviewed by a court, indefinite testimony is worthless. This is clearly recognized by the members of the commission, and explains why so considerable a portion of the small amount of money placed at their disposal for the execution of the law has been devoted to the development

of a statistical service. That the law may become automatic in its execution, that it may be comprehensive in its influence and may work with dispatch and efficiency, the commission must possess the means of arriving without embarrassment at the fact in every case. Were this condition attained, not only would shippers readily lay their complaints before the commission, but the carriers would be reluctant to give just cause for complaint. The development of a division of statistics and accounts which, so far as information is concerned, would place the commission on the same footing as the management itself, may be regarded as the groundwork upon which the successful control of railways in the United States rests.

The central aim of such a purpose is undoubtedly the development of a uniform system of accounts for the railways themselves. There are many thousands of active accounts of which the commission is at any time liable to take notice, and so long as it continues necessary to inquire respecting the theory of book-keeping and the classification of items in every case, it will not be possible speedily to appreciate the merits of a controversy. On the other hand, if there be but one system of accounts for all corporations subject to the jurisdiction of the commission, it is necessary only to master the principles, rules, and classifications of one system in order to gain a mastery of all. I am reminded of a remark of the late President Francis A. Walker, who, in response to an expression of astonishment that he was willing to undertake so vast a work as the administration of the United States census, replied, "It is no more difficult to take the census of a nation than of a village; the questions to be decided would be the same in both cases." Congress certainly appreciated the importance of a uniform system of railway accounting, or it would not have given the commission power "to prescribe a period of time

within which all carriers . . . shall have . . . a uniform system of accounts, and the manner in which such accounts shall be kept."

The first step in the direction of establishing uniformity of accounts was to secure the coöperation of the state railway commissioners in working out a common form for annual report. These officials were more than willing to render their assistance, and no small part of the deliberation of the annual conventions of railroad commissioners has been devoted to a consideration of questions of statistics and accounts. The result is practical uniformity in the form of report demanded by all public bodies. In this way the carriers are relieved of the unnecessary work of making out three or four different kinds of reports for the same operations, and the student is relieved of the confusion incident to many different classifications of the same items. Among the results of this step toward uniformity may be mentioned the fact that railway reports are now made out with greater care than they were formerly, and in many cases the reports to stockholders have been remodeled so as to conform to the reports made to commissioners. He who compares the railway reports of 1897 with those of 1887 will appreciate that one step, at least, has been taken toward the establishment of intelligent reports.

Uniformity in the structure of accounts having been attained through the coöperation of federal and state commissioners, the second step toward uniformity resulted in a revised "classification of operating expenses." This was the joint work of the convention of railroad commissioners and the Association of American Accounting Officers. The most significant account which a railway keeps is its income account, and the most significant ratio in railway statistics is the ratio of operating expenses to operating income. From the point of view of every interest involved, whether

of the public, of the management, or of the investor, it is important that each road should enter items of income and expenditure in the same manner as every other road, and that no road should be allowed arbitrary charges in connection therewith. In 1887 there were two general systems of operating accounts, and numerous modifications in each to meet the whims of local officers; there is now but one classification of operating expenses, — the classification approved by the accounting officers' association, and authorized by the federal and state commissioners. It is not claimed that this is the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission; to suggest such a claim shows a failure to appreciate the character of that body and the manner in which it exerts its influence. The classification was the product of three years' careful study on the part of many men. Every railway auditor in the country was appealed to for advice. But it is true that the work would never have been accomplished had there been no commission to take the initiative and to authorize it and put it in force when accomplished.

Any question touching the interpretation of the classification of operating expenses, respecting which a railway official may be in doubt, may be referred to the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to which he makes reply, after consultation with the executive committee of the auditors' association. His replies are reported every year to the convention of railroad commissioners through a standing committee of that body, and to the auditors' association through the report of its executive committee; if the actions of their respective committees are approved by these bodies, the decisions are authoritative promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and they thus become a part of the original classification. I have dwelt upon this at length to show the manner in which the evolution of uni-

formity in railway accounting is taking place.

By reason of the success of the efforts to attain uniformity in operating accounts, other subjects equally important have been taken up: for example, the compilation of train-mileage, the classification of railway employees, the rules for arriving at daily wages, and the adjustment of a balance-sheet. These matters cannot be decided arbitrarily or in accordance with the practice of any particular road, for the commission is obliged to remember, what railway auditors so frequently forget, that the accounts to which it gives approval must contemplate the railways of the country as a system. Whether or not all that is needed in this direction can be secured without a more strenuous exercise of authority than as yet it has seemed wise to call into play is doubtful. Such, at least, is the opinion of the federal commission, as may be seen by an argument contained in one of its recent reports to Congress in favor of the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics and Accounts, more comprehensive in its scope, and clothed with greater authority, than the statistical division of the commission service as at present organized. This project approves itself to state commissioners also, as is shown by the fact that it received formal approval at their last annual convention. The influence that has been exerted upon the railway situation during the past ten years is perhaps nowhere more clearly manifest than in this: that a plan for the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics and Accounts, with authority to prescribe the manner in which books shall be kept and to enforce its own rules, which in 1887 would have been regarded as bizarre and ill-advised, is now contemplated by conservative men as not only a practicable but even a necessary scheme. It is a definite part of the programme of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as laid down in the reports which it has presented to Congress.

This statement cannot be closed without referring, at least, to three important decisions of the courts. These are the Brown case, the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge case, and the Social Circle case. No attempt will be made to discuss legal principles.

The Brown case pertains to the right of the commission to procure evidence. In 1882 it was decided, in what is known as the Counselman case, that a witness need not testify should his testimony be of such sort as to incriminate himself. Under this decision, the propriety of which is not questioned, any reluctant witness could evade giving testimony. Nothing could be more embarrassing to the commission, or could prove a greater obstacle to the work it had undertaken. It is the evidence of a gentleman, who from his professional position should know, that at the time of the Counselman decision there were but ninety per cent of the discriminations that existed in 1887, but that within a few months thereafter the practice of special rates and rebates, with all their social evils and personal injustices, was as pronounced as before the passage of the act. This of course is the impression of a single observer, but it is beyond question that the effect of the decision in the Counselman case was to cripple the work of the commission.

In 1893, Congress endeavored to remove the embarrassment caused by the Counselman decision, by enacting that no person should be excused from testifying on the ground referred to, but adding that a person testifying should not be prosecuted on account of his testimony. The legality of this act also was contested, and the uncertainty respecting it continued to embarrass the commission, until, in 1896, the Supreme Court declared the act to be constitutional. It thus appears that for something over six years of the ten under review, the Act to Regulate Commerce was confined, for all practical purposes, within the range

of voluntary testimony. Should one consider that the commission needs an apology for its record, it is found in this statement.

The second case referred to need not be so fully presented. It has already been remarked that the law did not contemplate that a court should review a case passed upon by the commission, except so far as points of law may be involved. The effect of the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge case was to assert that the court might take up a case referred to it for enforcement as though it were an original case. Now it is clear that such an attitude on the part of the court must defeat the purpose of the act. The purpose of that act is to cause discrimination and unjust rates to cease, and to open to the shipper a way by which he may secure speedy relief; and unless all sorts and kinds of cases are brought to the commission, that body cannot be expected to exert a very decided or enduring influence upon railway administration. If, however, the investigations of the commission are not final as regards matters of fact, to say nothing of there being a presumption in favor of the orders of the commission where transportation principles are concerned, it is evident that shippers will not seek relief from the unjust acts of carriers in the manner contemplated by the act. The attitude of the court in this regard, and the advantage taken of it by the carriers in refusing fully to open their cases before the commission, are the chief reasons why after ten years the law has brought the problem of railway control in the United States no nearer to solution than it has. Congress has on several occasions been petitioned for relief. In the report of December, 1896, nine amendments were proposed, in order "to make the substance of the law mean what it was supposed to mean at the time of its passage," and the first of these was, "to confine the procedure in the courts for enforcement of orders of the commission



to the record made before the commission, and to provide that the order of the commission shall be enforced, unless the court shall find in the proceeding some material error which furnishes sufficient reason for refusing to enforce it." Should Congress act on this suggestion and give the commission a clearly defined power, there is no reason why the theory of the act could not be realized for the benefit of the public.

The third case referred to is the Social Circle case. The question raised was, whether the commission has the right to prescribe a rate that it believes to be reasonable as well as to say that a rate fixed by a carrier is unreasonable. To discuss this question would be to pass beyond the limits of established conditions, and would lead to speculations respecting future adjustments. The denial to the commission of the right to fix a rate that shall be just under conditions presented by a case — provided this is what the court means — throws the entire subject of railway regulation upon a new footing. That the commission can adjust itself to this interpretation of the law is certain; whether such an adjustment is wise is quite another question.

What conclusion is warranted by this rapid review of ten years' experience with the federal Act to Regulate Commerce? We cannot hope to give an answer to so vital a question that will commend itself to all the interests and prejudices, to say nothing of the sociological theories, that centre in this problem of inland transportation. We may, however, venture upon a single observation. The record of the Interstate Commerce Commission during the past ten years, as it bears upon the theory of public control

over monopolistic industries through the agency of commissions, cannot be accepted as in any sense final. It may ultimately prove to be the case, as Ulrich declares, that there is no compromise between public ownership and management on the one hand and private ownership and management on the other; but one has no right to quote the ten years' experience of the Interstate Commerce Commission in support of such a declaration. This is true because the law itself scarcely proceeded beyond the limit of suggesting certain principles and indicating certain processes, and Congress has not, by the amendments passed since 1887, shown much solicitude respecting the efficiency of the act. It is true, also, because the courts have thought it necessary to deny certain authorities claimed by the commission, and again Congress has not shown itself jealous for the dignity of the administrative body which it created. And finally, it is true because the duty of administering the act was imposed upon the commission without adequate provision in the way of administrative machinery, and ten years is too short a time to create that machinery, when every step is to be contested by all the processes known to corporation lawyers. For the public the case stands where it stood ten years ago. Now as then, it is necessary to decide on the basis of theory, and in the light of political, social, and industrial consideration, rather than on the basis of a satisfactory test, whether the railways shall be controlled by the government without being owned, or controlled through governmental ownership. The danger is that the country will drift into an answer of this question without an appreciation of its tremendous significance.

*Henry C. Adams.*

## THE EVOLUTION OF SATELLITES.

## I.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1897, contains an interesting paper by Mr. See on Recent Discoveries respecting the Origin of the Universe. In the present article I propose to explain, in greater detail than the necessary limitations of space permitted him, the theory which forms the point of departure for his speculations. Although the natural sequence is thus inverted, it may be hoped that the postponement of explanation to application will be condoned. In any case, this article owes its origin to the former one, and it might not otherwise have been justifiable to expound a theory which was laid before the scientific world some fifteen years ago in the pages of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*.<sup>1</sup>

After the explanation of this theory, I have added some comments on Mr. See's views.

## II.

If familiarity does not always breed contempt, yet at least it generally breeds indifference. This is the case with most of us in regard to the rise and fall of the tide by the seashore, and so the problem as to whether the tide will serve conveniently to allow the children to dig in the sand or search for seaweed looms larger than that presented by the gigantic forces which now produce only these somewhat insignificant pulsations of the sea. Yet the tides should call forth in us a deeper interest, — I might almost say an emotion, — for, as I shall show, they are the feeble residue of influences

which have probably exercised a predominant control over the history of the Earth and the Moon since an indeterminate but remote epoch in the past, and will continue that control into the distant future.

Newton was the first to prove that the tides are caused by the attractions of the Moon and the Sun. It would need much space to explain fully the manner in which those attractions operate, yet it is possible to give in a few words a rough sketch of the mode in which the tide-generating forces arise. It will suffice for this purpose to confine our attention to the more important of the two bodies, the Moon, since the action of the Sun will then follow by parity of reasoning. According to the law of universal gravitation, the Moon attracts matter which stands near to her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the Earth which is nearest to the Moon, must be greater than that exercised on the solid Earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the Moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the Moon should apparently repel the water lying on the further side of the Earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the Moon, but results from the fact that on the further side the Moon must attract the solid Earth more strongly than she does the water. On the nearer side the Moon pulls the water away from the Earth, and on the further side she pulls beautiful investigation of the strain of an elastic sphere to the tidal distortion of a viscous planet. This naturally led to the consideration of the tides of an ocean lying on such a planet, which forms the subject of certain paragraphs now incorporated in Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*.

<sup>1</sup> It was very natural that Mr. See should find in certain tidal investigations which I undertook for Lord Kelvin the source of my papers, but as a fact the subject was brought before me in a somewhat different manner. Some unpublished experiments on the viscosity of pitch induced me to extend Lord Kelvin's



egg is always directed straight toward the satellite  $M'$ , and the fluid maintains a continuous rhythmical movement, so that as the planet rotates and the satellite revolves, it always preserves the same shape and attitude toward the satellite.

But when, as in reality, the fluid is subject to friction, it gets belated in its rhythmical rise and fall, and the protuberance is carried onward by the rotation of the planet beyond its proper place. In order to make the same figure serve for this condition of affairs, I set the satellite backward to  $M$ ; for this amounts to just the same thing, and is less confusing than re-drawing the protuberance in its more advanced position. The planet then constantly maintains this shape and attitude with regard to the satellite, and the interaction between the two will be the same as though the planet were solid, but continually altering its shape.

We have now to examine what effects must follow from the attraction of the satellite on an egg-shaped planet,<sup>1</sup> when the two bodies constantly maintain the same attitude relatively to each other. It will make the matter somewhat easier of comprehension if we replace the tidal protuberances by two particles of equal masses, one at  $P$ , and the other at  $P'$ . If the masses of these particles be properly chosen, so as to represent the amount of matter in the protuberances, the proposed change will make no material difference in the result.

The gravitational attraction of the satellite is greater on bodies which are near than on those which are far, and accordingly it attracts the particle  $P$  more strongly than the particle  $P'$ . It is obvious from the figure that the pull on  $P$  must tend to stop the planet's rotation,

whilst the pull on  $P'$  must tend to accelerate it. If a man pushes equally on the two pedals of a bicycle, the crank has no tendency to turn; and besides, there are dead points in the revolution of the crank where pushing and pulling have no effect. So also in the astronomical problem, if the two attractions were exactly equal, or if the protuberances were at a dead point, there would be no resultant effect on the rotation of the planet. But it is obvious that here the retarding pull is stronger than the accelerating pull, and that the set of the protuberances is such that we have passed the dead point. It follows from this that the primary effect of fluid friction is to throw the tidal protuberance forward, and the secondary effect is to retard the planet's rotation.

Action and reaction are equal and opposite, and if the satellite pulls at the protuberances, they pull in return at the satellite. The figure shows that the attraction of the protuberance  $P$  tends in some measure to hurry the satellite onward in its orbit, whilst that of  $P'$  tends to retard it. But the attraction of  $P$  is stronger than that of  $P'$ , and therefore the resultant of the two is a force tending to carry the satellite forward more rapidly in the direction of the arrow. When the satellite is thus influenced, it must move in a spiral curve, ever increasing its distance from the planet. Besides this, the satellite has a longer path to travel in its circuit, and takes longer to get round the planet, than was the case before tidal friction began to operate.<sup>1</sup>

Now let us apply these ideas to the case of the Earth and the Moon. A man standing on the planet, as it rotates, is carried past places where the fluid is deeper and shallower alternately: at the deep places he says that it is high tide, rushes through the atmosphere it moves faster and faster, because it gains more velocity by the direct action of the Earth's gravity on it than it loses by the friction of the air. And yet it is the friction of the air which allows gravity to have play; so that we have the paradox of friction accelerating the motion.

<sup>1</sup> It is somewhat paradoxical that the effect of attempting to hurry the satellite is to make it actually move slower. It would be useless to attempt an explanation of this in such an article as the present one, but the converse case, where a retarding force acts on the body, may be more intelligible. When a meteorite

and at the shallow places that it is low tide. In the figure it is high tide when the observer is carried past P. Now, it was pointed out that when there is no fluid friction we must put the Moon at M', but when there is friction she must be at M. Accordingly, if there is no friction it is high tide when the Moon is over the observer's head, but when there is fluid friction the Moon has passed his zenith before he reaches high tide. Hence he would remark that fluid friction retards the time of high water.<sup>1</sup>

A day is the name for the time in which the Earth rotates once, and a month for the time in which the Moon revolves once. Then, since tidal friction retards the Earth's rotation and the Moon's revolution, we may state that both the day and the month are being lengthened, and that these results follow from the retardation in the time of high tide. It must also be noted that the spiral in which the Moon moves is an increasing one, so that her distance from the Earth increases. These are absolutely certain and inevitable results of the mechanical interaction of the two bodies.

At the present time the rates of increase of the day and month are excessively small, so that it has not been found possible to determine them with any approach to accuracy. It may be well to notice in passing that if the rate of change of either element were determinable, that of the other would be deducible by calculation.

The extreme slowness of the changes within historical times is established by the records in early Greek and Assyrian history of eclipses of the Sun which occurred on certain days and at certain places. Notwithstanding the changes in the calendar, it is possible to identify the day according to our modern reckoning,

and the identification of the place presents no difficulty. Astronomy affords the means of calculating the exact time and place of the occurrence of an eclipse even three thousand years ago, on the supposition that the Earth spun at the same rate then as now, and that the complex laws governing the Moon's motion are unchanged. The particular eclipse referred to in history is known, but any considerable change in the Earth's rotation and in the Moon's motion would have shifted the position of visibility on the Earth from the situation to which modern computation would assign it. Most astronomical observations would be worthless if the exact time of the occurrence were uncertain, but in the case of eclipses the place of observation affords just that element of precision which is otherwise wanting. As, then, the situations of the ancient eclipses agree fairly well with modern computations, we are sure that there has been no great change within the last three thousand years either in the Earth's rotation or in the Moon's motion. There is, however, a small outstanding discrepancy which indicates that there has been some change. But the exact amount involves elements of uncertainty, because our knowledge of the laws of the Moon's motion is not yet quite accurate enough for the absolutely perfect calculation of eclipses which occurred many centuries ago. In this way it is known that within historical times the retardation of the Earth's rotation and the recession of the Moon have been, at any rate, very slight.

It does not follow from this that the changes have always been equally slow, and indeed it may be shown by mathematical arguments that the efficiency of tidal friction increases with enormous rapidity as we bring the tide-raising satellite nearer to the planet. The law of

<sup>1</sup> This must not be considered as a fair statement of the case when the oceans are as shallow as in actuality. The reader must accept the assurance that the friction of the tides of

shallow seas also causes retardation of the planet's rotation, although in a somewhat different manner from that explained above.

tidal friction is that it varies according to the inverse sixth power of the distance; so that with the Moon at half her present distance, the rate of retardation of the Earth's rotation would be sixty-four times as great as it now is. Thus, although the action may now be almost insensibly slow, yet it must have proceeded with much greater rapidity when the Moon was nearer to us.

There are many problems in which it would be very difficult to follow the changes in the system according to the times of their occurrence, but where it is possible to banish time, and to trace the changes themselves in due order, without reference to time. In the sphere of common life, we know the succession of stations which a train must pass between New York and Boston, although we may have no time-table. This is the case with our astronomical problem; for although we have no time-table, yet the sequence of the changes in the system may be traced accurately.

Let us then banish time, and look forward to the ultimate outcome of the tidal interaction of the Moon and the Earth. The day and the month are now lengthening at relative rates which are calculable, although the absolute rates in time are unknown. It will suffice for a general comprehension of the problem to know that the present rate of increase of the day is much more rapid than that of the month, and that this will hold good in the future. Thus, the number of rotations of the Earth in the interval comprised in one revolution of the Moon diminishes; or, in other words, the number of days in the month diminishes, although the length of each day increases so rapidly that the month itself is longer than at present. For example, when the day shall be equal in length to two of our actual days, the month may be as long as thirty-seven of our days, and then the Earth will spin round only about eighteen times in the month.

This gradual change in the day and

the month proceeds continuously until the duration of a rotation of the Earth is prolonged to fifty-five of our present days. At the same time, the month, or the time of a revolution of the Moon round the Earth, will also occupy fifty-five of our days. Since the month here means the period of the return of the Moon to the same place amongst the stars, and since the day is to be estimated in the same way, the Moon must then always face the same part of the Earth's surface, and the two bodies must move as though they were united by a bar. The outcome of the lunar tidal friction will therefore be that the Moon and the Earth will go round as though locked together in a period of fifty-five of our present days, with day and month identical in length.

Now, looking backward in time, we find the day and the month shortening, but the day changing more rapidly than the month. The Earth was therefore able to complete more revolutions in the month, although that month was itself shorter than it is now. We get back, in fact, to a time when there were twenty-nine rotations of the Earth in the time of the Moon's revolution, instead of twenty-seven and one third, as at present. This epoch is a sort of crisis in the history of the Moon and the Earth, for it may be proved that there never could have been more than twenty-nine days in the month. Earlier than this epoch, the days were fewer than twenty-nine; and later, fewer also. Although measured in years, this epoch in the Earth's history must be very remote; yet when we contemplate the whole series of changes it must be considered as a comparatively recent event. In a sense, indeed, we may be said to have passed recently through the middle stage of our history.

Now, pursuing the series of changes further back than the epoch when there was the maximum number of days in the month, we find the Earth still rotating faster and faster, and the Moon drawing



nearer and nearer to the Earth and revolving in shorter and shorter periods. But a change has supervened, so that the rate at which the month is shortening is more rapid than the rate of change in the day. Consequently, the Moon now gains, as it were, on the Earth, which cannot get round so frequently in the month as it did before. In other words, the number of days in the month declines from the maximum of twenty-nine, and is finally reduced to one. When there is only one day in the month, the Earth and the Moon go round at the same rate, so that the Moon always looks at the same side of the Earth, and as far as concerns the motion they might be fastened together by iron bands.

This is the same conclusion at which we arrived with respect to the remote future. But the two cases differ widely; for whereas in the future the period of the common rotation will be fifty-five of our present days, in the past we find the two bodies going round each other in between three and five of our present hours. A satellite revolving round the Earth in so short a period must almost touch the Earth's surface. The system is therefore traced until the Moon nearly touches the Earth, and the two go round each other like a single solid body in about three to five hours.

The series of changes has been traced forward and backward from the present time, but it will make the whole process more intelligible, and the opportunity will be afforded for certain further considerations, if I sketch the history again in the form of a continuous narrative.

Let us imagine a planet attended by a satellite which revolves in a circular orbit so as nearly to touch its surface, and continuously to face the same side of the planet. If now, for some cause, the satellite's month comes to differ very slightly from the planet's day, the satellite will no longer continuously face the same side of the planet, but will pass over every part of the planet's equator

in turn. This is the condition necessary for the generation of tidal oscillations in the planet, and as the molten lava, of which we suppose the planet to be formed, is a sticky or viscous fluid, the tides must be subject to friction. Tidal friction will then begin to do its work, but the result will be very different according as the satellite revolves a little faster or a little slower than the planet. If it revolves a little faster, so that the month is shorter than the day, we have a condition not contemplated in the figure above; it is easy to see, however, that as the satellite is always leaving the planet behind it, the apex of the tidal protuberance must be directed to a point behind the satellite in its orbit. In this case the rotation of the planet must be accelerated by the tidal friction, and the satellite must be drawn inward toward the planet, into which it must ultimately fall. In the application of this theory to the Earth and the Moon, it is obvious that the very existence of the Moon negatives the hypothesis that the initial month was even infinitesimally shorter than the day. We must then suppose that the Moon revolved a little more slowly than the Earth rotated. In this case the tidal friction would retard the Earth's rotation, and force the Moon to recede from the Earth, and so perform her orbit more slowly. Accordingly, the primitive day and the primitive month lengthen, but the month increases much more rapidly than the day, so that the number of days in the month becomes greater. This proceeds until that number reaches a maximum, which in the case of our planet is about twenty-nine.

After the epoch of maximum number of days in the month, the rate of change in the length of the day becomes less rapid than that in the length of the month; and although both periods increase, the number of days in the month begins to diminish. The series of changes then proceeds until the two periods come again to an identity, when we have the Earth

and the Moon, as they were at the beginning, revolving in the same period, with the Moon always facing the same side of the planet. But in her final condition the Moon will be a long way off from the Earth, instead of being quite close to it.

Although the initial and final states resemble each other, yet they differ in one respect which is of much importance; for in the initial condition the motion is unstable, whilst finally it is stable. The meaning of this is that if the Moon were even infinitesimally disturbed from the initial mode of motion, she would necessarily either fall into the planet or recede therefrom, and it would be impossible for her to continue to move in that neighborhood. She is unstable in the same sense in which an egg balanced on its point is unstable; the smallest mote of dust will upset it, and practically it cannot stay in that position. But the final condition resembles the case of an egg lying on its side, which only rocks a little when we disturb it. So if the Moon were slightly disturbed from her final condition, she would continue to describe very nearly the same path round the Earth, and would not assume some entirely new form of orbit.

It is by methods of rigorous argument that the Moon is traced back to the initial unstable condition when she revolved close to the Earth. But the argument here breaks down, and calculation is incompetent to tell us what occurred before, and how she attained that unstable mode of motion. We can only speculate as to the preceding history, but there is some basis for our speculation; for I say that if a planet, such as the Earth, made each rotation in a period of three hours, it would very nearly fly to pieces. The attraction of gravity would be barely strong enough to hold it together, just as the cohesive strength of iron is insufficient to hold a fly-wheel together if it is spun too fast. There is, of course, an important distinction be-

tween the case of the ruptured fly-wheel and the supposed break-up of the Earth; for when the fly-wheel breaks, the pieces are hurled apart as soon as the force of cohesion fails, whereas when a planet breaks up through too rapid rotation, gravity must continue to hold the pieces together after they have ceased to form parts of a single body.

Hence we have grounds for conjecturing that the Moon is composed of fragments of the primitive planet which we now call the Earth, which detached themselves when the planet spun very swiftly, and afterward became consolidated. It surpasses the powers of mathematical calculation to trace the details of the process of this rupture and subsequent consolidation, but we can hardly doubt that the system would pass through a period of turbulence before order was reestablished in the formation of a satellite.

I have said that rapid rotation was probably the cause of the birth of the Moon, but this statement needs qualification. There are certain considerations which prevent us from ascertaining the common period of revolution of the Moon and the Earth with accuracy; it may lie between three and five hours. I think that such a speed might not, perhaps, be quite sufficient to cause the planet to break up. Is it possible, then, to suggest any other cause which might have coöperated with the tendency to instability of the rotating planet? I think that there is such a cause; and though we are here dealing with guesswork, I will hazard the suggestion.

The primitive planet, before the birth of the Moon, was rotating rapidly with reference to the Sun, and it must, therefore, have been agitated by tidal oscillations due to the Sun's attraction. Now, the magnitude of these solar tides is much influenced by the speed of rotation of the planet, and mathematical reasoning appears to show that when the day was about three or four hours in length the oscillations must have been very great,

although the Sun stood no nearer to the Earth than it does now. May we not conjecture that the oscillation of the molten planet became so violent that, in coöperation with the rapid rotation, it shook the planet to pieces, detaching huge fragments which ultimately were consolidated into the Moon? There is nothing to tell us whether this theory affords the true explanation of the birth of the Moon, and I say that it is only a wild speculation, incapable of verification.

But the truth or falsity of this speculation does not militate against the acceptance of the general theory of tidal friction, which, standing on the firm basis of mechanical necessity, throws much light on the history of the Earth and the Moon, and correlates the lengths of our present day and month.

I have said above that the sequence of events has been stated without reference to the scale of time. It is of the utmost importance, however, to gain some idea of the time requisite for all the changes in the system. If millions of millions of years were necessary, the applicability of the theory to the Moon and the Earth would have to be rejected, because it is known from other lines of argument that there is not an unlimited bank of time on which to draw. The uncertainty as to the duration of the solar system is wide, yet we are sure that it has not existed for an almost infinite past.

Now, although the actual time-scale is indeterminate, it is possible to find the minimum time adequate for the transformation of the Moon's orbit from its supposed initial condition to its present shape. It may be proved, in fact, that if tidal friction had always operated under the conditions most favorable for producing rapid change, the sequence of events from the beginning until to-day would have occupied a period of between fifty and sixty millions of years. The

actual period, of course, must have been much greater. Various lines of argument as to the age of the solar system have led to results which differ widely among themselves, yet I cannot think that the applicability of the theory of tidal friction is negated by the magnitude of the period demanded. It may be that science will have to reject the theory in its full extent, but it seems improbable that the ultimate verdict will be adverse to the preponderating influence of the tide on the evolution of our planet.

### III.

If this history be true of the Earth and the Moon, it should throw light on many peculiarities of the solar system. In the first place, a corresponding series of changes must have taken place in the Moon herself. Once on a time she must have been molten, and the great extinct volcanoes revealed by the telescope are evidences of her primitive heat. The molten mass must have been semi-fluid, and the Earth must have raised in it enormous tides of molten lava. Doubtless the Moon once rotated rapidly on her axis, and the frictional resistance to her tides must have impeded her rotation. She rotated then more and more slowly until the tide solidified, and thenceforward and to the present day she has shown the same face to the Earth. Helmholtz was, I believe, amongst the first in modern times to suggest this as the explanation of the fact that the Moon always shows us the same face.<sup>1</sup> Our theory, then, receives a striking confirmation from the Moon; for, having ceased to rotate relatively to us, she has actually advanced to that condition which may be foreseen as the fate of the Earth.

Thus far I have referred in only one passage to the influence of solar tides, but these are of considerable importance, being large enough to cause the conspicu-

<sup>1</sup> Kant, in the middle of the last century, drew attention to the importance of tidal friction in celestial dynamics; but as he did not

clothe his argument in mathematical form, he was unable to deduce most of the results which are explained in this paper.

ous phenomena of spring and neap tides. Now, whilst the Moon is retarding the Earth's rotation, the Sun is doing so also. But these solar tides react only on the Earth's motion round the Sun, leaving the Moon's motion round the Earth unaffected. It might perhaps be expected that parallel changes in the Earth's orbit would have proceeded step by step, and that the Earth might be traced to an origin close to the Sun. But the smallness of the Earth's mass compared with that of the Sun here prohibits the application of the theory of tidal friction, and it is improbable that our year is now longer, from this cause at any rate, by more than a few seconds than it was at the very birth of the solar system.

Although the solar tides can have had no perceptible influence upon the Earth's movement in its orbit, they will have affected the rotation of the Earth to a considerable extent. Let us imagine ourselves transported to the indefinite future, when the Moon and the Earth shall be revolving together in fifty-five of our days. The lunar tide in the Earth will then be unchanging, just as the Earth tide in the Moon is now fixed; but the Earth will be rotating with reference to the Sun, and, if there are unfrozen oceans, its rotation will still be subject to retardation in consequence of the solar tidal friction. The day will then become longer than the month, which for a very long time will continue to occupy about fifty-five of our present days. It is known that there are neither oceans nor atmosphere on the Moon; but if there were, she would have been subject to solar tidal friction, and would have undergone a parallel series of changes.

Up to recent times it might have been asserted plausibly that the absence of any such mode of motion in the solar system afforded a reason for rejecting the actual efficiency of tidal friction in celestial evolution. But in 1877 Professor Asaph Hall discovered in the system of the planet Mars a case of the kind of motion

which we have reason to foresee as the future fate of the Earth and the Moon; for he found two satellites, one of which has a month shorter than the planet's day.

In his paper on the discovery of these satellites, Professor Hall gives an interesting account of what had been conjectured, partly in jest and partly in earnest, as to the existence of satellites attending that planet. He quotes Kepler as writing, after the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, "I am so far from disbelieving the existence of the four circumjovial planets" (that is, satellites) "that I long for a telescope to anticipate you, if possible, in discovering two round Mars, six or eight round Saturn, as the proportion seems to require, and perhaps one each round Mercury and Venus." This, was of course, serious, although based on fantastic considerations. At a later date Swift poured contempt on men of science in his account of the inhabitants of Laputa, whom he describes as dexterous enough on a piece of paper, and in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the dividers, but as a clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, and perplexed in their conceptions upon all subjects except mathematics and music. He writes, however, of the Laputans, "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five." In one of his satires, Voltaire also represents an imaginary traveler from Sirius as making a similar discovery.

These curious prognostications were at length verified by Professor Asaph Hall in the discovery of two satellites, which he named Phobos and Deimos, — Fear and Panic, the dogs of war. The period of Deimos is about thirty hours, and that of Phobos about eight hours, whilst the Martian day is of nearly the same length as our own. The month of the inner minute satellite is thus less

than a third of the planet's day ; it rises to the Martians in the west, and passes through all its phases in a few hours ; sometimes it must even rise twice in a single Martian night. As we here find an illustration of the condition foreseen for our own planet and satellite, it seems legitimate to suppose that solar tidal friction has slowed down the planet's rotation. The ultimate fate of Phobos must almost certainly be absorption by the planet.

Several of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn present faint inequalities of coloring, and telescopic examination has led astronomers to believe that they always present the same face to their planets. The theory of tidal friction would certainly lead us to expect that these enormous planets would have worked out the same result for these relatively small satellites that the Earth has effected in the Moon.

The efficiency of solar tidal friction must be far greater in its action on the planets Mercury and Venus than on the Earth. The determination of the periods of rotation of these planets thus becomes a matter of much interest. But the markings on their disks are so obscure that their rates of rotation have remained under discussion for many years. Until recently the prevailing opinion was that in each case the day was of nearly the same length as our own ; but a few years ago Schiaparelli of Milan, an observer endowed with extraordinary acuteness of vision, announced, as the result of his observation, that both Mercury and Venus rotate only once in their respective years, and that each of them always presents the same face to the Sun. These conclusions have recently been confirmed by Mr. Percival Lowell from observations made in Arizona, and are exactly conformable to our theoretical expectation. Whilst it is not easy to see how these astronomers can have been mistaken, yet it is proper to note that others, possessing apparently equal advantages, have failed to detect the

markings on the planets. Accepting, however, this conclusion, we have the planets Mercury and Venus, the satellites of the Earth, and Jupiter and Saturn presenting evidence favorable to the theory of tidal friction, whilst the case of the Martian system is yet more striking as an instance of an advanced stage in evolution.

It would need another article to discuss the various aspects of this theory in relation to the histories of the planets and of their satellites. I may say, however, that it serves in great measure to explain the fact that the Earth is tilted over with reference to its orbit round the Sun, and that it throws light on the fact that the plane of the Moon's orbit is not coincident with that of the Earth. The same cause may also be proved to tend toward making the orbit of a satellite eccentric, and it is this effect of tidal friction to which Mr. See has appealed. I shall not here repeat his arguments, but in section iv. I will make some comments on his theories.

With respect to the efficacy of tidal friction as a factor in the evolution of the Earth, it is not too much to say that if we postulate a planet consisting partly or wholly of molten lava, and rapidly rotating about an axis at right angles to its orbit round the Sun, and if that planet have a single satellite, revolving nearly as rapidly as the planet rotates, then a system will necessarily be evolved in time closely resembling our own.

A theory reposing on true causation, which brings into quantitative correlation the lengths of the present day and month, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the eccentricity and inclination of the Moon's orbit, must, I think, have strong claims to acceptance.

#### IV.

There are in the heavens many pairs of closely neighboring stars which revolve about each other under the influence of their mutual gravitation. The

fact that both members of a pair are visible seems to indicate that they do not differ widely in mass, and it is also a striking peculiarity of these binary systems that the orbit is commonly very eccentric. The distinction is great between our solar system, with its large central mass and infinitesimal planets moving in nearly circular orbits, and these binary systems, and hence there is abundant reason for supposing that the course of evolution has been very different in the two cases.

Mr. See explains the high degree of eccentricity in these binary orbits by the influence of tidal friction. The tide undoubtedly operates under conditions which give it a wide scope, when two large masses are revolving about one another; and tidal friction is the only known cause capable of converting a nearly circular orbit into a very eccentric one. But this does not afford quite sufficient reason for the acceptance of the theory, for the assumption is involved that orbits now very eccentric were formerly nearly circular. Mr. See accordingly also puts forward a theory of the method by which double stars originated, and to this I shall return later.

At first it may not be easy to see how the truth of this theory of the origin of the eccentricity is to be tested; it may be worth while, therefore, to point out the direction which, to me at least, seems the most promising in the search for confirmation or refutation.

It is thought by some spectroscopists that the ages of stars are already determinable by the nature of their spectra, and although the theories which have been advanced do not meet with universal acceptance, yet they foreshadow views which may some day be universally accepted. It has been plausibly contended that stars which are young in their evolution must consist of incandescent gas, and must therefore have spectra furrowed by bright lines; later in their histories they are supposed to be-

come more condensed and to give continuous spectra. Now if, from theories of this kind, we could ascertain the stage of evolution of a binary system, we should be able to form a judgment of the truth of the tidal theory; for the younger systems should present smaller eccentricity of orbit than the older ones, and the periodic times in the young systems should be shorter, on the whole, than those in the old ones. Delicate spectroscopic measurements make it theoretically possible to determine the relative masses of a binary pair, but hitherto the measurements have been carried to a successful issue in only a very few cases. It is to be expected, however, that the number of known masses will be largely multiplied in the future. A small star must cool more rapidly than a large one, and should present the appearance of greater age. We may hope, then, in time, not only to attain to crucial tests of spectroscopic theories of age, but also to be furnished with the materials for judging of the truth of the tidal theory of evolution of stellar systems.

The second and yet more speculative branch of Mr. See's theory is that which concerns the mode of origin of binary systems. Man must ultimately be brought face to face with the incomprehensibility of the origin of matter and motion, but this consideration will never prevent him from peering into the past to the utmost of his powers. It is certain that the stars are continually undergoing change, and it seems impossible to accept their existence as an ultimate fact not susceptible of explanation. Thus we feel bound to trace their histories back to a past so remote that their preceding course of evolution becomes inscrutable.

The fact that two stars are now found to be revolving about each other leads to the conviction that their relationship is not a casual one, but that they have been connected from an early epoch, which for convenience we may call the origin of the system. It appears almost beyond



question that this starting-point must have been at a time when the two stars were united in a single rotating mass. As the basis of his explanation of the manner in which a single mass may split into two, Mr. See takes certain theoretical investigations as to the shapes which a mass of gravitating and rotating fluid is capable of maintaining. I will not recapitulate his theories, but I wish to emphasize the uncertainties with which we are here brought face to face.

Many years ago Sir John Herschel drew a number of twin nebulae as they appear through a powerful telescope. The drawings probably possess the highest degree of accuracy attainable by this method of delineation, and the shapes present evidence confirmatory of Mr. See's theory of the fission of nebulae. But since Herschel's time it has been discovered that many details, to which our eyes must remain forever blind, are revealed by celestial photography. The photographic film is, in fact, sensitive to those photographic rays which we may call invisible light, and many nebulae are now found to be hardly recognizable, when photographs of them are compared with drawings. A conspicuous example of this is furnished by the great nebula in Andromeda; for whereas the drawing exhibits a cloud with a few dark streaks in it, the photograph shows a flattened disk surrounding a central condensation; moreover, the disk is seen to be divided into rings, so that the whole system might have been drawn by Laplace to illustrate his celebrated nebular hypothesis of the origin of the solar system.

Photographs, however, do not always aid interpretation, for there are some which serve only to increase the chaos visible with the telescope. We may suspect, in fact, that the complete system of a nebula often contains masses of cool and photographically invisible gas, and

in such cases it would seem that the true nature of the whole will be forever concealed from us.

Another group of strange celestial objects is that of the spiral nebulae, whose forms irresistibly suggest violent whirlpools of incandescent gas. Although in all probability the motion of the gas is very rapid, yet no change of form has been detected. We are here reminded of a rapid stream rushing past a post, where the form of the surface remains constant, whilst the water itself is in rapid movement, and it seems reasonable to suppose that in these nebulae it is only the lines of flow of the gas which are visible. Again, there are other cases in which the telescopic view may be almost deceptive in its physical suggestions. Thus, the Dumb-Bell Nebula (27 Messier Vulpes), as viewed telescopically, might be taken as a good illustration of a nebula almost ready to split into two stars. If this were so, the rotation would be about an axis at right angles to the length of the nebula. But a photograph of this object shows that the system really consists of a luminous globe surrounded by a thick and less luminous ring, and that the opacity of the sides of the ring takes a bite, as it were, out of each side of the disk, and so gives it the apparent form of a dumb-bell. In this case the rotation must be about an axis at right angles to the ring, and therefore along the length of the dumb-bell.<sup>1</sup>

From what I have said it must be obvious that the subject is surrounded by difficulties and uncertainties; Mr. See is therefore to be congratulated on having laid before the world an hypothesis which appears to explain the facts as far as we know them. The subject is necessarily a speculative one, and we must look forward to future spectroscopic and photographic researches for the confirmation or refutation of his theories.

*G. H. Darwin.*

<sup>1</sup> It is proper to state that Mr. See does not refer to this nebula as confirmatory of his theory.

## A NOOK IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

## I.

I LEFT Boston at nine o'clock on the morning of April 23, and reached Pulaski, in southwestern Virginia, at ten o'clock the next forenoon, exactly on schedule time, — or within five minutes of it, to give the railroad no more than its due. It was a journey to meet the spring, — which for a Massachusetts man is always a month tardy, — and as such it was speedily rewarded. Even in Connecticut there were vernal signs, a dash of greenness here and there in the meadows, and generous sproutings of skunk cabbage about the edges of the swamps; and once out of Jersey City we were almost in a green world. At Bound Brook, I think it was, the train stopped where a Norway maple opposite my window stood all in yellow mist of blossoms, and chimney-swifts were shooting hither and thither athwart the bright afternoon sky. By the time Philadelphia was reached, or by the time we were done with running in and out of its several stations, the night had commenced falling, and I saw nothing more of the world, with all that famous valley of the Shenandoah, till I left my berth at Roanoke. There the orchards — apple-trees and peach-trees together — were in full bloom, and on the slopes of the hills, as we pushed in among them, rounding curve after curve, shone gorgeous red patches of the Judas-tree, with sprinklings of columbines, violets, marsh-marigolds, and dandelions, and splashes of deep orange-yellow, — clusters of some flower then unknown to me, but pretty certainly the Indian puecon; not the daintiest of blossoms, perhaps, but among the most effective under such fugitive, arm's-length conditions. A plaguing kind of pleasure it is to ride past such things at a speed which makes

a good look at them impossible, as once, for the better part of a long forenoon, in the flatwoods of Florida and southern Georgia, I rode through swampy places bright with splendid pitcher-plants, of a species I had never seen and knew nothing about; straining my eyes to make out the yellow blossoms, cursing the speed of the train, — which, nevertheless, brought me into Macon several hours after I should have been in Atlanta, — wishing for my Chapman's Flora (packed away in my trunk, of course), and bewailing the certainty that I was losing the only opportunity I should ever have to see so interesting a novelty. And still, — I can say it now, — half a look is better than no vision.

For fifty miles beyond Roanoke we traveled southward; but an ascent of a thousand feet offset, and more than offset, the change of latitude, so that at Pulaski we found the apple-trees not yet in flower, but showing the pink of the buds. The venerable, pleasingly unsymmetrical sugar maples in the yard of the inn (the reputed, and real, comforts of which had drawn me to this particular spot) were hung full of pale yellow tassels, and vocal with honey-bees. Spring was here, and I felt myself welcome.

Till luncheon should be ready, I strayed into the border of the wood behind the town, and, wandering quite at a venture, came by good luck upon a path which followed the tortuous, deeply worn bed of a brook through a narrow pass between steep, sparsely wooded, rocky hills. Along the bank grew plenty of the common rhododendron, now in early bud, and on either side of the path were trailing arbutus and other early flowers. Yes, I had found the spring, not summer. The birds bore the same testimony: thrashers, chippers, field sparrows, black-and-white creepers, and a

Carolina chickadee. Summer birds, like summer flowers, were yet to come. A brief song, repeated at intervals from the ragged, half-cleared hillside near a house, as I returned to the village, puzzled me agreeably. It should be the voice of a Bewick's wren, I thought, but the notes seemed not to tally exactly with my recollections of a year ago, on Missionary Ridge. However, I made only a half-hearted attempt to decide the point. There would be time enough for such investigations by and by. Meanwhile, it would be a poor beginning to take a first walk in a new country without bringing back at least one uncertainty for expectation to feed upon. It is always part of to-day's wisdom to leave something for to-morrow's search. So I seem to remember reasoning with myself; but perhaps a thought of the noon-day luncheon had something to do with my temporizing mood.

In any case no harm came of it. The singer was at home for the season, and the very next morning I went up the hill and made sure of him: a Bewick's wren, as I had guessed. I heard him there on sundry occasions afterward. Sometimes he sang one tune, sometimes another. The song heard on the first day, and most frequently, perhaps, at other times, consisted of a prolonged indrawn whistle, followed by a trill or jumble of notes (not many birds trill, I suppose, in the technical sense of that word), as if the fellow had picked up his music from two masters, — a Bachman finch and a song sparrow. It soon transpired, greatly to my satisfaction, that this was one of the characteristic songsters of the town. One bird sang daily not far from my window (the first time I heard him I ran out in haste, looking for some new sparrow, and only came to my senses when halfway across the lawn), and I never walked far in the town (the city, I ought in civility to say) without passing at least two or three. Sometimes as many as that would be within hearing at

once. They preferred the town to the woods and fields, it was evident, and for a singing-perch chose indifferently a fence picket, the roof of a hen-coop, a chimney-top, or the ridgepole of one of the churches, — which latter, by the bye, were most unchristianly numerous. The people are to be congratulated upon having so jolly and pretty a singer playing hide-and-seek — the wren's game always — in their house-yards and caroling under their windows. As a musician he far outshines the more widely known house wren, though that bird, too, is excellent company, with his pert ways, at once furtive and familiar, and his merry gurgle of a tune. If he would only come back to our sparrow-cursed Massachusetts gardens and orchards, as I still hope he will some time do, I for one would never twit him upon his inferiority to his Bewickian cousin or to anybody else.

The city itself would have repaid study, if only for its unlikeness to cities in general. It had not "descended out of heaven," so much was plain, though this is not what I mean by its unlikeness to other places; neither did it seem to have grown up after the old-fashioned method, a "slow result of time," — first a hamlet, then a village, then a town, and last of all a city. On the contrary, it bore all the marks of something built to order; in the strictest sense, a city made with hands. And so, in fact, it is; one of the more fortunate survivals of what the people of southwestern Virginia are accustomed to speak of significantly as "the boom," — a grand attempt, now a thing of the past, but still bitterly remembered, to make everybody rich by a concerted and enthusiastic multiplication of nothing by nothing.

Such a community, I repeat, would have been an interesting and very "proper study;" but I had not come southward in a studious mood. I meant to be idle, having a gift in that direction which I am seldom able to cultivate as

it deserves. It is one of the best of gifts. I could never fall in with what the poet Gray says of it in one of his letters. "Take my word and experience upon it," he writes, "doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure." He begins bravely, although the trivial word "amusing" wakens a distrust of his sincerity; but what a pitiful conclusion! How quickly the boom collapses! It is to be said for him, however, that he was only twenty years old at the time, and a relish for sentiment and reverie — that is to say, for the pleasures of idleness — is apt to be little developed at that immature age. I had passed that point by some years; I was sure I could enjoy a week of dreaming; and, unlike Bewick's wren, I took to the woods.

To that end I returned again and again to the brookside path, on which I had so fortunately stumbled. A man on my errand could have asked nothing better, unless, perchance, there had been a mile or two more of it. Following it past two or three tumble-down cabins, the stroller was at once out of the world; a single bend in the course of the brook, and the hills closed in behind him, and the town might have been a thousand miles away. Life itself is such a path as this, I reflected. The forest shuts behind us, and is open only at our feet, with here and there a flower or a butterfly or a strain of music to take up our thoughts, as we travel on toward the clearing at the end.

For the first day or two the deciduous woods still showed no signs of leafage, but tall, treelike shadbushes were in flower, — fair brides, veiled as no princess ever was, — and a solitary red maple stood blushing at its own premature fruitfulness. Here a man walked between acres of hepatica and trailing arbutus, — the brook dividing them, — while the path was strewn with violets, anemones, buttercups, bloodroot, and

houstonia. In one place was a patch of some new yellow flowers, like five-fingers, but more upright, and growing on bracted scapes; barren strawberries (*Waldsteinia*) Dr. Gray told me they were called, and one more Latin name had blossomed into a picture. A manual of botany, annotated with place-names and dates, gets after a time to be truly excellent reading, a refreshment to the soul, in winter especially, as name after name calls up the living plant and all the wild beauty that goes with it. And with the thought of the barren strawberry I can see, what I had all but forgotten, though it was one of the first things I noticed, the sloping ground covered with large, round, shiny, purplish-green (evergreen) leaves, all exquisitely crinkled and toothed. With nothing but the leaves to depend upon, I could only conjecture the plant to be galax, a name which caught my eye by the sheerest accident, as I turned the pages of the Manual looking for something else; but the conjecture turned out to be a sound one, as the sagacious reader will have already inferred from the fact of its mention.

In such a place there was no taking many steps without a halt. My gait was rather a progressive standing still than an actual progress; so that it mattered little whither or how far the path might carry me. I was not going somewhere, — I was already there; or rather, I was both at once. Every stroller will know what I mean. Fruition and expectation were on my tongue together; to risk an unscriptural paradox, what I saw I yet hoped for. The brook, tumbling noisily downward, — in some places over almost regular flights of stone steps, — now in broad sunshine, now in the shade of pines and hemlocks and rhododendrons, was of itself a cheerful companionship, its inarticulate speech chiming in well with thoughts that were not so much thoughts as dumb sensations.

Here and there my footsteps disturbed a tiny blue butterfly, a bumblebee, or an

emerald beetle, — lovers of the sun all of them, and therefore haunters of the path. Once a grouse sprang up just before me, and at another time I stopped to gain sight of a winter wren, whose querulous little song-sparrow-like note betrayed his presence under the overhanging sod of the bank, where he dodged in and out, pausing between whiles upon a projecting root, to emphasize his displeasure by nervous gesticulatory bobbings. He meant I should know what he thought of me; and I would gladly have returned the compliment, but saw no way of doing so. It is a fault in the constitution of the world that we receive so much pleasure from innocent wild creatures, and can never thank them in return. Black-and-white creepers were singing at short intervals, and several pairs of hooded warblers seemed already to have made themselves at home among the rhododendron bushes. Just a year before I had taken my fill of their music on Walden's Ridge, in Tennessee. Then it became almost an old story; now, if the truth must be told, I mistook the voice for a stranger's. It was much better than I remembered it; fuller, sweeter, less wiry. Perhaps the birds sang better here in Virginia, I tried to think; but that comfortable explanation had nothing else in its favor. It was more probable, I was bound to conclude, that the superior quality of the Kentucky warbler's music, which was all the time in my ears on Walden's Ridge, had put me unjustly out of conceit with the performance of its less taking neighbor. At all events, I now voted the latter a singer of decided merit, and was ready to unsay pretty much all that I had formerly said against it. I went so far, indeed, as to grow sarcastic at my own expense, for in my field memoranda I find this entry: "The hooded warbler's song is very little like the redstart's, in spite of what Torrey has written." Verily the pencil is mightier than the pen, and a note in the field is worth two in the study. Yet that,

after all, is an unfair way of putting the matter, since the Tennessee note also was made in the field. Let one note correct the other; or, better still, let each stand for whatever of truth it expresses. Happily, there is no final judgment on such themes. One thing I remarked with equal surprise and pleasure: the song reminded me again and again of the singing of Swainson's thrush; not by any resemblance between the two voices, it need hardly be said, but by a similarity in form. Oven-birds were here, speaking their pieces in earnest schoolroom fashion; a few chippering snowbirds excited my curiosity (common *Junco hyemalis*, for aught I could discover, but I profess no certainty on so nice a point); and here and there a flock of migrating white-throated sparrows bestirred themselves lazily, as I brushed too near their browsing-places.

So I dallied along, accompanied by a staid, good-natured, woodchuck-loving collie (he had joined me on the hotel piazza, with a friendly look in his face, as much as to say, "The top of the morning to you, stranger. If you are out for a walk, I'm your dog"), till presently I came to a clearing. Here the path all at once disappeared, and I made no serious effort to pick it up again. Why should I go farther? I could never be farther from the world, nor was I likely to find anywhere a more inviting spot; and so, climbing the stony hillside, over beds of trailing arbutus bloom and past bunches of birdfoot violets, I sat down in the sun, on a cushion of long, dry grass.

The gentlest of zephyrs was stirring, the very breath of spring, soft and of a delicious temperature. My New England cheeks, winter-crustured and still half benumbed, felt it only in intermittent puffs, but the pine leaves, more sensitive, kept up a continuous murmur. Close about me — close enough, but not too close — stood the hills. At my back, filling the horizon in that direction, stretched an unbroken ridge, some hundreds of feet

loftier than my own position, and several miles in length, up the almost perpendicular slope of which, a very rampart for steepness, ranks of evergreen-trees were pushing in narrow file. Elsewhere the land rose in separate elevations; some of them, pale with distance, showing through a gap, or peeping over the shoulder of a less remote neighbor. Nothing else was in sight; and there I sat alone, under the blue sky, — alone, yet with no lack of unobtrusive society.

At brief intervals a field sparrow somewhere down the hillside gave out a sweet and artless strain, clear as running water and soft as the breath of spring-time. How gently it caressed the ear! The place and the day had found a voice. Once a grouse drummed, — one of the most restful of all natural sounds, to me at least, “drumming” though it be, speaking always of fair weather and woodsy quietness and peace; and once, to my surprise, I heard a clatter of cross-bill notes, though I saw nothing of the birds, — restless souls, wanderers up and down the earth, and, after the habit of restless souls in general, gregarious to the last. A buzzard drifted across the sky. Like the swan on still St. Mary’s Lake, he floated double, bird and shadow. A flicker shouted, and a chewink, under the sweet-fern and laurel bushes, stopped his scratching once in a while to address by name a mate or fellow traveler. A Canadian nuthatch, calling softly, hung back downward from a pine cone; and, nearer by, a solitary vireo sat preening his feathers, with sweet soliloquistic chattering, “the very sound of happy thoughts.” I was with him in feeling, though no match for him in the expression of it.

Again and again I took the brookside path, and spent an hour of dreams in this sunny clearing among the hills. Day by day the sun’s heat did its work, melting the snow of the shadbushes and the bloodroot, and bringing out the first scattered flushes of yellowish-green on the lofty tulip-trees, while splashes of

lively purple soon made me aware that the ground in some places was as thick with fringed polygala as it was in other places with hepatica and arbutus. No doubt, the fair procession, beauty following beauty, would last the season through. A white violet, new to me (*Viola striata*), was sprinkled along the path, and on the second day, as I went up the hill to my usual seat, I dropped upon my knees before a perfect vision of loveliness, — a dwarf iris, only two or three inches above the ground, of an exquisite, truly heavenly shade, bluish-purple or violet-blue, standing alone in the midst of the brown last year’s grass. Unless it may have been by the cloudberry on Mount Clinton, I was never so taken captive by a blossom. I worshiped it in silence, — the grass a natural prayer-rug, — feeling all the while as if I were looking upon a flower just created. It would not be found in Gray, I told myself. But it was; and before many days, almost to my sorrow, it grew to be fairly common. Once I happened upon a white specimen, as to which, likewise, the Manual had been before me. New flowers are almost as rare as new thoughts.

It was amid the dead grass and rust-colored stones of this same hillside that I found, also, the velvety, pansy-like variety of the birdfoot violet, here and there a plant surrounded by its relatives of the more every-day sort. This was my first sight of it; but I saw it afterward at Natural Bridge, and again at Afton, from which I infer that it must be rather common in the mountain region of Virginia, notwithstanding Dr. Gray, who, as I now notice, speaks as if Maryland were its southern limit. Indeed, to judge from my hasty experience, Alleghanian Virginia is a thriving-place of the violet family in general. In my very brief visit, I was too busy (or too idle, but my idleness was really of a busy complexion) to give the point as much attention as I now wish I had given to it, else I am sure I could furnish the



particulars to bear out my statement. At Pulaski, without any thought of making a list, I remarked abundance of *Viola pedata*, *V. palmata*, and *V. sagittata*, with *V. pubescens*, *V. canina Muhlenbergii*, and four forms new to my eyes, — *V. pedata bicolor* and *V. striata*, just mentioned, *V. hastata* and *V. pubescens scabriuscula*. If to these be added *V. Canadensis* and *V. rostrata*, both of them common at Natural Bridge, we have at least a pretty good assortment to be picked up by a transient visitor, whose eyes, moreover, were oftener in the trees than on the ground.

My single white novelty, *V. striata*, grew in numbers under the maples in the grounds of the inn. The two yellow ones were found farther away, and were the means of more excitement. I had gone down the creek, one afternoon, to the neighborhood of the second furnace (two smelting-furnaces being, as far as a stranger could judge, the main reason of the town's existence), and thence had taken a side-road that runs up among the hills in the direction of Peak Knob, the highest point near Pulaski. A lucky misdirection, or misunderstanding, sent me too far to the right, and there my eye rested suddenly upon a bank covered with strange-looking yellow violets; like *pubescens* in their manner of growth, but noticeably different in the shape of the leaves, and noticeably not pubescent. A reference to the Manual, on my return to the hotel, showed them to be *V. hastata*, — "rare;" and that magic word, so inspiring to all collectors, made it indispensable that I should visit the place again, with a view to additional specimens. The next morning it rained heavily, and the road, true to its Virginian character, was a discouragement to travel, a diabolical misjunction of slipperiness and supreme adhesiveness; but I had come prepared for such difficulties, and anyhow, in vacation time and in a strange country, there was no staying all day within doors. I

had gathered my specimens, of which, happily, there was no lack, and was wandering about under an umbrella among the dripping bushes, seeing what I could see, thinking more of birds than of blossoms, when behold! I stumbled upon a second novelty, still another yellow violet, suggestive neither of *V. pubescens* nor of anything else that I had ever seen. It went into the box (I could find but two or three plants), and then I felt that it might rain never so hard, the day was saved.

A hurried reference to the Manual brought me no satisfaction, and I dispatched one of the plants forthwith to a friendly authority, for whom a comparison with herbarium specimens would supply any conceivable gaps in his own knowledge. "Here is something not described in Gray's Manual," I wrote to him, "unless," I added (not to be caught napping, if I could help it), "it be *V. pubescens scabriuscula*." And I made bold to say further, in my unscientific enthusiasm, that whatever the plant might or might not turn out to be, I did not believe it was properly to be considered as a variety of *V. pubescens*. In appearance and habit it was too unlike that familiar Massachusetts species. If he could see it growing, I was persuaded he would be of the same opinion, though I was well enough aware of my entire unfitness for meddling with such high questions.

He replied at once, knowing the symptoms of collector's fever, it is to be presumed, and the value of a prompt treatment. The violet was *V. pubescens scabriuscula*, he said, — at least, it was the plant so designated by the Manual; but he went on to tell me, for my comfort, that some botanists accepted it as of specific rank, and that my own impression about it would very likely prove to be correct. Since then I have been glad to find this view of the question supported by Messrs. Britton and Brown in their new Illustrated Flora, where the plant is

listed as *V. scabriuscula*. As to all of which it may be subjoined that the less a man knows, the prouder he feels at having made a good guess. It would be too bad if so common an evil as ignorance were not attended by some slight compensations.

These novelties in violets, so interesting to the finder, if to nobody else (though since the time here spoken of he has seen the "rare" *hastata* growing broadcast, literally by the acre, in the woodlands of southwestern North Carolina), were gathered, as before said, not far from the foot of Peak Knob. From the moment of my arrival in Pulaski I had had my eye upon that eminence, the highest of the hills round about, looking to be, as I was told it was, a thousand feet above the valley level, or some three thousand feet above tide-water. I call it Peak Knob, but that was not the name I first heard for it. On the second afternoon of my stay I had gone through the town and over some shadeless fields beyond, following a crooked, hard-baked, deeply rutted road, till I found myself in a fine piece of old woods, — oaks, tulip-trees (poplars, the Southern people call them), black walnuts, and the like; leafless now, all of them, and silent as the grave, but certain a few days hence to be alive with wings and vocal with spring music. In imagination I was already beholding them populous with chats, indigo-birds, wood pewees, wood thrushes, and warblers (it is one of our ornithological pleasures to make such anticipatory catalogues in unfamiliar places), when my prophetic vision was interrupted by the approach of a cart, in which sat a man driving a pair of oxen by means of a single rope line. He stopped at once on being accosted, and we talked of this and that; the inquisitive traveler asking such questions as came into his head, and the wood-carter answering them one by one in a neighborly, unhurried spirit. Along with the rest of my interrogatories I inquired

the name of the high mountain yonder, beyond the valley. "That is Peach Knob," he replied, — or so I understood him. "Peach Knob?" said I. "Why is that? Because of the peaches raised there?" "No, they just *call* it that," he answered; but he added, as an afterthought, that there *were* some peach orchards, he believed, on the southern slope. Perhaps he had said "Peak Knob," and was too polite to correct a stranger's hardness of hearing. At all events, the mountain appeared to be generally known by that more reasonable-sounding if somewhat tautological appellation.

By whatever name it should be called, I was on my way to scale it when I found the roadside bright with *hastate*-leaved violets, as before described. My mistaken course, and some ill-considered attempts I made to correct the same by striking across lots, took me so far out of the way, and so much increased the labor of the ascent, that the afternoon was already growing short when I reached the crest of the ridge below the actual peak, or knob; and as my mood was not of the most ambitious, and the clouds had begun threatening rain, I gave over the climb at that point, and sat down on the edge of the ridge, having the wood behind me, to regain my breath and enjoy the landscape.

A little below, on the knolls halfway up the mountain, was a settlement of colored mountaineers, a dozen or so of scattered houses, each surrounded by a garden and orchard patch, — apple-trees, cherry-trees, and a few peach-trees, with currant and gooseberry bushes; a really thrifty-seeming alpine hamlet, with a maze of winding by-paths and half-worn carriage-roads making down from it to the highway below. With or without reason, it struck me as a thing to be surprised at, this colony of black highlanders.

The distance was all a grand confusion of mountains, one crowding another on the horizon; some nearer, some farther

away, and one lofty and massive peak in the northeast lording it over the rest. Close at hand in the valley, at my left, lay the city of Pulaski, with its furnaces, — a mile or two apart, having a stretch of open country between, — its lazy creek, and its multitudinous churches. A Pulaskian would find it hard to miss of heaven, it seemed to me. Everywhere else the foreground was a grassy, pastoral country, broken by occasional patches of leafless woods, and showing here and there a solitary house, — a scene widely unlike that from any Massachusetts mountain of anything near the same altitude. Hereabout (and one reads the same story in traveling over the state) men do not huddle together in towns, and get their bread by making things in factories, but are still mostly tillers of the soil, planters and graziers, with elbow-room and breathing-space. The more cities and villages, the more woods, — such appears to be the law. In Massachusetts there are six or seven times as many inhabitants to the square mile as there are in Virginia; yet Massachusetts seen from its hilltops is all a forest, and Virginia a cleared country.

Rain began falling by the time the valley was reached, on my return, and coming to a store in the vicinity of the lower furnace, — the one store of that suburb, so far as I could discover, — I stepped inside, partly for shelter, partly to see the people at their Saturday shopping. A glance at the walls and the show-cases made it plain that one store was enough. You had only to ask for what you wanted: a shotgun, a revolver, a violin case, a shovel, a plug of tobacco, a pound of sugar, a coffee-pot, a dress pattern, a ribbon, a necktie, a pair of trousers, or what not. The merchant might have written over his door, "*Humani nihil alienum*;" if he had been a city shopkeeper, he might even have called his establishment a department store, and filled the Sunday newspapers with the wonders of it. Then it would have been but a step to

the governor's chair, or possibly to a seat in the national council.

The place was like a beehive; customers of both sexes and both colors going and coming with a ceaseless buzz of gossip and bargaining, while the proprietor and his clerks — two of them smoking cigarettes — bustled to and fro behind the counters, improving the shining hour. One strapping young colored man standing near me inquired for suspenders, and, on having an assortment placed before him, selected without hesitation (it is a good customer who knows his own mind) a brilliant yellow pair embroidered or edged with equally brilliant red. Having bought them, at an outlay of only twelve cents, he proceeded to the piazza, where he took off his coat and put them on. That was what he had bought them for. His taste was impressionistic, I thought. He believed in the primary colors. And why quarrel with him? "Dear child of Nature, let them rail," I was ready to say. It is not Mother Nature, but Dame Fashion, another person altogether, and a most ridiculous old body, who prescribes that masculine humanity shall never consider itself "dressed" except in funereal black and white.

What Nature herself thinks of colors, and what freedom she uses in mixing them, was to be newly impressed upon me this very afternoon, on my walk homeward. In a wet place near the edge of the woods, at some distance from the road, — so sticky after the rain that I was thankful to keep away from it, — I came suddenly upon a truly magnificent display of Virginia lungwort, a flower that I half remembered to have seen at one time and another in gardens, but here growing in a garden of its own, and after a manner to put cultivation to the blush. The homely place, nothing but the muddy border of a pool, was glorified by it; the flowers a vivid blue or bluish-purple, and the buds bright pink. The plants are of a weedy sort,

little to my fancy, and the blossoms, taken by themselves, are not to be compared for an instant with such modest woodland beauties as were spoken of a few pages back, trailing arbutus, fringed polygala, and the vernal fleur-de-lis; but the color, seen thus in the mass, and come upon thus unexpectedly, was a memorable piece of splendor. Such pictures, humble as they may seem, and little as they may be regarded at the time, are often among the best rewards of travel. Memory has ways of her own, and treasures what trifles she will.

And with another of her trifles let me be done with this part of my story. There was still the end of the afternoon to spare, and, the rain being over, I skirted the woods, walking and standing still by turns, till all at once out of a thicket just before me came the voice of a bird, — a brown thrasher, I took it to be, — running over his song in the very smallest of undertones; phrase after phrase, each with its natural emphasis and cadence, but all barely audible, though the singer could be only a few feet away. It was wonderful, the beauty

of the muted voice and the fluency and perfection of the tune. The music ceased; and then, after a moment, I heard, several times repeated, still only a breath of sound, the mew of a catbird. With that I drew a step or two nearer, and there the bird sat, motionless and demure, as if music and a listener were things equally remote from his consciousness. What was in his thoughts I know not. He may have been tuning up, simply, making sure of his technic, rehearsing upon a dumb keyboard. Possibly, as men and women do, he had sung without knowing it, — dreaming of a last year's mate or of summer days coming, — or out of mere comfortable vacancy of mind. Catbirds are not among my dearest favorites; a little too fussy, somewhat too well aware of themselves, I generally think; more than a little too fragmentary in their effusions, beginning and beginning, and never getting under way, like an improviser who cannot find his theme; but this bird in the Alleghanies sang as bewitching a song as my ears ever listened to.

*Bradford Torrey.*

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#### LOVE IN THE WINDS.

WHEN I am standing on a mountain crest,  
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,  
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,  
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;  
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,  
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,  
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee  
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.  
Ho, love! I laugh aloud for love of you,  
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather;  
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,  
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,  
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,  
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

*Richard Hovey.*

## ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

It is probably because we live in the midst of it that we are not fully sensible of the change now taking place in our intellectual life. Possibly, too, because we are looking for some general spectacular transformation at the beginning of the next century, we fail to see the bearing of the one that has already taken place in this. But the knowledge we now have of the interrelation of natural phenomena, and the limitation such knowledge places upon us, must, directly or remotely, condition all our thought. While the facts of life may have remained the same, their significance is irrevocably altered. It is no longer possible for us, strive as we may, to have the same ideas that our grandfathers had, when we think about the things of most concern to us. If we try to formulate our notions as they formulated theirs, we must perforce give the terms a meaning which they have never had before. If we make our notions anew, the break with the past is apparent. But, obvious or not, the break is a real one, and a widening of the cleft is inevitable.

If we set ourselves to consider the intellectual life of the last quarter-century apart from all political and social manifestations, we shall see much in it to suggest a parallel to that of western Europe in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Then the area of thought had been enlarged by the discovery of a new world, and the great pieces snatched from the unknown had been found to be much like the known. The operations of nature were seen to be complex and intricate, stretching out far beyond the ken of what then constituted men's knowledge. A formal and mechanical idea of the universe had thus to be superseded by one more elastic and more in accord with ascertained fact. So now, the bounds of human knowledge have extended

themselves with such rapidity as to leave us temporarily without standards. What in its first expression seemed to be a promising method of biological study has become the method of knowledge itself, and has presented to the mind a new conception of the unity of the universe. At the same time, it has upset past notions of the relation of the individual to his environment, and has brought in its train secondary changes which are rapidly altering the face of society.

The quickening of mental activity, the expansion of the horizon of thought, the reawakening of sympathy, the changed notions of the physical world, the concern for the future of the race, — there seems but one thing missing to make the parallel perfect, namely, the kindling of the imagination to the creation of a new art and a new literature. But it is yet too early to say that even this feature is absent: we may have already before us a manifestation of such an art and such a literature that is not yet intelligible; or the spark that is ultimately to burst into flame may be still smouldering, and we must await another generation to behold its splendor.

When the Renaissance first came to England, the men who were the bearers of the newly kindled torch of learning immediately set to work to reform the educational system of their country. They were unwilling to enjoy by themselves and in their own time what they thought should be the property of all for all time. They were fully aware that the work of their generation was to prepare the next to enter upon its inheritance. So the opposition they met in the universities only strengthened them in their endeavor to found good preparatory schools; they were content to hold their own against their contemporaries, if they could win over posterity.

And no student of literature can fail to see that the glorious development which we find in the work of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton is directly traceable to the efforts of these men of the English Renaissance to adapt the English educational system to the new conditions.

In doing this they were able to seize and expand a foreign ideal of culture, to read into it a new meaning, to inspire it with a new force, to make it their own by the simple process of extension. This was the best they could do, — the only thing they could do. England's intellectual life had not yet furnished enough material to build a new culture out of. Its past literature, even if it had been adequate, was not understood; what it might have done for men, had they been able to understand it, is shown by the influence the early printed texts of Chaucer, with all their mistakes and their absence of rhythm, had upon Spenser. There was nothing left but to graft upon the native stock a richer growth, if they were to secure the full fruitage they desired. Nevertheless, the classical ideal was a foreign ideal, and English learning and English literature suffered, though unavoidably, from the grafting. The damage, however, was not apparent at once. Spenser, though he did dabble in English hexameters, was strong enough to escape the infection; Shakespeare derived his learning from life; Milton had Spenser for a model. But the lesser contemporary geniuses paid the penalty, the literature of the following periods suffered for it, and we of this generation inherit a culture that is inadequate to our needs because of it.

Our situation to-day is much the same as the one England found itself in at the opening of the sixteenth century. We need a new ideal. We should begin just as the English humanists did; we should readjust our educational machinery in the light of our new need.

But this time we should seek our ideal at home, and try to find it in the fuller development of our own national life. Our first aim should be to make our children masters of the form of thought that is native to them, and familiar with its best expression. Once they are given a home in their own place and in their own generation, we may safely attempt to make them citizens of the world. To reverse the process in our present situation is to defeat the best ends of culture.

The classical ideal transferred bodily into our national life will no longer satisfy us. There are too many contradictions and anomalies in it; it is not possible to revivify it, or even to galvanize it into a semblance of life, and make it do the work of the present time. We may go on making successive attempts to modify it, but we shall never find it adequate, because it is a culture essentially unsympathetic, aristocratic, exclusive. Whether we view it from the standpoint of ancient or from that of post-mediaeval history, it will always have a significance for us, and no small one; and in its historic setting it will continue to be the richest field known to human experience. But to make it the norm of our education, to rely on the diffusion of it to better and beautify the world and to rectify all the horrible social unevennesses which confront us, is to fail to realize the age we live in.

We are kept from abandoning the present system chiefly because we do not yet understand the fitness of our language to impart disciplinary training, and the richness of our literature to give us the basis of intellectual culture. We would rather

“bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of.”

Yet if we fully understood the richness of the gift that modern scholarship has made us, we should see that our fears are idle. We should know that the historical study of the English language would bring us into contact with



a range of phenomena precisely similar to those presented by the study of other natural phenomena, training the mind to notice and classify essential distinctions, and not accidental ones. We should know that the historical study of our literature would put us in immediate possession of a past national experience which we now get only indirectly and after long toil, through imperfect glossaries and inapt annotations. We should then cease to be surprised that Shakespeare, who knew not Plato, could see into the meaning of life with his English eyes as far as Plato did with his Greek eyes, and give up all foolish attempts to father his work on some one else whom we consider a better philosopher. English poetry would appeal to us with a familiar voice that would make its way without impediment to the depths of our richest experience, and we should cease to hypnotize ourselves with imperfectly understood rhythms foreign to our ears. After we had studied English in this way, the study of any language or of any literature would fall into its proper place, bringing its contribution to our experience unalloyed with meaningless distinctions and transcendental vaguenesses.

Again we are held back by the fear that our love of beauty will fall victim to our love of knowledge, if we forsake our ancient ideal of beautiful form as it is presented to us by classic culture. Here we make the same difficulty in a new way that we used to make for ourselves when we set to work to understand the world of sense. We preconceive a norm of what things ought to be, and strive to make things conform to it. We make our pursuit of beauty an endeavor after a perfection that does not exist, a conformity to a simple type made out of a few intelligible elements abstracted from a complex whole. We naturally find such a type in its purest state in a culture unenriched by an intricate experience. There was a period

in the history of English literature when the ideal of a perfect sentence was one in which English thought was so run into a classic mould as to make the English reader stand on his head to see the meaning of it. That was because the obvious fact in most Latin sentences was a periodic structure; it was an easy road to beautiful expression to assume this perfection for English sentences, and make them conform to it. Men shut their eyes to a multiplicity of form in English writing which they did not understand, and chose out of a foreign tongue a single form which they did. In the same way, a false type of beauty has often been set up in high places where men should look for a real one. "Truth is beauty," and art will never starve on fact, if facts are rightly known. Even if we had to abandon Hellenic culture entirely, — which we need not do, — we should not have to concern ourselves with a possible loss of our sense of beauty. If we devote ourselves, therefore, to widening and deepening the channels for the communication of truth, we need not worry about the sordidness and ugliness of human life. Art is meaningless that is not founded upon universal sympathy, and sympathy is but the refinement of the intelligence.

The study of our own language and its literature thus lies at the root of the whole matter. Any plan which leaves it out, or gives it but second place, will surely fail. Any plan based on it, no matter how imperfect, will yield profit if we follow it.

In the first place, language is not only our means of expressing thought, but is also the instrument of our thinking. Our minds are a sort of senate, wherein we transact our little affairs of state, — playing now the rôle of speech-maker, now that of audience, now that of president, — and our business is conducted in the words which are native to us. Language is thus part and parcel of our thinking life. We cannot escape

from it. It becomes a part of us, and throat and hand, ever in readiness to wait upon the activities of the brain, unite in the operation of thought, and make the function a triple one, to formulate, interpret, or record at the will of the thinker. It is because language is thus thought itself that it has a life of its own, continually and unconsciously changing its form with the mental operations of the individual and of the race.

Our knowledge, then, of our vernacular, our familiarity with its resources, our consciousness of its limitations, determine the quality of our thought. The number of words we speak or write each day may be small or great, according to our habits of life, but if we are thinking men, the number we actually use is measured by the ten thousands; and to us users of the English language they are English words.

And they will always be English words so long as our mothers speak the English language. There is a sense, even, in which we cannot Americanize them. We may differentiate their forms or modify their sounds, but we cannot make a new language that will be American, as German speech is German, any more than we could make for ourselves six-fingered right hands. The teaching of the English language, therefore, ought to be the first and chief concern of our education. Though the student never expected to put pen to paper, never expected to read a book for anything but the absolute knowledge contained in it, he ought to know, and know thoroughly, the idiom of his vernacular. Ignorance or half knowledge of it is for him the greatest risk he can incur. If he is to think clearly, he must have clear notions of words, — what they represent, what they convey. He must formulate all that he is to know of the relation he stands in to the world about him by means of words, and in proportion as they live in his mind will his thought be quick and vital.

But, some one may say, we have already this knowledge of our native tongue through an experience dating from childhood, and therefore education need not concern itself with it. A partial knowledge, yes, and a substantial knowledge as far as it goes, if it were only let alone, and the "heir of all the ages" were allowed undisturbed possession of his heritage. His thought brings with it its own words, the clearest, strongest words of the language. His natural experience adds to their number and power, and, were it not interfered with, would lead him, as it has led so many men who have not been forced through the routine of our higher culture, to something like ultimate mastery of idiom. But the natural process is interfered with. The interference begins so early that it is difficult to appreciate its extent. A child is learning to read English. Its early progress is rapid. The mystery begins to unravel. The cat catches the rat in the picture; the cat catches the rat as the eye follows the signs beneath the picture; the cat catches the rat as the hand follows the eye along the straight and crooked lines beneath the print. Ear, eye, and hand, each alone and unaided, can make the cat catch the rat, — three powers over an absent world of sense where there was but one before. So far all is simple and beautiful, and he is a dull teacher who cannot make the mind glow in its realization of such a possession. Soon, however, there comes confusion: there is *cow*, *plough*, and *furrow*, there is *rough*, and *though*, and *slough*. Some words sound like others, but look quite different when printed or written. Some words look like others, but are sounded differently. The child can write and read some words by a simple process of association which soon becomes a reflex action. Others he has to memorize, and it is a long time before he can reproduce their forms unconsciously; in some cases he never learns to write them without a voluntary effort.

Thus, outside his proper language, there is a large number of written words which are mere pictures learned and reproduced bodily, Chinese-fashion, every time they are needed. Now, he does not know which of these forms are genuine, and which are counterfeit; that is, he does not know which represent the form of the language he uses, and which represent something else. The whole circulation is therefore confused, and he grows suspicious of the genuine coin.

The confusion soon extends from the representation of thought to thought itself. Meaningless and artificial distinctions become a part of it, and the child develops a literary sense in addition to his common sense. What he is really doing when he employs the written language is to use symbols which were once more or less accurate representations of the sounds the words had in Middle English and early New English. As the changes which have taken place since then have been uniform for the most part, the discrepancy between the New English word and its Middle English equivalent is not apparent except in the case of letters which have been lost out of the modern speech. The student becomes aware of it only when he studies a foreign language which uses the same alphabet. But there are a number of words — common ones, too — where we have got hold of a written form which never has represented the spoken form we now yoke with it. It is these words which cause the worst confusion. The confusion, however, would be one of form only, and would not taint the thought, if the student, while learning to use his language, were also gaining a knowledge of its development and a power to classify its phenomena intelligently. Unfortunately, our elementary education gives no knowledge of historical English grammar, though the subject is neither difficult nor recondite.

The student completes his early training with as little knowledge of the his-

tory of his speech as he would have if it were Greek. Indeed, he often knows more about Greek than he does about English; so that later on in his educational career, when he becomes a special student of English and makes some attempt to read it in its earlier form, he fails to grasp the significance of its commonest phenomena, because he looks at them through the blue spectacles of his Hellenic culture.

The consequent ignorance of English that is to be found among the most highly educated men is amazing. The public discussions that turn on points of "etymology," pronunciation, or syntax rarely fail to reveal it. Men cavil at idioms that are as old as the language itself, and argue with one another about questions of authenticated fact until "philologist" has almost come to mean "quibbler."

What wonder that the ignorance is so widespread, when so little interest is taken in the scientific study of the subject? We have now associations for the furtherance of almost every doctrine or endeavor conceivable: the collection of postage-stamps has its society, the propagation of esoteric Buddhism has its band of enthusiasts, the study of Browning's poetry has its cultus, and hundreds of other objects and aims, trivial or serious, are thrust upon the notice of the public through the organized effort of unselfish propagandists. But there is no American society or association in existence whose sole object is the dissemination of scientific knowledge of the history and structure of the language by which all such concerted action is rendered possible and effective. Nor are we better off in respect to special journals. Germany has two excellent ones devoted solely to the scientific study of English; America and England have none.

A knowledge of the history and structure of English is necessary to the full understanding of English literature, and is a necessity which we cannot escape. Our literature is written in a living lan-

guage, constantly changing, and never fixed in a classic form. While it is quite true that in many cases he who makes literature is conscious of a deliberate effort to transcend the limits of his own generation and write for all time, he can achieve his end only by making himself intelligible to his own generation; and unless there is something in his work to catch contemporary attention he does not stand much chance of reaching posterity. The literature of a living language must always appeal to the ears of contemporaries, for the maker of it cannot forecast the language of the future. Bacon knew this, and chose Latin to be the vehicle of his thought when he set about "raising his monument of enduring bronze," because Latin, being a classic, was not subject to change. English literature, therefore, to be read with full intelligence, must be read in the language of the time when it was written; it must needs suffer somewhat if translated into a subsequent vernacular.

The first thing to do, then, in the study of English literature, is to read it intelligently, to hear the very voice of it speaking to us directly and without impediment, to make its thought pass through our minds as it passed through the minds of those who created it, to make its thought our thought. There must be no half-knowledge, no vague concepts. The words of it should not convey hazy notions. If we are to know the full force of it, we must know that the words which the author chose were the only words he could have chosen. The turns of expression must be happy, fitting the thought like a glove. It is the perfection of form that makes it literature and gives it a claim to our attention.

Without an historical knowledge of our language such a full appreciation of much of our best literature is impossible. Criticism with the best of intentions cannot make up by any æsthetic fervor for what it lacks of such knowledge. A concrete

case may make this clearer. There has appeared but lately an imposing book on the history of English poetry, which speaks of the influence of Chaucer's harmonious and scientific versification upon the early Elizabethans. In the ten lines quoted for illustration there are five forms of expression that Chaucer could not have used, two that he did not use, and one that no writer or speaker of English has ever used. The critic could not read intelligently the poetry he was criticising,—a disqualification which one feels ought to be a serious one. If the writer had chosen the history of Greek poetry for his field, he would have been laughed out of court for such errors.

It might be urged that such incompetence concerns only the early periods of English literature; that in the treatment of the later periods our criticism is quite adequate. But such ignorance as that cited shows how important it is to know, and know thoroughly, too, the whole history of English literature, if one is to understand any part of it. While it may not be possible, in discussing its later forms, to make such gross mistakes as those cited from our critic of Chaucer, we do fail, and always shall fail, to get the full force of its thought where the words are strangers to us. This is especially true of Shakespeare. We do not need to cite examples in evidence of half-knowledge of Shakespeare's vocabulary and idiom. The common editions bristle with them. The amount of good printers' ink that has been wasted in tortuous discussions of Shakespeare's text, where the text was perfectly clear to Elizabethan ears, would have been far better used if employed to disseminate a knowledge of Shakespeare's idiom and its historical development. The cumbersome apparatus of annotation and glossary could then be dispensed with, and the poet would speak to us simply and directly, without the need of an interpreter. Indeed, the burden of comment on Shakespeare's text is already felt to

be intolerable, and one is tempted to doubt the worth of literature which needs so much explanation to make it clear. We have at last a text constructed upon sound principles of evidence from the material which has come down to us. Why not take it as being the best we are likely to get, and study it in the light of the best knowledge attainable of Shakespeare's speech; giving over such idle speculations as whether he might have written "shuffle off this mortal veil" or "shuffle off the mortal soil," and trying to fathom the meaning of "shuffle off this mortal coil"? Similarly, in reading our English Bible, if we are to use Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, why not learn Tyndale's language, and cease to think of it as a sacred tongue; or if it seems to us to be mystical and but half intelligible, why not make a new translation into modern English for ourselves?

Our present system of studying English literature from the standpoint of New English grammar is creating for us two languages where but one has existed in the past, — a formal language of literary expression more or less transcendental, and an informal language of every-day life, practical, familiar, simple, direct. In the case of the Bible, the one has already become a sacerdotal tongue, full of anomalies in syntax and idiom, and set apart as a sacred speech because of its obsolete pronouns and outgrown verb-forms. The homely speech of an early Christianity which sought inspiration in the humblest walks of life has thus become artificial, and has got separated from actual experience. It now stands in need of a gloss almost as much as the Vulgate did when, in answer to the homely cry "Give us the Scriptures," Tyndale translated it into the speech of every-day life. When the historical development of the English language and literature is once clearly understood, this artificial process will be at an end.

There is another advantage to be de-

rived from the historical study of English grammar, which is directly connected with the study of our literature, and that is the escape from the petty tyrannies of shallow criticism. A book like the one already cited, with its array of unfamiliar names, its multitude of terms which the reader assumes to be technical because he does not understand them, its apparent familiarity with the niceties of classical culture, stands, like an imposing porter, haughtily demanding credentials for admittance to the walled garden of English literature. If the reader knew the English language thoroughly, and could always read it without having it explained to him, he would easily be able to distinguish between sound criticism and parade of learning. The text itself would be intelligible to him, and he would resent all attempts to make it mystical. Culture would thus become a vital thing to him, ever germane to his experience.

In like manner, he would escape the petty tyrannies of artificial distinctions in writing; he would no longer be restricted to an idiom that conformed to the principles of the art of rhetoric as interpreted by men who knew more of Latin than of English. Instead of being restricted to a narrow range of unexceptionable phraseology he would know the literary power of his own speech, writing it simply and clearly, and expecting others to do the same. If they did not make themselves clear, he would seek the reason in the obscurity of their thinking, and not in his unfamiliarity with their idiom. He would thus gain independence and freedom in expressing his thought, and his gain would undoubtedly be ultimately the gain of literature.

There remains another and perhaps the most cogent reason why we should give over our present system of English teaching, and should devise one more in accord with present needs in the light of the best knowledge we can get. That

is the one of economy. If education is to cope with the present, to say nothing of the future, there must be a saving of time somewhere. The development of new sciences, the urgency of competition, the enhancing of practical achievements, the necessity for more thorough preparation for life at an earlier age, and above all the need for a culture that shall be widespread and not confined to a fortunate few, — these have been putting burdens on our educational system, until now the load can no longer be borne.

It was earlier thought possible to solve the problem by differentiating culture and specializing training; but the duality that has been supposed to exist between science and culture is not so apparent as it used to be. We are coming to think that there is only one kind of knowledge, and that is knowledge. A culture that is built up in ignorance of the world that lies about it is inadequate, not to say foolish. A science that knows the world as it is, and does not know what man has thought about the world, has lost its perspective. Neither humanistic ignorance nor crude science is a desirable ideal. So this division of labor in education is not possible. But to teach both science and the humanities is not practicable, with our present system; for by the time the process of education is complete, the individual, remaining a consumer, has run into the period when he ought to be a producer of wealth. He has practically been set apart to receive his education, while others, not so set apart, have had to support him. Such culture must always be selfish, continually growing more so as conditions of life become more complex.

To lengthen the period is out of the question: we must make better use of the time we have. Economy must be introduced; things of doubtful value must give place to things of ascertained value; remote expediences must be sacrificed for immediate necessities.

It has already been shown how the

study of English will aid us in thinking more clearly, in itself a saving of time; and in conveying thought more easily, again a saving of time. Beside these and the economy arising from substituting a natural for an artificial process, we shall gain to some better use the time we now waste in teaching an unintelligible system of orthography. Even if we continue to write the English of an earlier day, as we think that of our own, it will not take us so long to learn to write it if we understand what we are doing. Perhaps, too, when we have learned that the difficulty of spelling is of our own creating, standards will become more flexible, and we shall gradually get rid of the grosser anomalies of the written language, such as that of thinking a word of one dialect and writing that of another. As the written language thus becomes more uniform, we shall have to spend less time in teaching children to read it and to write it. Perhaps in the twentieth century we shall get so far as to be able to spell English as well, say, as the people of the tenth century did; or shall take as common sense a view of the matter as Chaucer's contemporaries did, who tolerated as much variation when English was written as when it was spoken; or shall even get up to Spenser's standpoint (and few poets have been as careful in their rhythm as Spenser was), who would write or allow his printer to set up the same word in half a dozen different ways.

The time we now take in trying to coerce ourselves into the belief that English is a dead language is time wasted, whether we consider the effort from a practical or from a scientific standpoint. Indeed, from a scientific point of view, time is worse than wasted which is spent in confusing natural processes and benumbing natural functions. From the historian's point of view, to falsify evidence, whether through ignorance or with design, is nothing less than criminal.

While it may not be practicable to



represent all the minute variations of spoken language with scientific accuracy, it certainly is practicable to write the language we speak, and not an obsolete form of it. And to do so we need not add a single letter to our alphabet, we need not destroy an iota of evidence as to the sound of our language, we need not abandon a single book of our literature. Nor do we need to establish a new custom in writing our language. We

need only teach the historical grammar of English, and let the matter take care of itself.

The question of changing the writing or printing of modern English is one of expediency; the question of teaching historical English grammar is not one of expediency, but one of paramount necessity, if we are to preserve the power of our language to formulate our thought aptly, clearly, and easily.

*Mark H. Liddell.*

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### IN THE NORTH.

COME, let us go and be glad again together  
Where of old our eyes were opened and we knew that we were free!  
Come, for it is April, and her hands have loosed the tether  
That has bound for long her children,—who her children more than we?

Hark! hear you not how the strong waters thunder  
Down through the alders with the word they have to bring?  
Even now they win the meadow, and the withered turf is under,  
And, above, the willows quiver with foreknowledge of the spring.

Yea, they come, and joy in coming; for the giant hills have sent them,—  
The hills that guard the portal where the South has built her throne;  
Unloitering their course is,—can wayside pools content them,  
Who were born where old pine forests for the sea forever moan?

And they, behind the hills, where forever bloom the flowers,  
Do they ever know the worship of the re-arisen Earth?  
Do their hands ever clasp such a happiness as ours,  
Now the waters foam about us and the grasses have their birth?

Fair is their land,—yea, fair beyond all dreaming,—  
With its sun upon the roses and its long summer day;  
Yet surely they must envy us our vision of the gleaming  
Of our lady's white throat as she comes her ancient way.

For their year is never April,—oh, what were Time without her!  
Yea, the drifted snows may cover us, yet shall we not complain;  
Knowing well our Lady April—all her raiment blown about her—  
Will return with many kisses for our unremembered pain!

*Francis Sherman.*

## SHALL WE STILL READ GREEK TRAGEDY?

IN the revolt against the long primacy of the classics we find united temporarily, by the bond of common hostility, several camps that on other questions are much at variance with one another. There are, for example, men of practical affairs who think lightly of things of the mind; there are some men of science who think lightly of all literature and art; there are many who, seeing modern life so rich and full, would allow antiquity scant space in the crowded present. In literature itself, the abundance and range and manifold interest of the world's best, from Dante to Tennyson, in languages still living, and therefore worth acquiring for reasons commercial and social as well as literary, are in truth persuasive arguments against what seems so much more remote. Hence, even serious students of literature, not a few, would allow even to the greatest of the ancients no primacy beyond priority in date. No less a poet and scholar than Robert Browning, as his friend and biographer, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, has told us,<sup>1</sup> in spite of his "deep feeling for the humanities of Greek literature, and his almost passionate love for the language," refused "to regard even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style," and found "the pretensions raised for them on this ground inconceivable." The growing recognition — in itself heartily to be welcomed — of the importance of our own literature and tongue as humanizing subjects of study often brings with it, especially among younger men, an inclination to depreciate Greek literature in itself, apart from any reference to its place in education. The terms classicism and romanticism, and notions more or less clear as to old controversies that centred in them, play no small part in developing

the tendency. It is perhaps the Greek dramatists who are oftenest alluded to with depreciation: partly, no doubt, because they are so much read in college by students who do not yet know the language well enough to understand them; and partly because in them Greek literature comes into closest contact with the modern, and the comparison with Shakespeare lies so near. It was against Æschylos that Browning delivered his attack, in his version of the Agamemnon, which puzzled so many readers before Mrs. Orr gave us the explanation.

Under these circumstances, a student of the Attic drama finds himself involuntarily reviewing the question from new standpoints, and endeavoring to settle in his mind where the truth lies. The question is not, of course, whether Æschylos or Shakespeare is the greater, but whether Æschylos and his compeers are really great; and if so, how and why.

Suppose we first sum up the indictment. A Greek tragedy, we are told, is but a slender streamlet beside the mighty river of Shakespeare's presentation of human life and passion in a Hamlet or a Macbeth. The plot is simple, the characters are few, the total impression is that of meagreness. The chorus is an essentially undramatic element that in Greek times was never quite sloughed off; it takes slight part in the action, and its lyric comments break the continuity and make the tragedy an assemblage of incongruous fragments rather than an organic unit. Even in the dialogue there is little action and much narrative; long speeches abound. But drama, by its very name, is action; if that is lacking, the work is so far not drama, or at best is dramatic in form only, — a poem to be read instead of a play to be acted. Even in this aspect, as poetry simply, the reader finds it comparatively tame and color-

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters*, ii. 477f.

less. It has been called statuesque; it is indeed marble in its coldness. What is vaunted as restraint and due observance of bounds closely resembles poverty, and seems to us lack of inspiration. The poetry warms us but faintly, because the internal fire burned low. The conclusion of the whole matter is, the Greek drama is merely the germ of which the Elizabethan drama is the full flower, — a germ exceedingly interesting for what came of it, but of no great significance otherwise.

Running all through this strain of criticism, which has a very familiar sound, and which I trust I have not exaggerated, is that outspoken or tacit reference to Shakespeare as the norm of perfection, by which the world's drama is to be judged. Now human thought progresses by beating against the wind, and the tacks are sometimes long. Once it was the classicists who made Greek tragedy the norm of perfection, and judged Shakespeare by that; and the new school had a hard struggle to get the critics to see that the end of that tack had been reached, and it was time to put about. Plainly, one principle is no more right than the other. Any well-defined school of art must be judged by itself; some method must be sought more fruitful and conclusive than comparisons of the sort that are odious, and some other criterion than mere personal preference. By wider induction it must be possible to find some principles that shall be, not final, perhaps, but at least safer guides to opinion than the preconceptions of an individual, or even a race, whether ancient or modern. Let us see.

First as to this view that for the modern world the Attic drama has interest and value mainly, or even solely, as being the seed from which sprang the Elizabethan bloom. It was a precious seed, if nothing more; but one naturally asks, How was it with other arts of Hellas? Are they also related to those of later ages only as the germ to what comes of

it? Sculptors are pretty well agreed that in their branch of art that figure tells only a small fragment of the truth. Since the Parthenon marbles were made accessible to Europe, they have been the wonder and despair of sculptors, not primarily on scientific grounds, as early stages in the evolution of something finer, but in themselves, as great artistic creations, and in spite of mutilation and removal from their architectural setting. They and other Hellenic marbles brought to light in this century have been the inspiration of the recent and current revival of sculpture in Europe and America. The like is true of architecture, though time's tooth and barbarian hands have dealt still more hardly with its monuments. The Doric temple is deemed the peer of the Gothic church, and we cannot spare either of them. Greek music is lost; even the fragments lately discovered at Delphi tantalize more than they inform us. In painting, too, we have scant materials for judgment; but the vases, gems, and other minor products of art industry that museums treasure from Greek hands are valued and sought for their own sake, as things of beauty perennially. Indeed, it was apropos of those very late Hellenistic portraits from Egypt that John La Farge, an artist saturated with the best art of all times and many races, exclaimed, — finding even the mere perfunctory trade-work in them full of meaning for their methods and technique as well as their historical associations, — "Anything made, anything even influenced by that little race of artists, the Greeks, brings back our mind to its first legitimate, ever continuing admiration; with them the floating Goddess of Chance took off her sandals and remained." Of course, a people may do great things in many arts, and do lesser things or fail in one. La Farge may be right, and yet the drama be no more than Browning or still more unsympathetic readers believe. But the example of the other arts, whose products have been rated so

high for their intrinsic beauty by the most competent among many successive peoples, does create a certain presumption in favor of the belief that the admiration for, say, the Agamemnon of Æschylos as a great work of art, also an admiration shared by many competent critics of diverse races and times, rests, after all, on a firmer and broader base than personal preference or a taste created by education. These tragedies come to us from the same city and period that raised the Parthenon and its sister temples, and carved the marbles that adorned them. There is some probability that the plays in which those generations of that little clan delighted are themselves informed with a like spirit. Another branch of the same race created the epic; few would maintain that any later epic is to Homer, in respect to intrinsic literary value, as maturity to infancy. Perhaps the Attic drama is itself a flower, of equal beauty and fragrance with the Elizabethan, which grew after many seasons and in a different soil from seed that the Attic flower let fall.

But there is little action in a Greek play, and the drama, by its very name, is action. The appeal to etymology as an argument may easily lead astray. A little study of words makes it clear that etymology merely shows us the starting-point of a word's life; usage develops, changes, and often completely transforms its meaning, so that the truth in such an argument may be like Gratiano's reasons, two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff. In any case, to press an etymology too far is either mental strabismus or sophistry. This etymological argument about the drama reminds me of those shallow "educators" — happily no longer common — for whom the entire theory of education is an elaboration of the dictum that *educo* means *draw out*. Whatever theory one may now hold about the importance of action in a play, it was Greek tragedy, not modern, to which the name drama

was first given by those who invented both word and thing. They may be presumed to have known what they were doing. They called this new form of the "goat-song" drama because its characteristic feature, that which differentiated it from epic narrative as from Æolic and Dorian lyric, was that the performers personated the people in the story, instead of relating or singing in their own character. The gods and the men who figured in the myth were made to appear bodily, in mimic presentation, doing and saying in their own persons what they were imagined to have done and said. That has always been the generic mark of drama, and gives the real meaning of the term. Plato's mind was not befogged on this point when he wrote the Republic. The most undramatic prologues of Euripides are dramatic in the etymological sense, because they are spoken by an individual who personates another character; and that fact may illustrate the value of the etymological argument from another side. The questions how complex the plot thus acted should be, how many or how few the characters, how many and what acts shall be visibly performed before the audience, — these are questions to be settled on a variety of grounds; but no play has ever dispensed entirely with narrative, nor with certain elements that in Greek tragedy were concentrated in the choral songs. To demand that narrative and reflection and the lyric strain shall be quite excluded, and the whole story be presented through action alone, is to demand pantomime. There everything is action; but a tragedy is something higher. It would be instructive to go through several of the best modern plays, noting all the passages of pure narrative in them, — passages, I mean, in which one character relates to another, and so to the audience, events that have taken place elsewhere, instead of being enacted visibly.

It is quite true, however, that in Greek tragedy the plot is simple and the char-

acters are few. A theatre-goer, making his first acquaintance with Sophokles through a performance of the *Antigone* in English, would inevitably find the action slow and meagre. The world of ideas and motives is not that to which he is accustomed; he cannot in a brief session come to feel at home there. And though he compel himself to make due allowance on that score, and also for the impoverishment caused by translation, our theatre-goer may be pardoned if he still find the plot wanting in variety and "go." The question, however, may be fairly raised, how far this impression of meagreness is due to inherent defect, and how far to association. Inasmuch as all great English tragedies are more elaborate in plot, and we rarely see on our stage one of the Greek type, mere unfamiliarity with the type would be as a thick mist before the eyes. Fanny Kemble, in the recollections of her girlhood, records her gratitude that by her French education she learned to know and appreciate the great French dramatists before her introduction to Shakespeare, by whose genius she was later so completely overpowered that she could not then have approached French tragedy for the first time without prejudice. The lack of her fortunate experience in that regard doubtless accounts in no slight degree for the too common depreciation of Corneille and Racine among English-speaking people. And out of a score of persons who admire Rembrandt on first acquaintance, hardly one, of our northern races, enjoys at first view, without previous preparation, the great Italians who painted with and before Raphael. Yet many out of the score, if permitted by fortune to dwell for a while in that sunnier atmosphere, may come to enjoy the Italians far more than the northern genius whose kinship with ourselves appeals to us at once.

But farther, is a complex plot, involving many characters, essential to a great play? Some plot there must be, and

Aristotle, from his analysis of the plays he knew, lays great stress on the importance of it: apparently he rates *Œdipus the King* highest among Greek tragedies, largely because its plot is unusually elaborate. Yet, though the *Œdipus*, in this particular, touches the extreme limit permitted by the Greek form, it falls far short of that to which Shakespeare has accustomed us; and we may still ask, Is the comparative simplicity of plot in Greek tragedy in itself a defect?

How is it in music? We do not regard the string quartette as an imperfect form because the orchestral symphony has been invented. The symphony is more complex; it embraces in one composition a wider range and greater richness of effect, and therefore pleases and impresses more people who are not thoroughly musical. But the greatest symphonic composers have also chosen frequently to write in quartette form. The truth is, the range of each single instrument is so wide that the four combined are an adequate vehicle for a great musical work. Four or five human souls of tragic mould in the grip of tragic circumstance may be enough, in the hands of a master, to produce a harmony that shall move us to the depths of our being. A Greek play is never so meagre as the quartette. That comparison fits better the plays of Racine. One might liken Greek tragedy rather to a symphonic movement for a small orchestra, omitting or making slight use of the drums and brasses. Analogies in detail to such music often recur to me in reading the plays. And in other arts? The masterpiece of Pheidias, we are told, was not one of the groups in the Parthenon gables, but the Zeus at Olympia; not an elaborate composition, in the sense of one containing a great number of figures in variously correlated action, but a single figure, grand in conception, perfect in detail. The compositions in marble, whose remnants are the glory of the British Museum, he left to other hands

to execute; his own strength found a more congenial task in the endeavor to embody in the more precious medium of gold and ivory the ancient ideal of the Olympian god, seated in a majestic repose whose calm expressed more power than any action could. And if we turn to Raphael, is the School of Athens, or any of the larger and more complex compositions in the Vatican, a greater work than the Sistine Madonna? The world has not thought so. To conceive that greatness in art depends on multiplicity of larger constituents or complexity of their arrangement is a mistake of like nature with conceiving that national greatness is identical with bigness and wealth. In either sphere greatness is something quite different. The quality of the central idea, the perfection with which that idea is rendered, with the just amount and due subordination of contributory detail, — these are far more than mere size and number in whatever wealth of circumstance. We apply this principle elsewhere in literature. We do not consider *The Scarlet Letter*, with its few characters and simple external incidents, and its revelation of the depths of the human heart, as therefore inferior to, let us say, *Les Misérables*. We do not compare the two; nor do I now, farther than to illustrate this one point in our inquiry. Without urging the parallel too far, I may say that they represent in the novel a like distinction of class to that which I wish to point out between Greek and Elizabethan tragedy. In short, the wider the basis of our induction, the clearer becomes the conclusion which Amiel stated in the broad and philosophic generalization, "The art which is grand, and yet simple, is that which presupposes the greatest elevation, both in artist and in public."

Perhaps the ground is now sufficiently cleared to enable us to approach, with less risk of entanglement, two positive features of Greek tragedy that sometimes repel the modern reader. First

the chorus, — to the Greek always the central and perhaps most interesting element, to us presenting rather the aspect of an excrescence. It would be vain to attempt here to conjure about us the antique atmosphere of prepossession in favor of the chorus; it is enough if we can dissipate our modern prepossession against it, and see the matter as it is, if we cannot see it as it was. Passing over, therefore, the well-known historical explanation of its presence, if we examine the six or eight best plays that have survived the wreck of the Middle Ages, what do we find the chorus to be, and how are its odes related to the whole? The *Agamemnon* of *Æschylos* may be taken as one illustration; his *Eumenides* and *Prometheus*, as well as the two *Œdipus* plays of *Sophokles*, and the *Antigone* and *Elektra*, fairly belong with it; perhaps the *Medea* and *Tauric Iphigeneia* of *Euripides* may be added. In the *Agamemnon*, then, the chorus is a company of twelve elderly men, councilors of *Klytæmnestra* and of the absent king, summoned to meet the queen that they may hear the great news of *Troy's* capture and receive the returning monarch. Their presence at the palace is thus as clearly called for, dramatically, as that of the herald or *Kassandra*. From this point of view, they might be likened to the nobles of various degree that fill so large a space in attendance on *Shakespeare's* kings; the only marked difference is that the ancient poet unites his nobles into a group, who generally, though not always, act and speak as one. In the *Antigone* and *Œdipus the King* the chorus is of the same character. Its leader has about the same interest and part in the action as *Polonius* or *Horatio*; the entire band as much, at least, as the *Players* in *Hamlet*, or those citizens and gentlemen and other minor characters who make the background of so many scenes. In the *Eumenides* the interest is far greater, for the members of the chorus are the dread *Furies* themselves in pursuit of the crim-



inal. In *Œdipus at Kolonos* they are the men who dwell near the sacred grove; gathering to repel the profaning wanderer, they hear his defense, and remain as representative Athenians to share in protecting him, and in receiving the blessing which his supernatural death and burial are to confer on their country. In the *Aias* of Sophokles they are the Salaminians, sailors and fighting men, who have accompanied *Aias* to Troy. The devoted followers have heard rumors of their lord's insane attempt, and have come to his tent to learn the truth, to defend him from his foes, and, as it proves, to guard his corpse and to bury him. To another class belong the women who come to cheer, advise, and console with a suffering woman, as *Elektra* or *Medea*. The priestess *Iphigeneia* has her temple ministrants about her. These may all be fairly compared, in a way, with *Juliet's* nurse, with *Nerissa*, with the inevitable confidantes and waiting-women.

Such is the chorus from one side. On the other side, what is its function in the choral odes? Regarded merely as the formal divisions between acts or scenes, the odes are certainly as pleasing, and detract as little from unity of effect, as the fall of a curtain and the tedious wait filled in by inferior music that has nothing to do with the play, and merely accompanies the chat of the audience. In fact, however, these songs are not out of character and are not an interruption: they are a lyric utterance of participants in the action, even if minor participants, — the expression of their emotions and thoughts called forth by specific events, by the dramatic situation. So much is plain even to the reader who does not understand the elaborate and beautiful versification; and some time a composer will be moved to write such music for one of the plays as will assist our imagination to realize the stately antique chant in unison, with instrumental accompaniment, strictly conforming to the poetic rhythm. The interpretative dance, which rendered the

sentiment in graceful motion and made it visible, we can only imagine. But two facts need to be emphasized: First, the choral odes are dramatic, in the sense in which Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics* are, — the expression of emotion and reflection called forth by the situation, not in the bystander or spectator merely, but in those who have a vital interest and part in the action. Occasionally, it is true, the choral song swerves a little from the strictly dramatic function. It exhibits a tendency on the one hand to become the mouthpiece of the poet himself, and on the other to utter the sentiments of what has been called the ideal spectator. Yet this tendency appears but rarely in the best plays, and appears only for an instant; the dramatic idea quickly resumes its normal sway. Secondly, such lyric material has a legitimate place in the drama, which aims to present life at its fullest, and is based on the convention that the soul, in such moments of most intense life, feels no hindrance, from without or within, to complete self-expression. In the modern drama this emotional and reflective element is more distributed. We find it often in soliloquy, or scattered through the conversation in comments on persons or events, and in occasional snatches of song. In part, however, it is left unexpressed, and that is a loss. It is characteristic of Greek art that this element, distinctly recognized as belonging in the drama, has its own medium and style of presentation in appropriate lyric form, — in essence the same form that we employ for like purposes outside the drama, though we have isolated the dance, and given it over to the ballet and to social amusement. The song from the *skené*, or lyric solo by a more prominent character, fits perfectly into our conception, or is at least accepted easily by one who accepts the Wagnerian music-drama, that latest direct offshoot of Attic tragedy.

Another feature that perhaps requires

brief examination is the messenger and his narrative. He is the result of two well-known conventions of the Greek theatre, which are natural enough in themselves, but have been much misunderstood. The chorus ordinarily remained on the scene when the leading characters withdrew; nearly everything took place in the open air; no curtain was used. The play was thus continuous; a change of scene was so inconvenient that it was seldom employed. Hence, whatever the story required to take place elsewhere than in the presence of the council, or the confidantes, or whoever the chorus were, had usually to be narrated. Again, Athenian taste refused to tolerate scenes of death and violence before the eyes of the audience. The Greeks were not less cruel or bloody in actual life than we are, or than Englishmen were three centuries ago; but their average artistic sense was finer. They perceived that when death or bodily mutilation is simulated in broad daylight illusion undergoes a severe strain, and they felt their æsthetic enjoyment of such scenes interfered with or destroyed. At any rate, such scenes were pretty nearly banished; hence the catastrophe itself is usually narrated, and the messenger is rather prominent among the minor personages. The device must be regarded as part of that simplicity of structure which we have already considered, — a device that deepens the impression of unity as much as it detracts from variety. The poet, however, does not rely upon narrative alone to present the catastrophe. Like the painter, who makes us behold the deed in its effect, the dramatist shows us *Cædipus* just blinded, — shows us the bodies of *Antigone* and *Haimon*, and the sorrow and too late repentance of *Kreon*. It is open to question whether such a method is not more effective in the end than the cruder way of displaying everything before the bodily eye. The painter's art, in spite of being limited to a single moment of the action, satisfies the

imagination better than the kinetoscope and like mechanisms. I do not see how a tragic event could be more powerfully presented than is the king's murder in the *Agamemnon*. *Kassandra's* wild and whirling words foretell it and her own fate as close at hand; his last cry reaches our ear; and finally, the murderous wife is seen holding the bloody instrument of death over her prostrate victims, while she acknowledges and glories in her crime. The sense of horror could not have been deepened by sight of the deed itself; the pity and fear that purge the soul would thereby have lost in efficacy, debased by a coarser strain.

One other item of the indictment must not be passed over, — the supposed lack of force and fire, which, according to one's attitude, is accounted either cause or effect of the Greek principle of moderation. Style, especially in a foreign tongue, is a difficult thing to discuss convincingly. The sense for it is much like musical taste; original endowment and the degree and school of training create differences of judgment; mediation between them is dangerous, and the issue must generally be left to the slow-sifting process of time. In this case the sifting process has been going on some centuries, and perhaps one may venture on a temperate search for a guiding principle or two.

The close kinship between Greek poetry and Greek sculpture is a commonplace; whoever finds one cold will probably find the other so. It is true, also, that a little time and study are needful before one becomes accustomed to the Hellenic manner far enough to see fully what it means. But if one fancies the *Hermes* of *Praxiteles* or the torsos from the eastern gable of the *Parthenon* cold, the reason must be in the observer or his circumstances. Perhaps he has not seen the originals, but only a translation of them into cold plaster or flat black and white. Perhaps fortune has not favored him with time enough: such things are

not importunate ; they do not strive nor cry ; they know they can wait. But after a time, unless one is by nature incapable, the quiet marble begins to quiver with life ; even the passion of grief, the adequate expression of which is commonly thought peculiar to Christian art, is seen to be nowhere more movingly portrayed than in the calmly throned Demeter of Knidos. All this in spite of mutilation, and without the color with which we know the ancients gave an added warmth and life to detail in sculpture. The contortions of Bernini's figures, on the bridge of St. Angelo and in various Roman churches, are in one sense just as true or even truer to nature, but are by comparison frigid, unmeaning, and false. Bernini's way was less difficult. It is easier to model or draw an old man, with the passion and experience of a long generation graven in furrows across his face, than to portray a strong and well-poised soul that finds a subtler outward expression in the more flowing outlines of youth or middle life. To make a simple transcript from nature, caught in a moment of violent action, is easier than to create after nature, from a profound and sympathetic comprehension of many such moments, a work that shall embody their essence, — a work full of their passionate life, yet maintaining that comparative calm without which nothing can please permanently. The mere transcript tells its tale more quickly, but the artist's creation more powerfully.

The principle may be verified in all the arts, but nowhere better than in Greek sculpture and Greek tragedy in contrast with sculpture of the seventeenth century and with the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare himself makes Hamlet enforce the lesson on his Players : "For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." In every art this advice is good, though conveyed with an iter-

ation of metaphor that itself offends against the principle. Accustomed as we are to the ruder way that delights in vehemence, in the sharpest contrast, in the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion," we are less quick to appreciate under the finer manner that force which is strong enough to hold in leash its own strength. Hence, too, the common mistake regarding character-drawing in Greek tragedy. A careless reader finds little of it, because it is mostly effected by gentle means, a delicate stroke of color sufficing where we look for the light and shadow of a Rembrandt. The analogy with sculpture here, also, is very close. Once more Amiel may furnish us a phrase : "The art of passion is sure to please, but it is not the highest art." And again : "A well-governed mind learns in time to find pleasure in nothing but the true and just." The world may yet learn much from Hellas in this direction, and the drama is one of the best means of teaching us. If we would see in English verse what this quality in tragic style is, Robert Browning is one of the last among the great poets in whom to look for it. The best sustained illustration, perhaps, is the dialogue of Matthew Arnold's *Merope*. The choral parts of that little-read play are very inadequate ; Arnold was far from being a Sophokles in original power, and the antique subject is remote from our interest ; but of the dialogue style and the general structure of Greek tragedy his *Merope* gives a truer notion than any translation or any other imitation that I know.

I have failed in my purpose unless I have made it seem probable that in its masterpieces Greek tragedy is worthy, after all, to rank with the masterpieces of any later dramatic school. Its peculiar form and special qualities are the outgrowth of its own historical conditions. The soil and air, though not our own, were good ; the vine was vigorous, and the product is of a sound and generous

kind that has kept well. Due appreciation of one vintage need not dull our taste for another; why not be thankful for both? Like the Doric temple, Greek tragedy is simple in its plan and structure, but of infinite elaboration and subtle variety in detail. In the chorus, in the messenger's narrative, and in the dialogue as well, the principle of grouping details in larger masses reminds us of the sculptured pediment, the metopes alternating with triglyphs, the massive yet graceful columns planted firmly to withstand all destroyers but man; everywhere grouping, symmetry, perfection of workmanship, and delicate harmony. In calling such masterpieces models, one does not mean that the type is now to be directly imitated. The form is not adapted to express or serve, in new examples of it, our modern life. So of temples and sculptured gods; modern repetitions have at best an exotic air. But that is no condemnation of the originals, which were adapted to express the best side of ancient life. The Shakespearean form of drama is also really adapted only to the age that gave it birth; witness the omissions and alterations in our finest revivals of Shakespeare's plays. Our more exacting demands in regard to stage-setting and machinery are alone enough to modify greatly the notion of what is good in dramatic structure, and in many other respects taste has changed not a little since Elizabeth's time. But to state this is not to depreciate Shakespeare. Is Cologne Cathedral any less noble because it would be ill adapted to the use of a Protestant non-liturgical service?

The Italian type of Madonna and Child was worked out under special conditions of the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. It is not one to be copied now. Unless the painter be a very great artist, who knows thoroughly both his mind and the cunning of his hand, he had better not attempt to employ the type even with a modern application and meaning. But is the type, and are the great Madonnas of Italian art, therefore not great? They remain among the accumulated treasures wherewith the past has endowed the present and the future. They, and whatever else goes to make up the sum of the best that has been thought and done in the world, are to be cherished and used for the education of the race.

The great advantage that literature has over the other arts, the advantage that alone secures it a preëminence over them in the general educational scheme, is the readiness with which the masterpieces can be indefinitely multiplied, and brought in their original form directly before the mind. In the best plays of Æschylos and Sophokles the force of Hellenism is felt in concentration. The reconstruction of the ancient theatre, which the young science of archaeology has but lately made possible, has enhanced their value to us, by freeing our conception of them from the distorting effect of later traditions, and restoring them to our imagination in the simple dignity of their original presentation. Many generations will pass from the scene, and many a little system and literary school will have its day, before those plays lose their freshness and their power to elevate and charm.

*Thomas Dwight Goodell.*

## THIRST IN THE DESERT.

It is not a pleasant thing, thirst. It is not soft or savory, but harsh and hideous; something never to be forgotten, though seldom to be mentioned, and then lightly and reservedly, with the severer features tempered or veiled. Yet it is a phase of life — and death — which those who would know the hard course of human pioneering must needs picture. It has been limned by Lundgren and penned by Owen Wister, skillful painters both, yet both so fortunate as to have painted partly — though not wholly — at second-hand.

There is a suffering mis-called thirst which sometimes adds to the pangs of hunger in humid lands; there is a thirst of the sea, aggravated by the salt spray on lip and nostril though the pores are bathed in moist air, which is hardly less horrible than hunger; and there is the dryness of the desert, the gradual desiccation of mucus and skin and flesh, which inflicts a torture that hunger only palliates, and this alone is worthy to be called thirst. In Death Valley, in farther Papagueria (the desert borderland of Arizona and Sonora), and elsewhere in arid America, the region in which routes are laid by "waters," and in which the "last water" and "next water" are ever present and dominant ideas, the earth is soilless sand so hot as to scorch thin-shod feet, and dry as fired pottery. Daily for months the air is 120° F. or more in the shade, and dry, — so dry that a basin of water evaporates in an hour, so dry that no drop of sweat is shed by hard-pushed horse or toiling pedestrian. The only plants able to survive the heat and drought are water-storing monstrosities, living reservoirs like cacti and agaves; the animals are peculiar in structure and physiological process; even the Indians gathered in the moister spots have a shrunken

and withered mien, half mummied before death as they are wholly after. Here thirst abides; and here tombless skeletons whitening in the sun, and staring skulls sowing teeth and shreds of shriveled meninges as they bowl before the sand-storm, give ghastly evidence of its insatiate passion.

Even in the desert there are stages of thirst. In the earlier stages the tissues simply dry and shrink like lifeless wood; in the later stages, seldom seen and scarce ever survived, vitality plays a rare rôle, and the external tissues become inflamed and suffused, and finally disorganized, while yet the internal organs continue to work, although with little aim and less reason. The stages of thirst arise and pass at a rate varying with the condition of the sufferer as much as with the heat and dryness of the air. In the open-pored tenderfoot or housling they may run their course between sun and sun of a single day, while in the long-inured and leather-skinned vaquero the agony may stretch over several days, mitigated nightly by the extreme chilling yet imperceptible moistening of the air; for where thirst holds sway the diurnal range of the mercury is fifty or sixty, or even eighty degrees.

Perhaps doctors may disagree as to the number of stages, yet patients will detail symptoms in their own way; and to one who has run the gauntlet two thirds through, exchanged confidences with two or three equally fortunate victims, and gleaned external observations on unsuccessful runners, five stages seem clear and definite, though the first is but a preface to the four gloomy chapters that follow. The order is fixed, though the features of the stages vary, particularly when delirium disturbs the due course of events and hastens the end.

At first the mouth feels dry and hot, and a tension in the throat leads to an involuntary swallowing motion, and ducks the chin when the motion occurs; the voice is commonly husky, the nape or occiput may pain steadily or throbbingly, and there is a diffused sense of uneasiness, or even of irritation, leading to querulous chatter and petulant activity. The sensations and outward symptoms suggest slight fever, and the temperature usually rises perceptibly.

The condition is alleviated by the farmer-boy's device of carrying a pebble or twig in the mouth to excite the flow of saliva; it is relieved by a pint of liquid. The sensations are yet partly subjective; if the water is muddy or ill smelling, half a pint will do; and if a hair or helpless bug is water-logged in the cup, still less will suffice for the stomach, though the feverish irritation may increase apace.

This is the clamorous stage, or the stage of complaining; it is experienced many times over by all men of arid regions, and is of little note save as the beginning of a series.

In the second stage of dryness, which might be called the first stage of thirst, the fever rises; the scant saliva and mucus spume sluggishly on lip and tongue and catch in the teeth, clogging utterance, and catching the tongue against the roof of the mouth; a lump is felt in the throat, as if suspended by tense cords running from the Adam's apple toward the ears, and the hand instinctively seeks to loosen these aggravating bands, but succeeds only in opening the collar and exposing more skin to evaporation; the head throbs fiercely, and with each throe the nape travails and the pains shoot down the spine. Meantime the ears ring and sometimes change tone suddenly, as when a down-grade train dashes into a tunnel; the vision is capricious, conjuring verdant foliage near by and delectable lakes in the distance, though it is half blind to the trail.

The sense of uneasiness grows into strong irritation, with a sort of mechanical mixture of lethargy and ill-aimed activity; there is hot, perhaps half consciously impotent wrath against the idiot of a cook who provided the too small water-barrel, the condemned broncho that bucked off and "busted" the best canteen, the spring that failed, the satanic sun that burns the shoulders through the shirt and bakes the soles through the shoes; perhaps there is keen, crazing remorse for the sufferer's own neglect, if he is honest enough to confess himself to himself as the original sinner. Alone, he is sullenly silent, but given to breaking out sporadically in viciously impassioned invective or more continuous monologue, according to his habit of mind; with others, he commonly strains tongue and throat to talk in a husky or queerly cracked voice, — to talk and talk and talk, without prevision of the next sentence or memory of the last; and all the talk is of water in some of its inexpressibly captivating aspects. A group of ranchmen, tricked by an earthquake-dried spring, creaked and croaked of rivers that they had forded in '49, of the verdure of the blue-grass region in which one of them was born, of a great freshet in the Hassayampa which drowned the family of a friend and irrigated the valley from mountain to mesa, of the acre-inches of water required to irrigate a field seeded to alfalfa, of the lay of the land with respect to flowing wells, of the coyote's cunning in "sensing" water five feet down in the sand, of the fine water-melons grown on Hank Wilson's ranch in Salado valley. Now and then articulation ceased, and lips and tongue moved on in silent mockery of speech for a sentence or two before the sound was missed, when, with a painful effort, the organs were whipped and spurred into action, and the talk rambled on and on, — all talking slowly, seriously, with appropriate look and gesture, not one consciously hearing a word.



When I was deceived into dependence upon the brine of a barranca on Encinas desert, thirst came, though in softer guise; and some of the party babbled continuously of portable apparatus for well-boring, of keeping kine by means of the *bisnaga* — a savagely spined cactus yielding poisonless water — and reveling in milk, of the memory of certain mint juleps in famous metropolitan hostelrys on the other border of the continent, of the best form of canteen (which should hold at least two gallons, — three gallons would be better). They were bright men, clear and straight and forcible thinkers when fully sane; yet they knew not that their brilliant ideas and grandiloquent phrases were but the ebullition of incipient delirium, and they seriously contracted for five gallons of ice-cream, to be consumed by three persons, on arriving at Hermosillo, and this merely as a dessert.

In this stage of thirst, the face is pinched and care-marked; the eyes are bloodshot and may be tearful; the movements are hasty, the utterances capricious; the sufferer is a walking fever patient without ward or nurse.

The condition is hardly alleviated by any device that does not yield actual liquid; it is relieved by half a gallon or a gallon of water taken at a draught or two, though the skin cries out for twice as much more applied externally — and the stray hair or drowned insect in the cup is carefully lifted out and shaken dry above the water, lest a drop be lost. It is in this stage that the wanderer eagerly seeks the *bisnaga*, cuts away the spiny covering with a machete, or hunting-knife, and sucks or swallows the cool pulp, and nibbles the deliciously refreshing lemon-acid fruit. The Mexican nomads have learned by experience to prevent the dry-mouthed patient from drinking deeply at once, lest death follow; but their experience is mainly with a microbe-laden fluid which is only slower poison in small doses.

This is the cotton-mouth stage of thirst; hundreds have passed through it, and scores have hit on the same expressive designation for it.

The third stage is an intensification of the second. The mouth-spume changes to a tough, collodion-like coating, which compresses and retracts the lips in a sardonic smile, changing to a canine grin; the gums shrink and tear away from the teeth, starting zones of blood to thicken in irregular crusts; the tongue, exposed to the air by the retraction of lips and gums, is invested with saliva collodion, and stiffens into a heavy stick-like something that swings and clicks foreignly against the teeth with the movement of riding or walking, and speech ends, though inarticulate bellowing, as of battling bull or stricken horse, may issue from the throat. There are other pains, innumerable, excruciating. The head is as if hooped with iron, and when the sufferer spasmodically casts off his hat, and snatches at hair and scalp, he is surprised to find no relief; the nape and half the spine are like a swollen tumor when pressed hard, with the surgeon's lancet pushing through it; with each heart-beat a throb of torment darts from the head to the extremities with a sudden thunder and blackness apparently so real and vast that it is a constant amazement to see the mountains still standing in mocking fixity and the sun still gibbering gleefully. Tears flow until they are exhausted; then the eyelids stiffen as the snarled lips have done, and the eyeballs gradually set themselves in a winkless stare. Between the slow earthquake throbs of the heart there are kaleidoscopic gleams before the eyes, and crackling and tearing noises in the ears, perhaps with singing sounds simulating bursts of music, — all manifestations of incipient disorganization in the sensitive tissues. Then it becomes hard, very hard, to keep the mind on the trail; to remember that the thorn-decked cactus is not a sweating water-cooler, that the

shimmering sand-flat is not a breeze-rippled pond, that the musical twanging of the tympanum is not a signal for rest. Withal a numbness creeps over the face, then over the hands, and under the clothing, imparting a dry, strange, rattling, husklike sensation, as if one did not quite belong to one's skin; and as the numbness advances, ideas become more and more shadowy and incongruous.

An eminent naturalist caught on the threshold of this stage was impressed by the laborious beating of his heart, and he gained a sense of the gradual thickening of his blood as the water which forms nearly ninety per cent of the body slowly evaporated. He was unable to see, or saw in mirage-like distortion when they were pointed out to him, the familiar birds and mammals of which he was in search. A prospector, later in this stage, tore away his sleeve when the puzzling numbness was first felt; afterwards, seeing dimly a luscious-looking arm near by, he seized it and mumbled it with his mouth, and greedily sought to suck the blood. He had a vague sense of protest by the owner of the arm, who seemed a long way off; and he was astounded, two days later, to find that the wounds were inflicted upon himself. Deceived by a leaky canteen on the plateau of the Book Cliffs of Utah, I held myself in the real world by constant effort, aided by a mirror, an inch across, whereby forgotten members of my body could be connected with the distorted face in which my motionless eyes were set; yet I was rent with regret (keen, quivering, crazy remorse) at the memory of wantonly wasting — actually throwing away on the ground — certain cups of water in my boyhood; and I gloried in the sudden discovery of a new standard of value destined to revolutionize the commerce of the world, the beneficent unit being the rational and ever ready drop of water. I collected half a dozen double-eagles from each of four pockets, tossed them in my hand, scorned their heavy

clumsiness and paltry worthlessness in comparison with my precious unit, and barely missed (through a chance gleam of worldly wisdom) casting them away on the equally worthless sand. In this stage of thirst fierce fever burns in the veins, but the deliberate doctor is not there to measure it.

The condition is seldom alleviated save through delirium, rarely relieved save by water, — water in gallons, applied inside and out; any water will serve, however many the hairs and drowned insects, however muddy or foul; but it is well to guard the thirsty man, lest he saturate the desiccated tissues so suddenly and so unequally as to initiate disorganization and death.

This is the stage of the shriveled tongue. It comes within the experience of many pioneers and within the memory of some, though only the vigorous in body and the well balanced in mind are sane enough to remember the details of the experience.

With the fourth stage of the drying up of the tissues the dilatory process changes to a more rapid action, and a new phase of thirst begins. The collodion-like coating of the lips cracks open and curls up, as freshet-laid mud curls when the sun shines after the storm, and the clefts push into the membrane and flesh beneath, so that thickened blood and serum exude. This ooze evaporates as fast as it is formed, and the residuum dries on the deadened surface to extend and to hasten the cracking. Each cleft is a wound which excites inflammation, and the fissuring and fevering proceed cumulatively, until the lips are reverted, swollen, shapeless masses of raw and festering flesh. The gums and tongue soon become similarly affected, and the oasis in the desert appears in delirium when the exuding liquid trickles in mouth and throat. The shrunken tongue swells quickly, pressing against the teeth, then forcing the jaws asunder and squeezing out beyond them, a reeking fungus,

on which flies — coming unexpectedly, no one knows whence — love to gather and dig busily with a harsh, grating sound, while an occasional wasp plunks down with a dizzying shock to seize or scatter them; and stray drops of blood escape the flies, and dribble down the chin and neck with a searing sensation penetrating the numbness; for the withered skin is ready to chap and exude fresh ooze, which ever extends the extravasation. Then the eyelids crack, and the eyeballs are suffused and fissured well up to the cornea and weep tears of blood; and as the gory drops trickle down, the shrunken cheeks are welted with raw flesh. The sluggishly exuding ooze seems infectious; wherever it touches there is a remote, unreal pricking, and lo, the skin is chapped, and dark red blood dappled with serum wells slowly forth. The agony at the nape continues, the burden of the heart-throb increases, but as the skin opens the pain passes away; the fingers wander mechanically over the tumid tongue and lips, producing no sensation save an ill-located stress, when they, too, begin to chap and swell and change to useless swinging weights, suggesting huge Spanish stirrups with over-heavy tapaderos. The throat is as if plugged with a hot and heavy mass, which gradually checks the involuntary swallowing motion, causing at last a horrible drowning sensation, followed by a dreamy gratification that the trouble is over. The lightning in the eyes glances, and the thunder in the ears rolls, and the brow-bands tighten. The thoughts are only vague flashes of intelligence, though a threadlike clue may be kept in sight by constant attention, — the trail, the trail, the elusive, writhing, twisting trail that ever seeks to escape and needs the closest watching; all else is gone until water is "sensed" in some way which only dumb brutes know.

In this stage there is no alleviation save by the mercy of madness, no relief except judiciously administered water,

which brings hurt oftener than healing. Rice remembered hearing his horse (which, startled by a rattlesnake, had escaped him twenty hours before, but which he had trailed in half-blind desperation) battering at the cover of a locked watering-trough with fierce pawing like that of a dog digging to a fresh scent. The vaqueros, awakened by the horse, found the man wallowing, half drowned, in the trough. He always ascribed the bursting of his lips and tongue to his earlier efforts to get moisture by chewing stray blades of grass, and he never consciously recognized the normal symptoms of the fourth stage. When my deer-path trail on the Utah plateau turned out of the gorge over a slope too steep for the fixed eyes to trace, I followed the ravine, to stumble into a chance water-pocket, with a submerged ledge, on which I soaked an hour before a drop of water could be swallowed; then, despite a half-inch cream of flies and wasps, squirming and buzzing above and macerated into slime below, I tasted ambrosia! A poor devil on the Mojave desert reached a neglected water-hole early in this stage. Creeping over débris in the twilight, he paid no attention to turgid toads, sodden snakes, and the seething scum of drowned insects, until a soggy, noisome mass turned under his weight, and a half-fleshed skeleton, still clad in flannel shirt and chaparejos, leered in his face with vacant sockets and fallen jaw. He fled, only to turn back later, as his trail showed, seeking the same water-hole. During his days of delirium in the hands of rescuers he raved unremitting repentance of his folly in passing by the "last water."

This is the stage of blood-sweat. It is not in the books, but it is burned into some brains.

As the second stage of thirst intensifies into the third, so the fourth grows into the fifth and last. The external symptoms are little changed; the internal or subjective symptoms are known

only by extension of the knowledge of the earlier stages, and by the movements inscribed in the trail of the victim; for in the desert perception is sharpened, and scarcely visible features in the track of man or beast open a faithful panorama to the trained vision of the trailer, whether white or red. The benumbing and chapping and suffusion of the periphery and extremities continue; in this way the blood and serum and other liquids of the body are conveyed to the surface and cast out on the thirsty air, and thus the desiccation of the organism is hastened. Perhaps the tumid tongue and livid lips dry again as the final spurts from the capillaries are evaporated. Thirsty insects gather to feast on the increasing waste; the unclean blow-fly hastes to plant its foul seed in eyes and ears and nostrils, and the hungry vulture soars low. The wanderer, striving to loosen the tormenting brow-bands, tears his scalp with his nails and scatters stray locks of hair over the sand; the forbidding cholla, which is the spiniest of the cruelly spined cacti, is vaguely seen as a great carafe surrounded by crystal goblets, and the flesh-piercing joints are greedily grasped and pressed against the face, where they cling like beggar-ticks to woolen garments, with the spines penetrating cheeks and perhaps tapping arteries; the shadow

of shrub or rock is a Tantalus' pool, in which the senseless automaton digs desperately amid the gravel until his nails are torn off. Then the face is forced into the cavity, driving the thorns further into the flesh, breaking the teeth and bruising the bones, until the half-stark and already festering carcass arises to wander toward fresh torment.

In this stage there is no alleviation, no relief, until the too persistent heart or lungs show mercy, or kindly coyotes close in to the final feast. A child in a single garment wandered out on Mojave desert and was lost before the distracted mother thought of trailers; his tracks for thirty hours were traced, and showed that the infant had aged to the acuteness of maturity in husbanding strength and noting signs of water, and had then slowly descended into the darkness and automatic death of the fifth stage of thirst, and had dug the shadow-cooled sands with tender baby fingers, and then courted and kissed the siren cactus, even unto the final embrace in which he was held by a hundred thorns too strong for his feeble strength to break.

This is the stage of living death. In it men die from without inward, as the aged tree dies that casts top and branches while yet the bole bears verdure.

And of these stages is the thirst of the desert.

*W. J. McGee.*

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## THE HOLIDAY EVENING.

### I.

AN old house, having a long lower room filled with old things. The colors of the room are faded colors, soft, dim, harmonious; such yellows, browns, reds, and greens as one sees in autumn leaves, and in the rugs and hangings of ancient dwellings. Furniture, bric-a-brac, and

pictures are the evident collection of a traveler in foreign lands.

Geraldine Pearl, a woman of about fifty, is shaking a dusting-cloth out of a door from which a path leads through a garden to a figure of Flora. The door is of glass, so that when closed it serves as a window. On the wall, in this part of the room, is a crucifix of carved wood,

an extensive display of Tyrolean photographs and water-colors, and a peasant's hat of dark green felt ornamented with a tuft of feathers.

Geraldine Pearl, having vigorously shaken her duster, turns back to her work, making, as she proceeds, disapproving comments: "Old warming-pan: no, I thank you, I prefer a hot-water bag. Old harp," — runs her fingers over the strings: "sounds as if it might be first cousin to the one 'that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed.' Now, why should people care for things because they are old? — making exception, of course, in favor of such rubbish as has some connection with one's ancestors. Nice, pretty, old-fashioned manners are about the only old things I care for, — you don't see them any too often nowadays; and as for that modern method of shaking hands — well, all I can say is, it is worse than no manners at all."

She opens a "bride's chest," and unfolds different articles of feminine attire, — bodices, aprons, quaint gowns and gay petticoats, — selects a lace kerchief and a white muslin dress sprigged with violets, spreads these over a chair and puts the rest carefully back.

"Some one was asking, the other day, if this house were going to be an institution, and have by-laws and a board of managers. I said I was n't prepared to state what it was going to be in the future, but at present it was to be entirely given over to a form of private hospitality; in other words, a number of friends had been invited to visit and to stay as long as they were contented. I should have been ashamed to explain the actual facts of the case, and how Miss Lavinia, being carried away with a sort of mania for collecting old things, could n't rest easy until she had got together a set of antiques in the shape of six old ladies, to enliven her museum, as it were."

Geraldine closes the lid of the chest, and from a table near by takes up an hour-glass. "Now what does that re-

mind one of, if it is n't of the sands of life ebbing out, and nobody able to stop them? Makes one think of gravestones and funeral wreaths, and 'there is a reaper whose name is Death.' Cheerful assortment Miss Lavinia has got to amuse the aged on a rainy afternoon, when they'll be rummaging round the house. It seems they are going to be allowed to make tea in their rooms. Of course they'll set fire to something, — that's to be expected. I suppose there is a heavy insurance; and after all, everything considered, a fire would n't be such a very bad thing."

A jar of Venetian glass next attracts her attention. She holds it so that the light shines through it. "I really don't see how that was brought so far without breaking. I should think it would have been in a thousand and one pieces before it was out of sight of Venice. But you never can tell. Sometimes it is the most delicate things that last the longest: and that makes me wonder how it is going to be with the old ladies. I can't say I particularly enjoy the prospect of watching by six death-beds; of seeing six candles flicker lower and lower, and just as you think they have flickered out, all of a sudden surprise you by flaring up again. Speaking of death-beds, if I had n't been so short-sighted as to promise Miss Lavinia's mother on hers that I'd always stand by the family, come what would, I might manage to extricate myself from this ridiculous situation. It is n't right, when one is about to set off for a better world, to complicate the troubles of the survivors. It would be a good deal more Christian-like and considerate to leave things trustingly in the hands of the Lord, — although of course it takes an awful sight of faith not to attempt to assist Him. As far as trusting in the Lord is concerned, being on the subject, I suppose I may as well make a personal application, and endeavor to believe that if there is any sort of a worth-while side to Miss Lavinia's

plan, the Almighty will be the very first to find it out, and act accordingly. I really don't think, either, that Miss Lavinia's mother would have taken such an advantage of me, if she had had the slightest suspicion of the way things were coming out. Who could have foreseen that from collecting buttons, and butterflies, and postage-stamps, and old coins, and china, and pewter, and second-hand books and furniture, one would be eventually led to collecting aged persons?"

With the lace kerchief and violet-sprigged gown over her arm she crosses the room, stops before an old piano and opens it, stops again before the portrait of a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl dressed in the fashion of some thirty years previous, and says, speaking to the pictured face, "Now, you need n't put on such a reproachful expression. I don't want your old things burned, and I don't mind your collecting old ladies, — no, not in the least. I rather like it, and I'm going to do the best I can by them, and so is Mary Roselle, and so is Mr. Fred."

## II.

On a rustic seat under the *Flora* in the garden a girl of about two-and-twenty is arranging flowers in diminutive nosegays. She too is talking to herself, and the little rippling murmur sounds like the refrain of a song. "Purple and yellow pansies for Mrs. Pearson, and white ones for Mrs. Page; and forget-me-nots, of course, for Mrs. Preller, to remind her of the Fatherland; and clove pinks for Miss Hamilton, who is so fond of a bit of gay color; and a rose for Dear, and another for Darling; and for every precious one of them a sprig of thyme and of lavender and of lemon verbena."

"Thinking aloud, Miss Mary Roselle?" asks the voice of some one coming up the path.

The girl rises quickly and makes a deep curtsy.

The owner of the voice says admiringly, "What is it, — what have you been doing to yourself? Is it a new gown?"

"No, a very old one. Geraldine brought it for me to wear in what she calls the opening scene. She says she puts the entire performance under the head of private theatricals, and we need n't expect to hear a pleasant word from her till the curtain falls at the end of the final act."

The man laughs, and asks if the paper he sees protruding from the girl's belt is an old love-letter found in the pocket.

"It is a love-letter," Mary Roselle answers, "but a modern one: it is Miss Lavinia's first letter to me regarding my new position. I brought it to read to you." She ties the old ladies' flowers with some narrow white ribbon, places them on the bench, each bunch by itself, unfolds the letter and reads: —

DEAR MARY ROSELLE, — I knew and loved your mother when we were girls, and have loved her ever since. They tell me you are exactly like her: therefore I know and love you.

And now to another important subject. I am about to open the old house at home under the name of *The Holiday Evening*. Some day when my own evening shall come, which will be before very long (I suppose you have never thought, dear Mary Roselle, in how short a time one can reach the age of seventy), I intend to return and live in it myself. In the meantime six old ladies have consented to do this for me. Would you be willing to become their professional visitor and partial companion? I should like you to see that they are surrounded with pleasant little attentions. I should like you to let them hear the old harp and the spinet. I should like you to invite a few well-behaved little children on a Saturday afternoon to play in the



garden, for the sake of the sound of their voices. There will be a sum set apart for use, at your discretion, in providing cap-ribbons, peppermints, posies in the winter, birthday remembrances, — in short, whatever your judgment suggests. The other details of the establishment are already in the hands of my valued Geraldine Pearl and my nephew Frederick Dillingham. As a reference for my sanity, I beg you to consult your dear mother's memories. She will doubtless tell you that I have always been called somewhat eccentric, — a reputation which, intelligently considered, may mean several things. Let it mean in the present instance a sincere earnestness of purpose. Be favorable to my proposition, and thus make happy six otherwise daughterless old women and

Your mother's friend and yours,  
LAVINIA DILLINGHAM.

The man, looking up as Mary Roselle stops reading, notices that her eyes are sweetly moist, and has a sensation of having come unexpectedly upon a brook hidden under violet leaves.

"It's so kind," the girl says, "so very, very kind. Think of Miss Lavinia's expressing it in that way, instead of writing that she had learned of our reverses and wanted to give me a pleasant opportunity of earning a regular income! And when I hesitated about accepting the generous remuneration offered for so little service, I was assured that I need have no scruples on that score, since I would be expected to spend a considerable amount for the benefit of the cause; that I was to keep myself abundantly supplied with pretty hats and gowns, because it would do the old ladies so much good to see me in them. Of course I understand that this is only Miss Lavinia's lovely way of showing her friendship for mamma, and I accept most gratefully; but imagine being paid for such charming duties as playing on the harp and the spinet!"

"And buying peppermints!" interrupts the man. "It's perfectly absurd, isn't it? By the way, I believe I have aunt Lavinia's first letter to me on this subject somewhere at hand."

He produces the letter, gives the six nosegays in a bunch to Mary Roselle, and the two walk up and down the pathway, the man reading.

### III.

DEAR FRED, — Fate, Providence, my guardian angel, — call it what you will, — has lately brought me into constant and intimate relationship with a number of industrious fellow countrywomen, all of whom appear to be engaged, when at home, in some professional pursuit, such as conducting cooking-classes, giving lectures, keeping bees, raising mushrooms; in short, honestly striving to do their duty and earn their own living, or that of some one dependent upon them.

This has been to me a rebuking revelation. It is so long since I have lived at home for any continued period that I have fallen quite behind the times. I thought the young girls were still growing up to wait for their wooing and winning, whereas it seems they are growing up with a view to obtaining proficiency in some practical pursuit, so that the virgins of to-day have oil in their lamps. Under the influence of my new impressions, I have been going through a process of self-examination, have been asking myself if there were not some special and individual work I could undertake for the good of the few or the many; until, having arrived at the humiliating discovery that I know how to do nothing, unless it be to select, classify, and preserve objects of art and antiquity, I said aloud, half jestingly, "Why not go a step further, — why not collect and preserve ancient human beings?"

Whereupon the friend before whom this remark was uttered surprised me by

taking my hand and telling me, with tears in her eyes, of this old woman and that old woman who would be so happy in those long-unused rooms of mine, and more particularly of a certain two, familiarly called Dear and Darling, who had read, studied, and economized together in devoted companionship through many years, thus preparing their minds and saving their money for a long European journey, which should come when they felt able to retire from their profession as teachers.

One day Darling was taken ill. Winters and summers passed before she recovered; even then she was not quite well, and she would never be again. Meanwhile, the expenses of the sickness had so encroached upon what the two friends had set aside as their "European fund" that, little by little, all thought of the journey was of necessity abandoned. They bore the disappointment bravely. What did it matter, after all, they said; they had had the delightful hours of anticipated pleasure; they had still remaining a slender income, enough for the modest wants of their quiet life. But it happened that they were to be deprived of this, also. A bank failed, and their resources were swept away as by the wind. When I heard this story, I thought that to offer an opportunity of living among my foreign collections would be a cruel aggravation, and that I ought, at any sacrifice, to have these two old friends comfortably transported across the Atlantic, and then by easy stages to whatever spots they most desired to visit. But my friend assures me they are too feeble to travel, and too sweet and sensible to be aggravated. So I have concluded to make them as happy as I can at home, and four others with them.

Thus a word spoken in jest has become an affair of serious import, — although, between ourselves, Fred, I am heartily ashamed of its limitations, because, in looking for the four others, I have heard of at least forty, and no

doubt should have heard of four hundred, had I been conducting the search in person.

Geraldine has written to say that if it is in my heart to assist the aged, I ought either to establish an old ladies' home on approved plans, or give whatever I intend to spend in this direction for the enlargement of one already established, and that there is nothing so woefully needed as old ladies' homes; that she herself could fill a dozen without going as many miles; moreover, that my scheme in its present form is not philanthropic, but merely the gratification of an idle whim. She also alludes to my future guests as the six "Figurines," exactly as if they were to be made of terra cotta, and would arrive packed in straw. But I know Geraldine.

I hear that Tom Meadows has come home and opened a studio. I wish you would prevail upon him to drop in upon the members of my household now and then of an evening, in a neighborly way, for a game of cards or a little music and talk. Tell him I will remember that one good turn deserves another.

This is all at present, written to prepare you for what is coming, and to ask you to love my Figurines as you love your

AUNT LAVINIA.

Mr. Fred and Mary Roselle are now at the end of the path by the glass door. They open this and go into the long room. Under the portrait of Miss Lavinia as a girl is a stand holding a tea-service of white and gold. As Mary Roselle places her nosegays on the stand, the street bell is heard to ring. Directly Geraldine enters, announcing "Mrs. Pearson," and is followed by a thin little old lady wearing a black dress and black bonnet and shawl. The shawl has a palm-leaf border.

Mary Roselle greets her with pretty cordiality, and leads her to a chair. Mr. Fred offers his hand, saying, "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Pearson." The door of

a Black Forest clock opens, and a little bird, showing its head, calls "Cuckoo."

Mrs. Pearson, who appears greatly bewildered, exclaims, "Am I no longer an aged and indigent female?"

"No, certainly not," returns Mary Roselle reassuringly.

"No, indeed. Don't think of such a thing," says Mr. Fred.

"You'll feel better when you've had some tea," observes Geraldine.

She takes the old lady's bonnet and shawl, and then busies herself about the tea-table.

"This is not like life," resumes the old lady. "It is only in impossible books that the rich search you out and do for you at the right moment. I'm a great reader. I've read quantities of just such books. I never believed in them. I don't believe in them now. Either I am asleep, or this is a most remarkable exception to what generally happens."

She pulls out her handkerchief and begins to weep, interrupting her tears to relate how, for months and months, she has been presented before doorways, some of which bore the inscription "Home for Aged and Indigent Females," and others "Home for Aged and Indigent American Females," without obtaining admittance, either because there was no vacancy at the time, or because she was not the right kind of applicant, and that she is mortified beyond measure on account of her present behavior; but who could help being overcome at finding one's self suddenly in the midst of such a beautiful room and such a friendly reception, with no questions asked as to the length of time one had lived in the town or whether one were a church member, and no subjection to scrutiny, and nobody trying to discover if one had tendencies to blindness or were of a quarrelsome disposition, and nothing mandatory, nothing provoking retort? No, it was not like life, nor like anything ever before heard of.

"Sometimes," says Mr. Fred, "life is quite as improbable as the most improbable story."

"Life let us cherish," hums Mary Roselle, and she goes to the piano and sings the pleasant old song,

"Life let us cherish,  
While yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh flow'ret,  
Pluck ere it close."

During the singing Mrs. Pearson recovers her composure, and is able to drink the cup of tea which Geraldine has prepared for her.

#### IV.

It is the afternoon of a twofold festival, — that of Miss Lavinia's birthday and of the formal opening of the house. In the Tyrolean corner stands a flower-decked table, ready for the little feast which is to be a part of the programme. At one end of the room a white curtain has been stretched like a screen, and near it Tom Meadows is engaged in making selections from a box of lantern-slides. Two old ladies, dressed exactly alike in gray with white kerchiefs folded at the throat, are wandering about, arm in arm, and uttering delighted ejaculations as they consider the various objects.

One of them says to the other, "Did you hear, Darling, how Geraldine said we might dust this room, if it would be any satisfaction to us?" And Darling replies, laughing gently, as over a pleasant joke, "We never expected, did we, Dear, that it would one day be permitted us to dust Europe?"

Two more old ladies occupy the settle by the fireplace, — one youthfully and elegantly dressed, the other agedly and simply. Both have beautiful snow-white hair. The young old lady is Miss Hamilton, the old old lady is Mrs. Page, and to her Miss Hamilton is saying that she never could see why people desired to observe birthdays, and that as far as the

date of her own birthday is concerned, she has absolutely forgotten it.

"I am sure I have forgotten mine," returns Mrs. Page, "but I never pretend to remember anything now. I wonder if I am ninety? I know I have been high in the eighties for a good while."

"You might be high in the nineties and not be old," observes Miss Hamilton, "and you might be nine and yet be the oldest person living; it's all a matter of temperament. You never hear people called old because they happen to live in old houses, neither ought they to be called old because they happen to live in old bodies. Still, I confess I have a preference for bodies that are at least comparatively young, they are so much more convenient to get about in." Then she relates how, when she had pneumonia the winter before, the family who took care of her, thinking she was going to die, sent for a minister, — not her own minister, but some one she had never seen; and how, when this man bent over her and asked, "Is there anything you particularly desire, Miss Hamilton?" she had replied, in as distinct a whisper as her weakened condition would permit, that she desired youth and health and wealth and beauty. "And after that," says Miss Hamilton, "there was no more introducing of strangers into my presence without first ascertaining whether it were going to be agreeable to my feelings."

"Where's that little boy who was standing at my elbow?" asks Mrs. Page suddenly.

"I have n't seen any little boy," returns Miss Hamilton, looking about. "I don't think there has been one in the room."

"I must have been dreaming," says Mrs. Page. "I hope you will excuse me. Falling asleep seems to be the only accomplishment I've got left. I can't read, and I can't use my hands, and I'm sure I have n't any manners, but I can always fall asleep."

Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Preller are chatting by the glass door in the Tyrolean corner. Mrs. Preller is a round, sunny-faced old lady, with knots of heliotrope ribbon on her dainty white cap. Her companion wears a shawl of cream-colored merino having a border of shaded roses.

Mrs. Pearson has been explaining to her companion that she makes it a matter of principle, when possible, to wear a shawl, not because she is cold, but because it is the easiest way of keeping the moths out of it; that she possesses a shawl for every month in the year, besides a dozen or so odd ones; that every acquaintance who dies is sure to leave her a shawl, and she often wishes something different might be left, but it appears to be another case of to him that has much, much shall be given.

"That is a handsome one you are wearing to-day," says Mrs. Preller, feeling the texture of the article in question; "it must have cost a good deal when it was new; it's very becoming to you."

They walk about the table and admire the flowers; Mrs. Preller wishing they could have eaten in the garden, and regretting that there is no table in front of the bench by the Flora. "It would be so *gemüthlich* for afternoon coffee." She opens the glass door and steps into the garden, Mrs. Pearson following.

As they go out, Geraldine, Mary Roselle, and Mr. Fred enter the room from the opposite side. Mary Roselle is saying to Mr. Fred, "What should you think of having a little rustic stand placed before the Flora, so that Mrs. Preller can invite her German friends to drink coffee on Sunday afternoons? I am confident that is what she is longing for this very moment. Germans are so fond of Sundaying together and drinking coffee in gardens."

Mr. Fred replies that the suggestion meets with his entire approval. He speaks somewhat absently, being preoccupied with thoughts called up by a

cluster of Cherokee roses which Mary Roselle wears. As a usual thing he does not enjoy seeing a woman's dress adorned with flowers, and is apt to be filled with a desire to remove them and put them into water; he has often experienced a feeling of positive annoyance at the sight of roses with yard-long stems, or violets massed in a solid and enormous bunch, as a supplement to some fashionable gown, such arrangements appearing to him un-rose-like and un-violet-like. When Mary Roselle wears flowers it seems to be different, and he is conscious of perceiving a charming fitness of things.

## V.

Geraldine arranges some chairs in a group opposite Miss Lavinia's picture, and gradually the company are seated. Mr. Fred stands under the picture, Geraldine with the maids of the house somewhat in the background.

Mr. Fred begins by saying that he has been thinking how happy his aunt must be on account of this gift of six new friends who have met to keep her birthday; that a birthday is such a pleasant thing; and that a long series of them might be considered as resembling the petals of a rose, and the development they afforded like the growth of the rose of character; so that by letting sun or shade, weal or woe, serve its purpose of adding richness and depth to the coloring, this rose of character would every year grow rounder and fairer, until it should become a fit flower for the garden of paradise. "Therefore," says Mr. Fred, "let us rejoice in the number of our birthdays." A pleasant way to speak of growing old. Even Miss Hamilton nods approvingly.

Mr. Fred continues by telling his listeners that until he learned something of the experiences of his aunt Lavinia's guests he had never realized the appropriateness of comparing life to a voyage

across an untried and tempestuous sea: how one does, indeed, set forth gayly and confidently; but, as time goes on, one passes into regions of storm and peril, and there are long days and longer nights of drifting, one knows not whither, of struggling against despondency and despair, against allowing one's courage to ebb and one's faith to fade. Occasionally it may be that the sea is unruffled from port to port; and yet, to miss the opportunity of facing and defying danger — of making, as his aunt Lavinia's guests have done, a brave passage; of bringing, as they have brought, a wealth of kindness and gentleness unharmed across life's sea — would be, taking the voyage for all it is worth, infinitely more of a loss than a gain.

The old ladies are all smiles and tears. They consider the words quite remarkable, coming from so young a man. (Mr. Fred is thirty-eight.)

He draws a little nearer to his listeners now, and tells them he remembers having heard his aunt say of things especially beautiful and peace-giving that they reminded her of the one hundredth psalm, and that he thinks she would like this used at the opening of her house. He repeats the psalm from memory, adding at the close, "And may He who is gracious, whose mercy is everlasting, keep this house and its owner, keep us all, who go in and out over its threshold, from this time forth forever. Amen."

Then Tom Meadows jumps up, and announces briskly that, since tea is to be served in the Tyrol, it is necessary to bestir themselves in order to reach that country; and may he ask the birthday party to arise, so that the chairs can be turned facing the opposite direction.

The change being accomplished and the room darkened, a succession of enchanting views, the fruit of Tom Meadows's camera during a Tyrolean mountain tramp, are thrown upon the screen. There are glimpses of the old imperial road of the Cæsars, leading from Ger-

many through the Tyrol into Italy ; there are snow-topped heights and fertile valleys ; there are wayside shrines, and flowers, and picturesque houses and villages : and thus loveliness melts into loveliness, until the quaint little town of Botzen appears, with its statue of Walter of the Vogelweide in the market-place, and next the doorway of an inn, and next a smiling peasant maid in the dress of the country.

Then the pictures vanish, all but the last, which seems to have stepped down into the room ; for when the light is admitted, it shines upon Mary Roselle, wearing a dark stuff skirt, a white chemisette, a black bodice with silver ornaments, a sky-blue apron, and a canary-colored kerchief caught at the neck with a deep red rose, and waiting to receive the little company, as, in the mood of the happiest of travelers who ever passed over the Brenner on a glad June day, Miss Lavinia's guests seat themselves around the birthday table.

## VI.

This Tyrolean trip is followed by others of a similar character, gay little improvised journeys, occurring on an appointed evening of every week, and participated in by the six old ladies, Mary Roselle, Geraldine, Mr. Fred, Tom Meadows, and later by Father Paul, the venerable clergyman of the neighboring church, St. Ann's, in whom Miss Hamilton has discovered an acquaintance dating back to the time of her young-ladyhood. The discovery proves a most useful one, Miss Hamilton being in peculiar need of what Mrs. Preller calls *ein jugend Freund*.

To explain this need, it must first be stated that, some months previous, Mary Roselle, in sending her weekly report to Miss Lavinia, had inclosed a water-color of herself wearing the sprigged muslin gown and playing on the old harp.

Thereupon, Miss Lavinia, delighted with the sketch, and desiring to be helpful to Tom Meadows, whose work it is, conceives the idea of having the portraits of the six old ladies painted, to hang in a row on the walls of "Little Europe," as Dear and Darling have christened the long room. She communicates this wish, and Tom Meadows begins the portraits, finding, with one exception, willing sitters. The exception is Miss Hamilton, who says it is a very responsible thing to leave a large oil painting of one's self in the world ; it is n't like a miniature that can be tucked out of sight or thrown down a well. In her opinion, only the young and beautiful ought to be painted, and certainly no woman over forty, although she does not wish to be thought sweeping in this assertion, and she considers the five portraits already finished by Mr. Tom excellent as likenesses and agreeable as works of art ; only she would prefer not to add her own to the number, unless it could be painted at a more favorable age than the one she has attained. She also mentions the fact of having in her possession an old daguerreotype, taken when she was eighteen. Would Mr. Tom think it worth while to make a portrait from that ?

Yes, Mr. Tom thinks it would be decidedly worth while, especially as this appears to be the only manner in which Miss Hamilton's portrait can be secured.

The daguerreotype is produced, and he sets to work on an enlarged copy, for the intelligent criticism of which it is very desirable that some one should be found who knew Miss Hamilton in her youth. Hence the renewal of friendship with Father Paul is most opportune ; and thanks to his suggestions, various alterations are made, — something is changed about the mouth, a flower is added to the dress, and a necklace, — until a charming old-time belle smiles from out the canvas, "and yet looking very much as our Miss Hamilton looks to-day," say



the five old ladies standing in an approving row before it.

When the portraits are completed, a "private view" is held in Little Europe; and not long after this, fame begins to knock at Tom Meadows's door. He spends a profitable year, and at the end of it goes abroad for further study, and to thank Miss Lavinia for the opportunity she has given him. He does not tell her of the great sorrow that has befallen him, — his "first great sorrow," he calls it to himself: he has asked Mary Roselle's hand in marriage, and not received it.

Meanwhile, Geraldine Pearl, following the bent of her own ideas, has written to Miss Lavinia that half a dozen of anything is a skimpy number, and has asked why she does not branch out in a Christian spirit, and enlarge her accommodations by the addition of a few rooms to her house, "it being a cheap time for building, — although building, even at a cheap time, is always costly."

Miss Lavinia writes back favorably, and the family are awaiting the final word which shall mean twelve instead of six old ladies at The Holiday Evening.

Things are progressing thus, when Mary Roselle has a singular dream. She seems to be watching in the room where Dear and Darling sleep. From this she can look, as through a glass partition, across the room called Little Europe, and beyond into the garden. Mr. Fred is standing by the Flora. She remembers having promised to meet him there. She cannot keep her appointment, because she must watch by Dear and Darling; only it does not appear to be exactly they, but something they have left and which bears their semblance. The two old friends themselves she perceives moving about in the long room, dusting every object lovingly and carefully. When their work is completed, they pause for a moment, say, "Good-by, Little Europe," and disappear.

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## VII.

Mary Roselle awakes. It is seven in the morning. She dresses hurriedly, and goes to The Holiday Evening. Upstairs, in the little sitting-room shared by Dear and Darling, Mr. Fred is reading a letter. As the girl comes into the room, he holds out his hand and says, "How did you know, dear?"

The sun is shining across the floor; the canary-bird is singing in his cage, but not disturbing any one. In the inner room Dear and Darling sleep peacefully, as they have hoped all their lives some day to sleep. The letter is one which they have written together. Mr. Fred reads it to Mary Roselle, and after a little the two go down to the garden, sit on the bench by the Flora, and talk of life and death, of joy and sorrow, of the end that may hold so wonderful a beginning, of that strange, sweet thing that knows no end, — "there is no end to love."

The letter contains a request that during the first day following their departure the old harp shall stand in the outer room, and Mary Roselle shall play upon it now and then. Of course, so Dear and Darling say, they do not quite expect to be able to hear her; still it is possible, and in any case the music will be pleasant for the others. They also say that they have never felt reconciled to funerals as generally conducted; that they have always thought there must be some better way of managing, but that people would perhaps never find it, because each funeral must of necessity be a totally new experience to those most interested. For themselves, they desire that a brief service be held on the Sunday after the earthly garment of their souls has been put away, provided this service can be so arranged as to leave a glad and happy impression. They should like it to take place in Little Europe, and to consist partly of the singing of their three

favorite hymns, and of the reading of the burial service of the Prayer Book with certain modifications, such as the omission of all details touching the dissolution of the body, and all references to the wrath of God. Furthermore, they wish to be remembered and spoken of as two would-be travelers, who, with hearts full of thankfulness for the beautiful things accorded during their time of waiting, have finally set forth in perfect trust and joy.

Early in the day Mrs. Pearson enters the inner room, bringing two white crape shawls, which she has always kept very choice, and lays one on the foot of each bed. After that, the well-behaved little children who play on Saturdays in the garden come, and say to one another how sweet Dear and Darling look with the pretty white shawls about them; and when they are told that the two friends will awaken in a beautiful country, they believe all that is said, prattle pleasant things about the awakening, and go away on tiptoe.

Then the family gather in the room without, Mary Roselle plays softly on the old harp, and Father Paul repeats a prayer or two, and reads aloud passages found marked in a Bible which Dear and Darling have used; among them is this: "He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."

On the following Sunday, the household and a number of invited guests meet in Little Europe. The well-behaved

children are present, also; likewise the choir-boys from St. Ann's, and Father Paul in his robe of office. Under the portraits of Dear and Darling is a jar filled with white immortelles and vines of evergreen, fresh that day from the woods. Father Paul renders the service in the manner desired. The boys from St. Ann's sing the three favorite hymns. The first two are those of welcome:—

"Come to Me," saith One, 'and coming,  
Be at rest.'"

"Faith's journeys end in welcome to the  
weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will  
come at last.

Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night."

The third is the triumph song of Bernard of Cluny:—

"O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!"

Then Mrs. Pearson, who has been wearing a black cashmere shawl with a black ribbon border, slips it off, and appears festively arrayed in one of delicate green silk, showing vague flowers, and Mary Roselle, the well-behaved little children grouped about her, stands with Mr. Fred before Father Paul.

"Dearly beloved," Father Paul begins, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

And no one is in the least surprised.

*Harriet Lewis Bradley.*

## A FLORIDA FARM.

OUR purpose in going thither was primarily to make money. Incidentally, we hoped to find vigor in an outdoor life, and other pleasant possibilities allured us and led us to embark in the

venture. The venture seemed promising. Immigrants were pouring into the state, and land-prices were rising. Lake Osseeyo was linked by its drainage canal with a chain of navigable waters, which

flowed at last into the sea, and by the permanent lowering of its level a vast margin of rich soil was dried. The chief settlement of the region was already a city, and the capital of a county; not a paper city of the land-speculators, but a municipality, presided over by a mayor, misruled by a board of councilmen, and provided with schools, churches, and drinking-saloons. A newspaper devoted itself to its praises; rail and water carriage met on its long pier. A Mississippi steamer, with towering funnels, swung at anchor in the offing. Another, belonging to the drainage company, lay belching black smoke, or swept away toward the horizon with a ribbon of foam unwinding from its broad stern wheel. The tattoo of the builder's hammer sounded all day in the woods and by the water.

We had seen many towns and villages, in a prospecting tour; we had an extensive acquaintance with land-agents, and we were disheartened by the memory of many ineligible offers of property. We liked little that was characteristically Floridian, except certain agricultural possibilities of the winter. In this mood we had waked, one morning, at Osseoyo City, and looked out to see what it was like. For the first time in many days we had slept refreshingly; no mosquitoes, no sultry heats, had jaded us. A steady wind laden with forest odors was drawing through the open windows; the globe of the sun lay on the verge of a wide rippled water, crimsoning fresh meadows and the trunks of innumerable pines. An intermittent tinkling of bells, a smell of sawn cypress wood, a delicious chill of the morning wind, stirred certain fibres of happy memory. We seemed suddenly to be listening to the clank of Swiss cowbells, and inhaling the fragrance of dew and unpainted pine, in some inn of the Oberland. It was a far reminiscence, for the meadows and forest glades were level as the lake; but it pleased and curiously predisposed

us. Here, at last, was coolness; here was green grass, and a pleasant un-Floridian impression of Florida. We looked sanguinely out into the blue morning.

After breakfast we lighted cigarettes, and glanced about indulgently for the city. At first we saw nothing more urban than sparse pines and their steady shade, cropping cattle and their moving shadows. But the city disclosed itself, as we wandered about, skeptically credulous, subtly prepossessed by the absence of mosquitoes and land-agents, ready to have faith in a sub-tropical region where the May breeze was vivifying and the turf firm underfoot. The clusters of dwellings proved to be more numerous than we had thought, for the city was laid out on a generous plan, with an eye to the future. When we had visited the residence quarters, we strolled upon the hard sands of the lake shore and admired the vast bowl of blue ripples. As we looked, the wind freshened; dark flurries scudded over the shining level; a little sailing-boat bent to the gusts, threw up a white furrow, and shot into the sun-path. We loved wind and bright water; we felt a joy in sails as of a sea-bird in its wings. We did not say so, but our dream of farming in Florida was blent with a vision of water, and the ploughing of waves in this manner seemed germane to the purpose.

So when we reached the blue frame "blocks" at the pier, the basking steamer, the hardware store, the two grocery stores, the dry-goods store, the druggist's, and the saloons, — fronting the morning sun with blistered paint and foggy glass, — we were already won over in some measure. Our hearts did not sink at the pyramids of scarlet canned goods beneath a festoon of calf boots and calicoes, at the loungers on the unswept doorsills, at the whiff of spilled liquors from the saloons. Rather, we smiled at these things, and found them more urban than we had expected. A cowboy, with a broad hat and jingling spurs, gave

them a fine frontier flavor, as he issued from a saloon and rode jauntily off, his whip-lash whirling and pistoling about his head.

In due season the land-agent appeared, and we fell into his lap like ripened fruit. It was of quite a little principality that he disburdened himself in our favor, — a great lake-fronting meadow, fringed about with virgin pine-lands. The woods came to the water's brink at one corner, with a house-site, as if we had so willed it. A strip of silver sand, firm and broad as a highway, coasted the meadow and shelved beneath the clear lip of the lake. We departed, with lightened purses, to return in the autumn.

In September I engaged the services of a young New Englander, named Rufus, and put up with him at the Osseeyo City Hotel. A camp-kit followed us from the North, and a serviceable cedar boat, with sculls and a jointed mast, which we christened the Egret. We bought a brisk-gaited gray gelding and a green wagon, and drove daily to the principality, the sawmill, and other points, upon our business of settling. At last all was made ready, and the trunks, camp-kit, and provisions were loaded on the green wagon. My heart sank a little, now that the time was come. Osseeyo City assumed an unwonted pleasantness; the hotel was beginning to exhale a faint prophecy of dinner. But I was outward bound, in the rôle of a sturdy pioneer, and I must cover my qualms with a smiling face. I unmoored the Egret with a great appearance of unconcern, and ran out the oars, while Rufus drove off upon the load.

An alligator on the beach appeared to be the only tenant of my demesne, when I grounded the Egret; but as I entered the wood-edge I perceived oxen yoked to a load of yellow lumber, and the driver reclining on the grass. A building-site was chosen, and the fresh planks fell with a hollow clatter on the

grass. When the driver was gone, I strolled off and reassured myself about the spot. A small oak grove was on the lakeside to the left, another to the right. Two lanceolate tufts of saw-palmetto flanked an open way between, and the blue water showed all along. The land broke from a low terrace to the beach. It was a site made to hand.

Rufus admitted it, when he drove up with the creaking load. We accordingly fell to with hammer and saw; and when the dusk began to thicken, the timber anatomy of a small cottage glimmered already among the pines. We hastened to lay planks on the joists of the upper floor, and had a tent stretched on these, and the gray tethered beneath, when the night closed in. Rufus made coffee upon an oil-stove and opened a tin of meat; and the tent, with cots neatly spread and a swinging lantern above, took a homelike look, as we supped from a pine box. So I tried to think, at all events, and I remarked upon it to Rufus, who assented. But this was the official view. The forest lay all about, shuddering with breezes and vocal with crickets and strange movings in the palmettos, and the solitude seemed to creep into the tent when the ladder was drawn up and the light put out.

The sky was exquisitely mottled, as we went down to the lake, after some hours of uneasy tossing followed by a sleep. The clouds stretched high and far, like a vast frostwork, over the dawn, and I thought I had never seen anything so vivid and so delicately flushed. The still lake glassed it to the horizon, and the mirrored sky rose like a lifted banner in the ripple from our feet. The splash of the water-buckets startled some long-billed birds that were spearing for fish in the margin, and we made our toilets in a whirl of withdrawing wings. We kindled a fire, ate and drank; and the day's work began.

The woods rang with our hammers, day by day; but the little house grew

slowly. The grass went wintry with sawdust and shavings; billets and plank-ends lay thick about, and the details of construction appeared likewise to accumulate. Doors, windows, stairs, closets, verandas, fed on our brains like a fever. Amateur house-building was an economy of dollars, perhaps, but it proved to be costly in time and strength. Finally, it seemed best to call in a man of the craft. Rufus's face grew visibly younger when this decision was announced, and the gray showed brisk heels as he galloped off for a carpenter.

The carpenter came presently, — a trim figure of a fellow, with a shotgun over his shoulder, and a half-filled game-pouch beside his tool-bag. He saw the situation at a glance, and met it like the quiet woods gentleman that he was. I was n't a carpenter, was I, he tactfully inquired. Well, he 'lowed perhaps I was n't; and carpentering was a trade, sure enough. He had worked at it himself a right smart while, but it was puzzlin' even to him sometimes.

I was now a cognoscente in joinery, and took pleasure in his skill. He thumbed an edge-tool like an artist; he would sit on a heady scaffold, his long legs dangling, plant a nail in the ceiling, and bring his hammer nonchalantly true upon it, where I must have lain on my back, and still have bruised the planks with wild target-practice. Cupboards, framings, rails, and lattices grew like exhalations. A tiny stable was set up as one builds a house of cards, and at length the gray ceased to look over his manger upon our dinners, and the tent was furled.

My partner, Farley, had now joined us with a reinforcement of energy, and the time was come to settle down seriously to the business of husbandry. Practically, Farley and I knew little of this business, but we had an acquaintance with the theory, like young physicians ready for patients. We ploughed several acres of grass-land by the lake,

and left the turf to decay for the spring garden. The ploughed land "turned up well," Rufus said; and in the late winter, as the sun began to rise from the solstice, we sowed cucumber seeds in the warming soil. This was pleasant, light labor for breezy mornings, and we permitted it to be irradiated with a hope of profit. Winter cucumbers in New York, we knew, were sold like choice roses. We could not look for the top of the market in late March or April, it was true, but we were not avaricious: a few hundred dollars per acre, we observed, would do for a beginning.

The field lay along a low dune of beach sand that gleamed against the lake. Tall woods hedged the inland boundary, and a great waterside prairie broadened from one end. We made mounds with the hoe, worked a handful of phosphate into each, and leveled the top. In these we traced trenches with the fingers, sprinkled a line of seeds, and covered and "firmed" them in. A week later we sowed a second line, and in another week a third, to make triply sure against mishaps of cold. It was the third sowing that found favoring heats, and far on in March the vines were beginning to creep outward from the hills. It was late even for a return of a few modest hundreds of dollars per acre; but we blithely hoed and hoped, and the mocking-birds sang, with mellow throats, above the speckling blossoms.

The mocking-birds, much at ease, fluted in the balmy noons; and the cucumber vines, likewise much at ease, lengthened and branched, till the field was a tangle of overlapping leaves. Market quotations for cucumbers went slowly down, and the vines manifested no concern. We made ready for the crop, with crates and shipping-plans, and the vines nonchalantly sunned their rank leaves and bedecked them with yellow bloom. "Consider the *cucumbers* of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin." It was a beautiful sight, and we tried to

look upon it as Solomon might have done. It occurred to us that we might gather wisdom, even if we could not gather cucumbers.

The blossoms began to fall, and we moused sharply among the vines. And lo! on a sudden, a cucumber! Farley discovered it, and we gathered about it with becoming emotions. There it was at last, a cucumber, an indubitable cucumber, — lilliputian, indeed, but complete in all its parts, green and spiny, with a festive blossom at the end. Farley and I knelt and adored it, as it were. It was like the joys of paternity.

Rufus looked on with a sardonic humor which he kept for rare occasions. "Git out your crates, — git out your crates," he said grimly: "time to ship the crop. Crop's small, but so are the prices!"

I turned to him, unaffected by the inuendo, the flush of fruition in my face. "I say, Rufus, how long does it take a cucumber to grow up?"

Rufus's face grew red, his spare frame underwent a contortion; he slapped his knee and burst into a fit of laughter. "Don't you know?" he cried, choking. "Oh, fifteen to twenty years, without the weather's warm. If it is, four or five days."

In four or five days, the weather being warm, the cucumber had grown up, and the vines were teeming with pickles. We began to ship the crop toward the end of April, and we ceased to ship it when the first returns came in. We kept the wisdom for our own consumption.

After the cucumbers were gathered the weather grew summer-like. We had taken the precaution to acquaint ourselves in advance with the seasons by means of sundry pamphlets issued to induce immigration. We were aware that the Florida summer was more genial than the torrid summer of the North. Fanning winds spiced with the resin of the woods, a shining equableness, show-

ers with a glint of lightning to manufacture ozone, brief aspersions withdrawn at the sojourner's convenience, a general blueness and balminess, — such we understood to be the Florida summer.

We were a little surprised, therefore, to find it hot, blazingly and blisteringly hot. The May sun rose, every morning, like a huge ruddy coal. Despite the resinous breezes, possibly fanned by them, it burned swiftly to an intolerable incandescence, and smote us with languor as we toiled forth to our tasks. It flagellated our backs, our knees weakened beneath it, in the field; our lips parched with thirst; we seemed about to ignite, but when we had drunk rivers of water a merciful perspiration burst forth and prevented the conflagration. Nevertheless, we accomplished much. I do not know how we did it, for it was a feat merely to exist. Perhaps the heroism of this performance nerved us to further effort. We not only existed: we cooked meals and ate them; we cleared them away, and went out to delve and plough; we routed pillaging cattle and pigs; we added a great stretch of tillage-land to the cucumber field, and fenced it.

But it was not till the rains of summer came on that we fully realized the horrors of this delightful season. The first showers brought wafts of coolness and allayed the burning of the sands. They brought, too, a changed aspect of the monotonous earth and sky. The white scalp of a cloudy Himalaya would appear in the blue, and soon there would be a range of insufferable snows beetling toward the zenith. After the languorous dream of a sub-tropical morning, it was stirring to see the splendid energies of the air, the sweeping shadows, and the dramatic burst of lightning and wind. The ground trembled with the following thunder, and the world went out in a fog of driven water.

After a time the skyey pageants ceased to be events; the lightning began to jave-



lin the pines about the cottage, and the weather fell into a lamentable aqueous intemperance. The soil filled to the surface, and exuded water like a soaked sponge. We could go nowhither without wading; and when the sun came out, it was to blaze on a waste of wetness and fill the air with steam. The time was come to rest from our labors. We abandoned the farm for a little to the elements and the frogs.

We returned somewhat soberly for the second season's work. Reports from the farm region had been all of rains and flooding waters. Despite its drainage canal the lake had come steadily up, like a rising tide. The beach lay beneath a fathom of water; fishes swam in the arable land; the canal and the drainage company were a mark for curses. But the weather "faired off" at last, and the ebb set in. When the higher soil had dried, beds were made for cabbage and cauliflower seeds. This was pretty gardening work in the mellow autumn sunshine. The beds were heaped, leveled, and overlaid with fine mould; then they were "firmed" with a trodden plank, and sprinkled to a uniform moisture. A toothed implement made shallow holes for the seeds, and these were dropped in one by one and carefully covered; for the cauliflower seeds were costly. Within a few days the beds were quick with files and phalanges of pale shoots.

There are, I dare say, keener delights than the cultivation of cabbages and cauliflowers, yet I am not sure of it, as I recall the fascination of pottering in the brown earth and taking a hand in its miracles, — not with the languid sense of the sedentary man, to whom a cabbage is merely a cabbage, but with faculties quickened by fresh air and good blood, and a pocket modestly sanguine. For the cabbage and the cauliflower and most things that grow in a pot-garden are but little known to him who sees them only in the pot or on the plate.

To see them thus is to know them in their death, and the man who merely assists at their obsequies and inters them stolidly in his belly has as small notion of them as the citizen digesting a meadow lark may have of the carol in the grasses and the flash of the wings. If he have a soul, and an eye which is more than an optical convenience, the gardener will walk among his vegetables with a joy beyond the smacking of lips. He will see a country-lass-like comeliness in the lusty leaves of his cabbages, and thump their green polls as he might fondle a cheek. He will gaze tenderly into the white faces of his cauliflowers, as with pinned leaves he wimples them from the sun.

Pleasant it was to sow seeds; pleasant, also, in the late afternoon, to sprinkle the young plants with a rain of clattering drops. Farley and I would oftenest do this by ourselves, our heads, necks, and forearms bared to the soft wind, our legs naked above the knees for the lake-wading. It was an outward trip, with the empty water-cans swinging, the feet first in the cushiony plough-land, and then on the firm beach and in among the netting sunbeams of the margin; the eyes on the vast slumbrous level, melting to violet in the offing. It was an inward trip, with the muscles stiffened to the burden, the legs and arms cooled by the dip, and the eyes on the curtain of pines, taking redness of the low sun. Forth and back, forth and back, each turn a change in the deepening color, perhaps till the sun was gone, and the silver of the moon was in the long ripple and the brimming cans. To walk to and fro with the watering-cans and whistle in the twilight, — this truly was a wage of the day, if it had been wearisome and parching; for the heat and cares of it were done, and here was its quintessence in the commerce with calm beauty and the fluting of mellow notes, — mellow notes for the maker, although a sorry enough sibilation in others' ears,

if they had listened; for the whistler whistles to kindle his fancy, and wakens fairy flutes and horns, unheard by others, with the thin piping of his lips.

The ears of Rufus would now and then hearken by the cottage stove, and his mouth would echo my staves — bettering them, I dare say — in a mocking travesty above the frying-pan. As I came in, he would eye me quizzically and ask if I had been whistling for my supper. Upon my accepting the thought, he would clap a mound of griddle-cakes on the table, with the remark, "Well, here it is, then." And with this we would seat ourselves, Farley, Rufus, and I, whilst the dogs beat their tails on the floor.

The sun shot a milder and more oblique ray as the autumn waned, and the evenings grew chill enough for a hearth-fire of pine-knots. But the cauliflower and cabbage plants thrive with the copious dews, and in November and December we set them out in the field. The transplanting on a large scale was novel to us, but a system was soon developed, and the work took a military method. A little force of hired hands was marshaled as the sun began to decline. One hauled water and filled casks deposited about the field; another drew the marker and cross-marker; others uprooted plants from the beds. When the sun was an hour or so from the lake-rim, the plant-droppers went ahead, like skirmishers, the main transplanting body followed with flourishing trowels, and the waterer brought up the rear. Finally, the whole force turned about and filled the watering-holes with a motion of the feet.

By the middle of December the fields bristled with thrifty growth. The soil had been made fat with muck from the marshes composted with mineral plant-foods. The cauliflowers shot up with extraordinary vigor; their leaves rustled like crisp silk and drenched us with dew to the waist as we walked the rows in a

search for heads. At last creamy buds appeared here and there at the hearts of the plants. Shipments began in January. The heads were cut late in the day, when the air had cooled. After supper, Farley, Rufus, and I would hang lanterns in the packing-house, and labor till the evening harvest was disposed of. The heads were neatly trimmed of leaves, mopped to remove vestiges of dew, covered with white paper, and closely packed in crates or ventilated barrels. Sometimes the work would be over by midnight. Often the morning sun would be scarlet on the pines as we marked the last barrels. The loads went off early to avoid the noon heat, and were dispatched from Osseoyo City by express.

The epicure garnishing his midwinter meal with cauliflower guesses little of the sedulous labors that purvey it for his palate. I once sat near such an one in a New York restaurant, and saw him fastidiously degust the tender flowers and growl at their costliness. "It's shameful, simply shameful!" he declared. "The growers must be a parcel of robbers!" And he glanced at me as much as to say, "You feel with me, I'm sure." But I did not. I looked at his smug cheeks and gluttonous lips, at his soft hands and bulging waistcoat, and wished that he might earn his tidbits in the sun. "Sir," I thought, "you are deficient in imagination; you reason hastily upon abstruse matters. The gentle cauliflower is unvengeful, but there is indigestion in it unless it be genially absorbed. You are gazing on a purveyor unaware. He wishes you no ill, but he is just. He mildly disagrees with you, — and prays that the cauliflower may do likewise."

At this period we were uncertain of the profitableness of cauliflowers, but we hoped much from them. The first returns were fabulously encouraging. The commission merchants poured dollars and encomiums into our laps, and we went about with a dream of wealth in our

eyes. The fame of the crop and of the returns went abroad like a murder, and the world looked in upon us on a sudden. We were called upon day by day to tell the secrets of our success and blush in a circle of listeners. If we had a key to wealth, it was plain that other fingers were itching for it. A journalist wrote us up, our story was blown upon the winds, and the region and ourselves were enveloped in an atmosphere of fable. It appeared that we had raised some hundreds of barrels of cauliflowers per acre through the virgin richness of the soil, and realized more than the profit of an acre of wheat upon each barrel. Our costly applications of fertilizer and other minor facts were overlooked in a spirit of statistical proportion, and the account bristled with dollars.

We presently had occasion to take our fame somewhat grimly, and to tarnish it with a reputation for mendacity by revealing the facts. The earliest cauliflowers had been shipped in cool weather, — that started them crisp and sound; but a warm spell followed, and our consignees wrote of decay and unsalable lots. There was still an average profit, however, and we hoped for better luck. But without warning the cold returned in a long, keen-blowing northern wind, and the bulk of the crop was harvested with a sickle of frost.

It was our first taste of freezing weather in Florida. The winter before had been cool at times. We had looked out in many a sharp dawn expecting to see a rime on the fields; but there had not been so much as a feathered grass-spear. The frost that killed our cauliflowers was without a fellow for fifty years back, and we inevitably took it for the exception to the rule of mildness. This was the general view of it, till it was found to be the beginning of a term of cold winters, and but a balmy forerunner of the great "freeze" of 1894.

As it settled upon us, we rallied cheerfully to fight it. The day went down

in a yellow burnished glow beyond the woods; the northern wind flowed out of the twilight in a broad stream, and the crisp grasses and pine needles sang with it. Spanish moss was heaped over the maturer plants; great fires of fat pine were kindled on the northern edges of the field, and a curtain of smoke drifted all night beneath the stars. But at dawn the soil was frozen in the very lee of the flames.

On the following day the sky darkened as if for snow, and the wind whitened the lake in a steady roaring blast that sheeted the pier with frozen spray. The distinctions of a thousand southerly miles were done away, and for two days we had the biting winds and iron furrows of New England. On the third day the thermometer rose above the freezing-point, and a warm sun shone out. The cauliflowers, which had been embalmed by the frost, drooped and fell into decay, and we began to practice philosophy. The cauliflower field was replanted with potatoes, beans, cucumbers, and other garden crops, and something was saved from the season's wreck. The returns, indeed, were considerable, and a qualified success with the frosted cabbages further heartened us.

We entered the third season with some confidence. The greater part of the plough-land was devoted to cabbages and potatoes, which had specially thriven and had proved marketable. The tillage now included a great marsh, dried by a further lowering of the lake, a mellow residuum of decayed bog plants, on which the thrifty crops lay like designs on velvet. We had gathered an efficient force of hands of the "poor white" class, a class which our experience inclined us to esteem. These came from various Southern States, and brought a habit of industry less nervous and superficially energetic than the Northern, but not less telling in the long result. Commonly, also, they had tact and a flavor of courtesy, and were men with whom a

gentleman might be at ease in the field as with a homely variety of his own species.

As the season advanced, the bulk of the increased crops made us take to the water for our freighting. A lighter was built and moored off the beach, and this was heaped, in the early morning, with packed crates and barrels, and taken in tow for Osseeyo City by a steamer. The cabbage heads, gathered in sacks, were stripped of loose leaves and wedged into crates; the potatoes were sorted by sizes and barreled. If the weather allowed, this was done on the beach, with the lake shimmering at hand, and perhaps the smoke of the approaching steamer quickening the toil. Three hoarse blasts of her whistle would be the signal for every nerve to be strained; the last loads would be hurried aboard, the mules and oxen splashing the bright water; and then all would be still again, save for the farewell blast and the throb of the departing engines.

The harvesting of potatoes was a sociable toil. The men plied their digging-hoes by twos and threes in adjoining rows, with an accompaniment of gossip and ringing laughter. It had, too, a zest of subterraneous exploration like mining. One stroke of the hoe would unearth a disappointment, perhaps only a single big tuber among a cluster of "seconds;" but the next would make up for it, and lay bare a hatful of fat potatoes. The tubers came clean and abundant out of the brown marsh soil, and made a great volume of valuable shipments.

We now went often to town, for the mail or groceries, in the little Egret; and a sail in her was a delicate water-pleasure, for she was apt in all sailing points and a light pull for the oars. She would slip swiftly over the shining miles, the ripples tinkling at her bow, and bring us home again with no more delay than a little waiting on the wind, if it were calm and we disinclined for the oars. These trips to civilization polished

us and sensibly thinned the rust of the woods. We affected a stoicism, as persons not unused to the world; but, emerging fresh from the wilderness, we were secretly a little dazed as we came among men. The small city gleamed pleasantly amid its pines, and cast a picture on the wave. Here were the triple verandas and red roofs of the hotel; yonder the blue and white business "blocks;" the square belfry and green blinds of the Methodist church rose among its live-oaks, and the Baptist church uplifted a horn; here were cottages, and even houses; there the new bank, painted in three colors, and some buildings of brick. Pleasure-boats put forth with a freight of muslined femininity; people went to and fro, in a holiday mood, on the verandas; a train drew up at the station, and a locomotive bound for far cities panted on the rails. We entered these stirring scenes with a certain thrill and a wary self-command, as of rustics minded not to stare too curiously. There were lists of supplies to be filled; perhaps a hardware and a dry-goods store to be nonchalantly visited, as if it were quite an every-day thing to be at leisure and make purchases. And when these things were done, there were the newly distributed mails, with precious letters. Lastly came the strange experience of a hotel dinner, served luxuriously in little oval dishes that some one else washed. When this was eaten, we commonly lingered on the hotel piazzas with fellow farmers, gathered from about the lake, and voluble upon drought, freight-charges, and mutilated returns. Or there might be a sojourning beauty or two, curious about frontier ways, and, Desdemona-like, willing to listen sympathetically to a tale of tanned Othellos.

The sinking sun roused from these dalliances: the Egret's sail was hoisted to the breeze, and her stem once more pointed for the wilds. There was a strange delightfulness in these twilight cruises, a sense of satisfied home-return-

ing oddly at variance with the departure from comfortable meals and the neighborhood of men. The city sank away in a mellow dusk, its lights sparkling out here and there; the bearded cypress on the halfway point grew, on the darkening waste; the little Egret bounded sanguinely over the waves; and by and by, lo! yonder — the far pale curve of the farm beach, and Rufus's lantern twinkling like a star!

Thus far the outlook had been pleasantly auroral, but it now began to change. Little by little, in our three laborious seasons, we had learned to encounter the difficulties of our undertaking, and we fancied that we knew them all. The farm had raised increasing harvests of vegetables, and it now began to raise a little thrifty livestock: cattle ranging the grass-land; swine fattening on the crop waste; and tow-haired children of the hands, indirectly sprung from the returns. These things had been fought for and wrung from a raw soil and a climate which was an ambush of surprises. The farm had also begun to yield a crop of expectations, and it seemed as if these were to be harvested. To recur to the metaphor I have used, the aspects appeared to be those of a slow sunrise, bound to be accompanied with a little gold at last. But it was really a sunset time, and the prospect was brightening only to darken the more blankly.

When we gathered for the fourth season, we found the lake overbrimmed and rippling far inland. The unsubmerged fallows were too soft for the foot; even the sandier earths were sodden with long rains. The wet season had been phenomenal, and it was still at its height a month after it commonly closed. There was nothing for it but to sow seeds for transplants, and trust that there might by and by be dry land to receive them.

The rain paused, the lake fell, the fields here and there upbore the plough, and we hastened to make up for lost weeks. The

rain paused till we had planted large tracts. Then it fell upon our work, and undid it. It held off again, and again we planted; and once more it fell upon us, like a lurking cat upon mice. Writing after the event, I should seem to tell only of fatuities if I were to say how often we replanted, and how often we were redeluged. We seized upon each fair day, we contested every inch, as it were, of the season and the farm, till the lake had risen from the lowland to the upland, and the last tilled acre was expunged. The normal rainy season is of about four months' length; the heavy rains of this year lasted for eight months. When it was too late to plant for market, the skies cleared and the lake withdrew with our costly flotsams.

Certain weeks of this flood-time were curiously pleasant. After the agony of the struggle there came a truce. The season was lost, the farm-hands were dispersed, and our hopes and cares were ended for a time. We lay on our arms and looked indifferently on the victorious waters. Farley sat all day before an easel in the still lakeside chamber, I thumbed old classics by a crackling hearth, and the rains tinkled on the roof. By turns, we went down to light the kitchen fire and tend the kettle and the skillets. We grumbled at these tasks, yet we rather enjoyed the making of meals. When the table was cleared, we washed the dishes sociably, in a little red kitchen like a ship's galley. Afterward, Farley mounted the latticed stair, and I paced the veranda, above the flood, as Noah may have paced the Ark's quarter-deck. The scene had a primeval quality that fits the parallel. The cottage lawn, indeed, was mown and set with orange-trees, but all beyond was the immemorial wilderness of the Seminoles. Their arrow-heads lay thick in the beach sand, — some sharp as if just chipped for the shaft, others broken as they may have rebounded from Spanish corselets. The barked pillars of the pines loomed

sparsely from the near palmettos, and thickened to a blue curtain in the distance. Gray mosses hung from their sombre needles, and dripped with the showers or flaunted in the wind-gusts. Thickets of fantastic palms broke the gray stretch of the lake. Except for the farm-buildings to the north, and the lawn, there was no hint of man in the wide prospect,—only an aboriginal solitude of woods and water.

But now and then a rifle-shot cracked across the lake; or a cowboy from the saloons whooped in the forest, and discharged the chambers of his revolver, with a brisk, humanizing effect. If the wind were right, it brought us, too, in the mid-morning and the dusk, a far-away thunder of trains and clarion blasts from the northern express. And often the clouds would lift for a few hours, the leaden water would turn to silver, and the brooding pines and palmettos kindled with colors.

The fifth season opened with dry soil in all parts of the farm. We had received a blow between the eyes, and we were still somewhat staggered; but that, clearly, was a reason for new efforts. The crops were sown and planted; they came up well; the lake drew far out upon its sands. We ceased to tremble at a cloud, and presently began to wish for one with water in it. Sometimes the sky thickened, and a few drops speckled the dust; but soon the sun was out again, and the soil lay unslaked. The weeks went by, and no rain fell but an occasional niggard sprinkle; the months passed without any wetting of the parched fields. The crops on the high land took autumnal tints, and withered; the crops on the lower land dried away; the crops on the lowest land still grew. It seemed that we might yet make half a harvest. But far on in March, when the thermometer had long been in the eighties, the wind

whipped suddenly into the north, and the air cooled fifty degrees in a night.

We were in the field, perspiring in linens, when the change came, with an abrupt overcasting of the sky. A whiff like the breath from a glacier struck us, the wind blew each moment keener, and before we fairly saw how it was our teeth were chattering. It was well-nigh unbelievable; but presently there could be no doubt that a January norther was upon us, two months out of season. When we realized this, we set all hands at work to earth over the half-grown potato vines. Only a few hours of the day were left, but the men worked desperately with hoes and ploughs through the bleak twilight, and much was done. But not all. When we came out, shivering, in the first daybreak, we saw that our short harvest was to be lamentably shortened.

We perceived now, at last, how it was with us: we were not farming, but gambling with the elements. The climate had been merely toying with us, a trump-card of spring frosts lying in its sleeve. It had dealt with our venture as it dealt, on a great scale, with the ill-fated orange plantations. And this was a refinement of its craft: the local temperature kept a certain proportion with the latitude. By the record figures the late frosts were mild enough, but they blighted as ruthlessly as frosts further to the north, for they fell in the midst of hotter days and upon tenderer growths. The thermometer itself had been a deceit.

The fortunes of the region were now rapidly shifting. The tide of settlement which brought us in had risen a little higher, and then gradually ebbed. One by one the farms about the lake had been abandoned, and the wide water, that used to be flecked with sails on blue days, was grown desolate. The Egret's weathered canvas winged it almost alone. And soon this, too, was gone.

*F. Whitmore.*



## THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

OF the four national parks of the West, the Yellowstone is far the largest. It is a big, wholesome wilderness on the broad summit of the Rocky Mountains, favored with abundance of rain and snow, — a place of fountains where the greatest of the American rivers take their rise. The central portion is a densely forested and comparatively level volcanic plateau with an average elevation of about 8000 feet above the sea, surrounded by an imposing host of mountains belonging to the subordinate Gallatin, Wind River, Teton, Absaroka, and Snowy ranges. Unnumbered lakes shine in it, united by a famous band of streams that rush up out of hot lava beds, or fall from the frosty peaks in channels rocky and bare, mossy and bosky, to the main rivers, singing cheerily on through every difficulty, cunningly dividing and finding their way east and west to the two far-off seas.

Glacier meadows and beaver meadows are outspread with charming effect along the banks of the streams, park-like expanses in the woods, and innumerable small gardens in rocky recesses of the mountains, some of them containing more petals than leaves, while the whole wilderness is enlivened with happy animals.

Beside the treasures common to most mountain regions that are wild and blessed with a kind climate, the park is full of exciting wonders. The wildest geysers in the world, in bright, triumphant bands, are dancing and singing in it amid thousands of boiling springs, beautiful and awful, their basins arrayed in gorgeous colors like gigantic flowers; and hot paint-pots, mud springs, mud volcanoes, mush and broth caldrons whose contents are of every color and consistency, plashing, heaving, roaring, in bewildering abundance. In the adjacent

mountains, beneath the living trees the edges of petrified forests are exposed to view, like specimens on the shelves of a museum, standing on ledges tier above tier where they grew, solemnly silent in rigid crystalline beauty after swaying in the winds thousands of centuries ago, opening marvelous views back into the years and climates and life of the past. Here, too, are hills of sparkling crystals, hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinders and ashes, mountains of every style of architecture, icy or forested, mountains covered with honey-bloom sweet as Hymettus, mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky. A' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, Nature has on show in the Yellowstone Park. Therefore it is called Wonderland, and thousands of tourists and travelers stream into it every summer, and wander about in it enchanted.

Fortunately, almost as soon as it was discovered it was dedicated and set apart for the benefit of the people, a piece of legislation that shines benignly amid the common dust-and-ashes history of the public domain, for which the world must thank Professor Hayden above all others; for he led the first scientific exploring party into it, described it, and with admirable enthusiasm urged Congress to preserve it. As delineated in the year 1872, the park contained about 3344 square miles. On March 30, 1891, it was enlarged by the Yellowstone National Park Timber Reserve, and in December, 1897, by the Teton Forest Reserve; thus nearly doubling its original area, and extending the southern boundary far enough to take in the sublime Teton range and the famous pasture-lands of the big Rocky Mountain game animals. The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to any one; for its height, 6000 to over 13,000

feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks, prevent its ever being available for agriculture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, — a gathering-place for travelers from all the world.

The national parks are not only withdrawn from sale and entry like the forest reservations, but are efficiently managed and guarded by small troops of United States cavalry, directed by the Secretary of the Interior. Under this care the forests are flourishing, protected from both axe and fire; and so, of course, are the shaggy beds of underbrush and the herbaceous vegetation. The so-called curiosities, also, are preserved, and the furred and feathered tribes, many of which, in danger of extinction a short time ago, are now increasing in numbers, — a refreshing thing to see amid the blind, ruthless destruction that is going on in the adjacent regions. In pleasing contrast to the noisy, ever changing management, or mismanagement, of blundering, plundering, money-making vote-sellers who receive their places from boss politicians as purchased goods, the soldiers do their duty so quietly that the traveler is scarce aware of their presence.

This is the coolest and highest of the parks. Frosts occur every month of the year. Nevertheless, the tenderest tourist finds it warm enough in summer. The air is electric and full of ozone, healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead. It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in; camping on the shores of the lakes, in the warm openings of the woods golden with sunflowers, on the banks of the streams, by the snowy waterfalls, beside the exciting wonders or away from them in the scallops of the mountain walls sheltered from every wind, on smooth silky lawns

enameled with gentians, up in the fountain hollows of the ancient glaciers between the peaks, where cool pools and brooks and gardens of precious plants charmingly embowered are never wanting, and good rough rocks with every variety of cliff and scarp are invitingly near for outlooks and exercise.

From these lovely dens you may make excursions whenever you like into the middle of the park, where the geysers and hot springs are reeking and spouting in their beautiful basins, displaying an exuberance of color and strange motion and energy admirably calculated to surprise and frighten, charm and shake up, the least sensitive out of apathy into newness of life.

However orderly your excursions or aimless, again and again amid the calmest, stillest scenery you will be brought to a standstill, hushed and awe-stricken, before phenomena wholly new to you. Boiling springs and huge deep pools of purest green and azure water, thousands of them, are plashing and heaving in these high, cool mountains, as if a fierce furnace fire were burning beneath each one of them; and a hundred geysers, white torrents of boiling water and steam, like inverted waterfalls, are ever and anon rushing up out of the hot, black underworld. Some of these ponderous geyser columns are as large as sequoias, — five to sixty feet in diameter, 150 to 300 feet high, — and are sustained at this great height with tremendous energy for a few minutes, or perhaps nearly an hour, standing rigid and erect, hissing, throbbing, booming, as if thunder-storms were raging beneath their roots, their sides roughened or fluted like the furrowed boles of trees, their tops dissolving in feathery branches, while the irised spray, like misty bloom, is at times blown aside, revealing the massive shafts shining against a background of pine-covered hills. Some of them lean more or less, as if storm-bent, and instead of being round are flat or fan-shaped, issuing

from irregular slits in silex pavements with radiate structure, the sunbeams sifting through them in ravishing splendor. Some are broad and round-headed like oaks; others are low and bunchy, branching near the ground like bushes; and a few are hollow in the centre like big daisies or water-lilies. No frost cools them, snow never covers them nor lodges in their branches; winter and summer they welcome alike; all of them, of whatever form or size, faithfully rising and sinking in fairy rhythmic dance night and day, in all sorts of weather, at varying periods of minutes, hours, or weeks, growing up rapidly, uncontrollable as fate, tossing their pearly branches in the wind, bursting into bloom and vanishing like the frailest flowers, — plants of which Nature raises hundreds or thousands of crops a year with no apparent exhaustion of the fiery soil.

The so-called geyser basins, in which this rare sort of vegetation is growing, are mostly open valleys on the central plateau that were eroded by glaciers after the greater volcanic fires had ceased to burn. Looking down over the forests as you approach them from the surrounding heights, you see a multitude of white columns, broad, reeking masses, and irregular jets and puffs of misty vapor ascending from the bottom of the valley, or entangled like smoke among the neighboring trees, suggesting the factories of some busy town or the camp-fires of an army. These mark the position of each mush-pot, paint-pot, hot spring, and geyser, or gusher, as the Icelandic word means. And when you saunter into the midst of them over the bright sinter pavements, and see how pure and white and pearly gray they are in the shade of the mountains, and how radiant in the sunshine, you are fairly enchanted. So numerous they are and varied, Nature seems to have gathered them from all the world as specimens of her rarest fountains, to show in one place what she can do. Over four thousand

hot springs have been counted in the park, and a hundred geysers; how many more there are nobody knows.

These valleys at the heads of the great rivers may be regarded as laboratories and kitchens, in which, amid a thousand retorts and pots, we may see Nature at work as chemist or cook, cunningly compounding an infinite variety of mineral messes; cooking whole mountains; boiling and steaming flinty rocks to smooth paste and mush, — yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray, and creamy white, — making the most beautiful mud in the world; and distilling the most ethereal essences. Many of these pots and caldrons have been boiling thousands of years. Pots of sulphurous mush, stringy and lumpy, and pots of broth as black as ink, are tossed and stirred with constant care, and thin transparent essences, too pure and fine to be called water, are kept simmering gently in beautiful sinter cups and bowls that grow ever more beautiful the longer they are used. In some of the spring basins, the waters, though still warm, are perfectly calm, and shine blandly in a sod of overleaning grass and flowers, as if they were thoroughly cooked at last, and set aside to settle and cool. Others are wildly boiling over as if running to waste, thousands of tons of the precious liquids being thrown into the air to fall in scalding floods on the clean coral floor of the establishment, keeping onlookers at a distance. Instead of holding limpid pale green or azure water, other pots and craters are filled with scalding mud, which is tossed up from three or four feet to thirty feet, in sticky, rank-smelling masses, with gasping, belching, thudding sounds, plastering the branches of neighboring trees; every flask, retort, hot spring, and geyser has something special in it, no two being the same in temperature, color, or composition.

In these natural laboratories one needs stout faith to feel at ease. The ground sounds hollow underfoot, and the awful

subterranean thunder shakes one's mind as the ground is shaken, especially at night in the pale moonlight, or when the sky is overcast with storm-clouds. In the solemn gloom, the geysers, dimly visible, look like monstrous dancing ghosts, and their wild songs and the earthquake thunder replying to the storms overhead seem doubly terrible, as if divine government were at an end. But the trembling hills keep their places. The sky clears, the rosy dawn is reassuring, and up comes the sun like a god, pouring his faithful beams across the mountains and forest, lighting each peak and tree and ghastly geyser alike, and shining into the eyes of the reeking springs, clothing them with rainbow light, and dissolving the seeming chaos of darkness into varied forms of harmony. The ordinary work of the world goes on. Gladly we see the flies dancing in the sunbeams, birds feeding their young, squirrels gathering nuts; and hear the blessed ouzel singing confidently in the shallows of the river, — most faithful evangel, calming every fear, reducing everything to love.

The variously tinted sinter and travertine formations, outspread like pavements over large areas of the geyser valleys, lining the spring basins and throats of the craters, and forming beautiful coral-like rims and curbs about them, always excite admiring attention; so also does the play of the waters from which they are deposited. The various minerals in them are rich in fine colors, and these are greatly heightened by a smooth, silky growth of brilliantly colored *confervæ* which lines many of the pools and channels and terraces. No bed of flower-bloom is more exquisite than these myriads of minute plants, visible only in mass, growing in the hot waters. Most of the spring borders are low and daintily scalloped, crenelated, and beaded with sinter pearls; but some of the geyser craters are massive and picturesque, like ruined castles or old burned-out sequoia stumps, and are adorned on a grand scale

with outbulging, cauliflower-like formations. From these as centres the silex pavements slope gently away in thin, crusty, overlapping layers, slightly interrupted in some places by low terraces. Or, as in the case of the Mammoth Hot Springs, at the north end of the park, where the building waters issue from the side of a steep hill, the deposits form a succession of higher and broader terraces of white travertine tinged with purple, like the famous Pink Terrace at Rotomahana, New Zealand, draped in front with clustering stalactites, each terrace having a pool of indescribably beautiful water upon it in a basin with a raised rim that glistens with *confervæ*, — the whole, when viewed at a distance of a mile or two, looking like a broad, massive cascade pouring over shelving rocks in snowy purpled foam.

The stones of this divine masonry, invisible particles of lime or silex, mined in quarries no eye has seen, go to their appointed places in gentle, tinkling, transparent currents or through the dashing turmoil of floods, as surely guided as the sap of plants streaming into bole and branch, leaf and flower. And thus from century to century this beauty-work has gone on and is going on.

Passing through many a mile of pine and spruce woods, toward the centre of the park you come to the famous Yellowstone Lake. It is about twenty miles long and fifteen wide, and lies at a height of nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, amid dense black forests and snowy mountains. Around its winding, wavering shores, closely forested and picturesquely varied with promontories and bays, the distance is more than 100 miles. It is not very deep, only from 200 to 300 feet, and contains less water than the celebrated Lake Tahoe of the California Sierra, which is nearly the same size, lies at a height of 6400 feet, and is over 1600 feet deep. But no other lake in North America of equal area lies so high as the Yellowstone, or

gives birth to so noble a river. The terraces around its shores show that at the close of the glacial period its surface was about 160 feet higher than it is now, and its area nearly twice as great.

It is full of trout, and a vast multitude of birds — swans, pelicans, geese, ducks, cranes, herons, curlews, plovers, snipe — feed in it and upon its shores; and many forest animals come out of the woods, and wade a little way in shallow, sandy places to drink and look about them, and cool themselves in the free flowing breezes.

In calm weather it is a magnificent mirror for the woods and mountains and sky, now pattered with hail and rain, now roughened with sudden storms that send waves to fringe the shores and wash its border of gravel and sand. The Absaroka Mountains and the Wind River Plateau on the east and south pour their gathered waters into it, and the river issues from the north side in a broad, smooth, stately current, silently gliding with such serene majesty that one fancies it knows the vast journey of four thousand miles that lies before it, and the work it has to do. For the first twenty miles its course is in a level, sunny valley lightly fringed with trees, through which it flows in silvery reaches stirred into spangles here and there by ducks and leaping trout, making no sound save a low whispering among the pebbles and the dipping willows and sedges of its banks. Then suddenly, as if preparing for hard work, it rushes eagerly, impetuously forward, rejoicing in its strength, breaks into foam-bloom, and goes thundering down into the Grand Cañon in two magnificent falls, 100 and 300 feet high.

The cañon is so tremendously wild and impressive that even these great falls cannot hold your attention. It is about twenty miles long and a thousand feet deep, — a weird, unearthly-looking gorge of jagged, fantastic architecture, and most brilliantly colored. Here the

Washburn range, forming the northern rim of the Yellowstone basin, made up mostly of beds of rhyolite decomposed by the action of thermal waters, has been cut through and laid open to view by the river; and a famous section it has made. It is not the depth or the shape of the cañon, nor the waterfall, nor the green and gray, river chanting its brave song as it goes foaming on its way, that most impresses the observer, but the colors of the decomposed volcanic rocks. With few exceptions, the traveler in strange lands finds that, however much the scenery and vegetation in different countries may change, Mother Earth is ever familiar and the same. But here the very ground is changed, as if belonging to some other world. The walls of the cañon from top to bottom burn in a perfect glory of color, confounding and dazzling when the sun is shining, — white, yellow, green, blue, vermilion, and various other shades of red indefinitely blending. All the earth hereabouts seems to be paint. Millions of tons of it lie in sight, exposed to wind and weather as if of no account, yet marvelously fresh and bright, fast colors not to be washed out or bleached out by either sunshine or storms. The effect is so novel and awful, we imagine that even a river might be afraid to enter such a place. But the rich and gentle beauty of the vegetation is reassuring. The lovely *Linnæa borealis* hangs her twin bells over the brink of the cliffs, forests and gardens extend their treasures in smiling confidence on either side, nuts and berries ripen well, whatever may be going on below; and soon blind fears vanish, and the grand gorge seems a kindly, beautiful part of the general harmony, full of peace and joy and good will.

The park is easy of access. Locomotives drag you to its northern boundary at Cinnabar, and horses and guides do the rest. From Cinnabar you will be whirled in coaches along the foam-

ing Gardiner River to Mammoth Hot Springs; thence through woods and meadows, gulches and ravines along branches of the Upper Gallatin, Madison, and Firehole rivers to the main geyser basins; thence over the Continental Divide and back again, up and down through dense pine, spruce, and fir woods to the magnificent Yellowstone Lake, along its northern shore to the outlet, down the river to the falls and Grand Cañon, and thence back through the woods to Mammoth Hot Springs and Cinnabar; stopping here and there at the so-called points of interest among the geysers, springs, paint-pots, mud volcanoes, etc., where you will be allowed a few minutes or hours to saunter over the sinter pavements, watch the play of a few of the geysers, and peer into some of the most beautiful and terrible of the craters and pools. These wonders you will enjoy, and also the views of the mountains, especially the Gallatin and Absaroka ranges, the long, willowy glacier and beaver meadows, the beds of violets, gentians, philoxes, asters, phacelias, goldenrods, erigonums, and many other flowers, some species giving color to whole meadows and hill-sides. And you will enjoy your short views of the great lake and river and cañon. No scalping Indians will you see. The Blackfeet and Bannocks that once roamed here are gone; so are the old beaver-catchers, the Coulters and Bridgers, with all their attractive buckskin and romance. There are several bands of buffaloes in the park, but you will not thus cheaply in tourist fashion see them nor many of the other large animals hidden in the wilderness. The song-birds, too, keep mostly out of sight of the rushing tourist, though off the roads thrushes, warblers, orioles, grosbeaks, etc., keep the air sweet and merry. Perhaps in passing rapids and falls you may catch glimpses of the water ouzel, but in the whirling noise you will not hear his song. Fortunately, no road

noise frightens the Douglas squirrel, and his merry play and gossip will amuse you all through the woods. Here and there a deer may be seen crossing the road, or a bear. Most likely, however, the only bears you will see are the half-tame ones that go to the hotels every night for dinner-table scraps, — yeast-powder biscuit, Chicago canned stuff, mixed pickles, and beefsteaks that have proved too tough for porcelain teeth.

Among the gains of a coach trip are the acquaintances made and the fresh views into human nature; for the wilderness is a shrewd touchstone, even thus lightly approached, and brings many a curious trait to view. Setting out, the driver cracks his whip, and the four horses go off at half gallop, half trot, in trained, showy style, until out of sight of the hotel. The coach is crowded, old and young side by side, blooming and fading, full of hope and fun and care. Some look at the scenery or the horses, and all ask questions, an odd mixed lot of them: Where is the umbrella? What is the name of that blue flower over there? Are you sure the little bag is aboard? Is that hollow yonder a crater? How is your throat this morning? How high did you say the geysers spout? How does the elevation affect your head? Is that a geyser reeking over there in the rocks, or only a hot spring? A long ascent is made, the solemn mountains come to view, small cares are quenched, and all become natural and silent, save perhaps some unfortunate expounder who has been reading guidebook geology, and rambles forth foggy subsidences and upheavals until he is in danger of being heaved overboard. The driver will give you the names of the peaks and meadows and streams as you come to them, call attention to the glass road, tell how hard it was to build, — how the obsidian cliffs naturally pushed the surveyor's lines to the right, and the industrious beavers, by flooding the valley in front of the cliff, pushed them to the left.



Geysers, however, are the main objects, and as soon as they come in sight other wonders are forgotten. All gather around the crater of the one that is expected to play first. During the eruptions of the smaller geysers, such as the Beehive and Old Faithful, though a little frightened at first, all welcome the glorious show with enthusiasm, and shout, Oh, how wonderful, beautiful, splendid, majestic! Some venture near enough to stroke the column with a stick, as if it were a stone pillar or a tree, so firm and substantial and permanent it seems. While tourists wait around a large geyser, such as the Castle or the Giant, there is a chatter of small talk in anything but solemn mood; and during the intervals between the preliminary splashes and upheavals some adventurer occasionally looks down the throat of the crater, admiring the silex formations and wondering whether Hades is as beautiful. But when, with awful uproar as if avalanches were falling and storms thundering in the depths, the tremendous outburst begins, all run away to a safe distance, and look on, awe-stricken and silent, in devout, worshipping wonder.

The largest and one of the most wonderfully beautiful of the springs is the Prismatic, which the guide will be sure to show you. With a circumference of 300 yards, it is more like a lake than a spring. The water is pure deep blue in the centre, fading to green on the edges, and its basin and the slightly terraced pavement about it are astonishingly bright and varied in color. This one of the multitude of Yellowstone fountains is of itself object enough for a trip across the continent. No wonder that so many fine myths have originated in springs; that so many fountains were held sacred in the youth of the world, and had miraculous virtues ascribed to them. Even in these cold, doubting, questioning, scientific times many of the Yellowstone fountains seem able to work miracles. Near the Prismatic Spring is the great Excel-

sior Geyser, which is said to throw a column of boiling water 60 to 70 feet in diameter to a height of from 50 to 300 feet, at irregular periods. This is the greatest of all the geysers yet discovered anywhere. The Firehole River, which sweeps past it, is, at ordinary stages, a stream about 100 yards wide and three feet deep; but when the geyser is in eruption, so great is the quantity of water discharged that the volume of the river is doubled, and it is rendered too hot and rapid to be forded.

Geysers are found in many other volcanic regions, — in Iceland, New Zealand, Japan, the Himalayas, the Eastern Archipelago, South America, the Azores, and elsewhere; but only in Iceland, New Zealand, and this Rocky Mountain park do they display their grandest forms, and of these three famous regions the Yellowstone is easily first, both in the number and in the size of its geysers. The greatest height of the column of the Great Geyser of Iceland actually measured was 212 feet, and of the Strokrhr 162 feet.

In New Zealand, the Te Pueia at Lake Taupo, the Waikite at Rotorna, and two others are said to lift their waters occasionally to a height of 100 feet, while the celebrated Te Tarata at Rotomahana sometimes lifts a boiling column 20 feet in diameter to a height of 60 feet. But all these are far surpassed by the Excelsior. Few tourists, however, will see the Excelsior in action, or a thousand other interesting features of the park that lie beyond the wagon-roads and hotels. The regular trips — from three to five days — are too short. Nothing can be done well at a speed of forty miles a day. The multitude of mixed, novel impressions rapidly piled on one another make only a dreamy, bewildering, swirling blur, most of which is unrememberable. Far more time should be taken. Walk away quietly in any direction and taste the freedom of the mountaineer. Camp out among the grass and gentians of glacier meadows, in craggy garden nooks

full of Nature's darlings. Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves. As age comes on, one source of enjoyment after another is closed, but Nature's sources never fail. Like a generous host, she offers here brimming cups in endless variety, served in a grand hall, the sky its ceiling, the mountains its walls, decorated with glorious paintings and enlivened with bands of music ever playing. The petty discomforts that beset the awkward guest, the unskilled camper, are quickly forgotten, while all that is precious remains. Fears vanish as soon as one is fairly free in the wilderness.

Most of the dangers that haunt the unseasoned citizen are imaginary; the real ones are perhaps too few rather than too many for his good. The bears that always seem to spring up thick as trees, in fighting, devouring attitudes before the frightened tourist, whenever a camping trip is proposed, are gentle now, finding they are no longer likely to be shot; and rattlesnakes, the other big irrational dread of over-civilized people, are scarce here, for most of the park lies above the snake-line. Poor creatures, loved only by their Maker, they are timid and bashful, as mountaineers know; and though perhaps not possessed of much of that charity that suffers long and is kind, seldom, either by mistake or by mishap, do harm to any one. Certainly they cause not the hundredth part of the pain and death that follow the footsteps of the admired Rocky Mountain trapper. Nevertheless, again and again, in season and out of season, the question comes up, "What are rattlesnakes good for?" As if nothing that does not obviously make for the benefit of man had any right to exist; as if our ways were God's ways. Long ago, an Indian to whom a French traveler put this old question replied that

their tails were good for toothache, and their heads for fever. Anyhow, they are all, head and tail, good for themselves, and we need not begrudge them their share of life.

Fear nothing. No town park you have been accustomed to saunter in is so free from danger as the Yellowstone. It is a hard place to leave. Even its names in your guidebook are attractive, and should draw you far from wagon-roads, — all save the early ones, derived from the infernal regions: Hell Roaring River, Hell Broth Springs, The Devil's Caldron, etc. Indeed, the whole region was at first called Coulter's Hell, from the fiery brimstone stories told by trapper Coulter, who left the Lewis and Clark expedition, and wandered through the park, in the year 1807, with a band of Bannock Indians. The later names of the Hayden Geological Surveys are so telling and exhilarating that they set our pulses dancing, and make us begin to enjoy the pleasures of excursions ere they are commenced. Three River Peak, Two Ocean Pass, Continental Divide, are capital geographical descriptions, suggesting thousands of miles of rejoicing streams and all that belongs to them. Big Horn Pass, Bison Peak, Big Game Ridge, bring brave mountain animals to mind. Birch Hills, Garnet Hills, Amethyst Mountain, Storm Peak, Electric Peak, Roaring Mountain, are bright, bracing names. Wapiti, Beaver, Tern, and Swan lakes conjure up fine pictures, and so also do Osprey and Ouzel falls. Antelope Creek, Otter, Mink, and Grayling creeks, Geode, Jasper, Opal, Carnelian, and Chalcedony creeks, are lively and sparkling names that help the streams to shine; and Azalea, Stellaria, Arnica, Aster, and Phlox creeks, what pictures these bring up! Violet, Morning Mist, Hygeia, Beryl, Vermilion, and Indigo springs, and many beside, give us visions of fountains more beautifully arrayed than Solomon in all his purple and golden glory. All these and a host of others

call you to camp. You may be a little cold some nights, on mountain tops above the timber-line, but you will see the stars, and by and by you can sleep enough in your town bed, or at least in your grave. Keep awake while you may in mountain mansions so rare.

If you are not very strong, try to climb Electric Peak when a big, bossy, well-charged thunder-cloud is on it, to breathe the ozone set free, and get yourself kindly shaken and shocked. You are sure to be lost in wonder and praise, and every hair of your head will stand up and hum and sing like an enthusiastic congregation.

After this reviving experience, you should take a look into a few of the tertiary volumes of the grand geological library of the park, and see how God writes history. No technical knowledge is required; only a calm day and a calm mind. Nowhere else in the Rocky Mountains have the volcanic forces been so fiercely busy. More than 10,000 square miles hereabouts have been covered to a depth of at least 5000 feet with material spouted from chasms and craters during the tertiary period, forming broad sheets of basalt, andesite, rhyolite, etc., and marvelous masses of ashes, sand, cinders, and stones now consolidated into conglomerates, charged with the remains of plants and animals that lived in the calm, genial periods that separated the volcanic outbursts.

Perhaps the most interesting and telling of these rocks, to the hasty tourist, are those that make up the mass of Amethyst Mountain. On its north side it presents a section 2000 feet high of roughly stratified beds of sand, ashes, and conglomerates coarse and fine, forming the untrimmed edges of a wonderful set of volumes lying on their sides, — books a million years old, well bound, miles in size, with full-page illustrations. On the ledges of this one section we see trunks and stumps of fifteen or twenty ancient forests ranged one above another,

standing where they grew, or prostrate and broken like the pillars of ruined temples in desert sands, — a forest fifteen or twenty stories high, the roots of each spread above the tops of the next beneath it, telling wonderful tales of the bygone centuries, with their winters and summers, growth and death, fire, ice, and flood.

There were giants in those days. The largest of the standing opal and agate stumps and prostrate sections of the trunks are from two or three to fifty feet in height or length, and from five to ten feet in diameter; and so perfect is the petrification that the annual rings and ducts are clearer and more easily counted than those of living trees, countless centuries of burial having brightened the records instead of blurring them. They show that the winters of the tertiary period gave as decided a check to vegetable growth as do those of the present time. Some trees favorably located grew rapidly, increasing twenty inches in diameter in as many years, while others of the same species, on poorer soil or over-shadowed, increased only two or three inches in the same time.

Among the roots and stumps on the old forest floors we find the remains of ferns and bushes, and the seeds and leaves of trees like those now growing on the southern Alleghanies, — such as magnolia, sassafras, laurel, linden, persimmon, ash, alder, dogwood. Studying the lowest of these forests, the soil it grew on and the deposits it is buried in, we see that it was rich in species, and flourished in a genial, sunny climate. When its stately trees were in their glory, volcanic fires broke forth from chasms and craters, like larger geysers, spouting ashes, cinders, stones, and mud, which fell on the doomed forest in tremendous floods, and like heavy hail and snow; sifting, hurtling through the leaves and branches, choking the streams, covering the ground, crushing bushes and ferns, rapidly deepening, packing

around the trees and breaking them, rising higher until the topmost boughs of the giants were buried, leaving not a leaf or twig in sight, so complete was the desolation. At last the volcanic storm began to abate, the fiery soil settled; mud floods and boulder floods passed over it, enriching it, cooling it; rains fell and mellow sunshine, and it became fertile and ready for another crop. Birds, and the winds, and roaming animals brought seeds from more fortunate woods, and a new forest grew up on the top of the buried one. Centuries of genial growing seasons passed. The seedling trees with strong outreaching branches became giants, and spread a broad leafy canopy over the gray land.

The sleeping subterranean fires again awake and shake the mountains, and every leaf trembles. The old craters with perhaps new ones are opened, and immense quantities of ashes, pumice, and cinders are again thrown into the sky. The sun, shorn of his beams, glows like a dull red ball, until hidden in sulphurous clouds. Volcanic snow, hail, and floods fall on the new forest, burying it alive, like the one beneath its roots. Then come another noisy band of mud floods and boulder floods, mixing, settling, enriching the new ground, more seeds, quickening sunshine and showers, and a third noble magnolia forest is carefully raised on the top of the second. And so on. Forest was planted above forest and destroyed, as if Nature were ever repenting and undoing the work she had so industriously done; as if every lovely fern and tree she had planted had in turn become a Sodomite sinner to be utterly destroyed and put out of sight.

But of course this destruction was creation, progress in the march of beauty through death. Few of the old world monuments hereabouts so quickly excite and hold the imagination. We see these old stone stumps budding and blossoming and waving in the wind as magnifi-

cent trees, standing shoulder to shoulder, branches interlacing in grand varied round-headed forests; see the sunshine of morning and evening gilding their mossy trunks, and at high noon spangling on the thick glossy leaves of the magnolia, filtering through the translucent canopies of linden and ash, and falling in mellow patches on the ferny floor; see the shining after rain, breathe the exhaling fragrance, and hear the winds and birds and the murmur of brooks and insects. We watch them from season to season; we see the swelling buds when the sap begins to flow in the spring, the opening leaves and blossoms, the ripening of summer fruits, the colors of autumn, and the maze of leafless branches and sprays in winter; and we see the sudden oncome of the storms that overwhelmed them.

One calm morning at sunrise I saw the oaks and pines in Yosemite Valley shaken by an earthquake, their tops swishing back and forth, and every branch and needle shuddering as if in distress, like the birds that flew, frightened and screaming, from their snug hiding-places. One may imagine the trembling, rocking, tumultuous waving of those ancient Yellowstone woods, and the terror of their inhabitants, when the first foreboding shocks were felt, the sky grew dark, and rock-laden floods began to roar. But though they were close-pressed and buried, cut off from sun and wind, all their happy leaf fluttering and waving done, other currents coursed through them, fondling and thrilling every fibre, and beautiful wood was replaced by beautiful stone. Now their rocky sepulchres are broken open, and they are marching back into the light singing a new song, — shining examples of the natural beauty of death. In these forest Herculeaneums Old Mortality is truly an angel of light.

After the forest times and fire times had passed away, and the volcanic furnaces were banked and held in abeyance,

another great change occurred in the history of the park. The glacial winter came on. The sky was again darkened, not with dust and ashes, but with snow flowers which fell in glorious abundance, piling deeper, deeper, slipping from the overlaid heights in booming avalanches suggestive of their growing power. Compacting into glaciers, they flowed forth, meeting and welding into a ponderous ice-mantle that covered all the landscape perhaps a mile deep; wiping off forests, grinding, sculpturing, fashioning the comparatively featureless lava beds into the beautiful rhythm of hill and dale and ranges of mountains we behold to-day; forming basins for lakes, channels for streams, new soils for forests, gardens, and meadows. While this ice-work was going on, the slumbering volcanic fires were boiling the subterranean waters, and with curious chemistry decomposing the rocks, making beauty in the darkness; these forces, seemingly antagonistic, working harmoniously together. How wild their meetings on the surface were we may imagine. When the glacier period began, geysers and hot springs were playing in grander volume, it may be, than those of to-day. The glaciers flowed over them while they spouted and thundered, carrying away their fine sinter and travertine structures, and shortening their mysterious channels.

The soils made in the down-grinding required to bring the present features of the landscape into relief are possibly no better than were some of the old volcanic soils that were carried away, and which, as we have seen, nourished magnificent forests, but the glacial landscapes are incomparably more beautiful than the old volcanic ones were. The glacial winter has passed away like the ancient summers and fire periods, though in the chronology of the geologist all these times are recent. Only small residual glaciers on the cool northern slopes of the highest mountains are left of the vast all-embracing ice-mantle, as solfataras and

geysers are all that are left of the ancient volcanoes.

Now the post-glacial agents are at work on the grand old palimpsest of the park, inscribing new characters; but still in its main telling features it remains distinctly glacial. The moraine soils are being leveled, sorted, refined, and re-formed, and covered with vegetation; the polished pavements and scoring and other superficial glacial inscriptions on the crumbling lavas are being rapidly obliterated; gorges are being cut in the decomposed rhyolites and loose conglomerates, and turrets and pinnacles seem to be springing up like growing trees; while the geysers are depositing miles of sinter and travertine. Nevertheless, the ice-work is scarce blurred as yet. These later effects are only spots and wrinkles on the grand glacial countenance of the park.

Perhaps you have already said that you have seen enough for a lifetime. But before you go away you should spend at least one day and a night on a mountain top, for a last general calming, settling view. Mount Washburn is a good one for the purpose, because it stands in the middle of the park, is unincumbered with other peaks, and is so easy of access that the climb to its summit is only a saunter. First your eye goes roving around the mountain rim amid the hundreds of peaks: some with plain flowing skirts, others abruptly precipitous and defended by sheer battlemented escarpments, flat topped or round; heaving like sea-waves, or spired and turreted like Gothic cathedrals; streaked with snow in the ravines, and darkened with files of adventurous trees climbing the ridges. The nearer peaks are perchance clad in sapphire blue, others far off in creamy white. In the broad glare of noon they seem to shrink and crouch to less than half their real stature, and grow dull and uncommunicative, — mere dead, draggled heaps of waste ashes and stone, giving no hint of the multitude of

animals enjoying life in their fastnesses, or of the bright bloom-bordered streams and lakes. But when storms blow they awake and arise, wearing robes of cloud and mist in majestic speaking attitudes like gods. In the color glory of morning and evening they become still more impressive; steeped in the divine light of the alpenglow their earthiness disappears, and, blending with the heavens, they seem neither high nor low.

Over all the central plateau, which from here seems level, and over the foothills and lower slopes of the mountains, the forest extends like a black uniform bed of weeds, interrupted only by lakes and meadows and small burned spots called parks, — all of them, except the Yellowstone Lake, being mere dots and spangles in general views, made conspicuous by their color and brightness. About eighty-five per cent of the entire area of the park is covered with trees, mostly the indomitable lodge-pole pine (*Pinus contorta*, var. *Murrayana*), with a few patches and sprinklings of Douglas spruce, Engelmann spruce, silver fir (*Abies lasiocarpa*), *P. flexilis*, and a few alders, aspens, and birches. The Douglas spruce is found only on the lowest portions, the silver fir on the highest, and the Engelmann spruce on the dampest places, best defended from fire. Some fine specimens of the *flexilis* pine are growing on the margins of openings, wide-branching, sturdy trees, as broad as high, with trunks five feet in diameter, leafy and shady, laden with purple cones and rose-colored flowers. The Engelmann spruce and sub-alpine silver fir also are beautiful and notable trees, — tall, spiny, hardy, frost and snow defying, and widely distributed over the West, wherever there is a mountain to climb or a cold moraine slope to cover. But neither of these is a good fire-fighter. With rather thin bark, and scattering their seeds every year as soon as they are ripe, they are quickly driven out of fire-swept regions. When the glaciers

were melting, these hardy mountaineering trees were probably among the first to arrive on the new moraine soil beds; but as the plateau became drier and fires began to run, they were driven up the mountains, and into the wet spots and islands where we now find them, leaving nearly all the park to the lodge-pole pine, which, though as thin-skinned as they and as easily killed by fire, takes pains to store up its seeds in firmly closed cones, and holds them from three to nine years, so that, let the fire come when it may, it is ready to die and ready to live again in a new generation. For when the killing fires have devoured the leaves and thin resinous bark, many of the cones, only scorched, open as soon as the smoke clears away, the hoarded store of seeds is sown broadcast on the cleared ground, and a new growth immediately springs up triumphant out of the ashes. Therefore, this tree not only holds its ground, but extends its conquests farther after every fire. Thus the evenness and closeness of its growth are accounted for. In one part of the forest that I examined, the growth was about as close as a cane-brake. The trees were from four to eight inches in diameter, one hundred feet high, and one hundred and seventy-five years old. The lower limbs die young and drop off for want of light. Life with these close-planted trees is a race for light, more light, and so they push straight for the sky. Mowing off ten feet from the top of the forest would make it look like a crowded mass of telegraph-poles; for only the sunny tops are leafy. A sapling ten years old, growing in the sunshine, has as many leaves as a crowded tree one or two hundred years old. As fires are multiplied and the mountains become drier, this wonderful lodge-pole pine bids fair to obtain possession of nearly all the forest ground in the West.

How still the woods seem from here, yet how lively a stir the hidden animals are making; digging, gnawing, biting,



eyes shining, at work and play, getting food, rearing young, roving through the underbrush, climbing the rocks, wading solitary marshes, tracing the banks of the lakes and streams. Insect swarms are dancing in the sunbeams, burrowing in the ground, diving, swimming, — a cloud of witnesses telling Nature's joy. The plants are as busy as the animals, every cell in a swirl of enjoyment, humming like a hive, singing the old new song of creation. A few columns and puffs of steam are seen rising above the treetops, some near, but most of them far off, indicating geysers and hot springs, gentle-looking and noiseless as downy clouds, softly hinting at the reaction going on between the surface and the hot interior. From here you see them better than when you are standing beside them, frightened and confused, regarding them as lawless cataclysms. The shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, storms, the pounding of waves, the uprush of sap in plants, each and all tell the orderly love-beats of Nature's heart.

Turning to the eastward, you have the Grand Cañon and reaches of the river in full view; and yonder to the southward lies the great lake, the largest and most important of all the high fountains of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the last to be discovered.

In the year 1541, when De Soto, with a romantic band of adventurers, was seeking gold and glory and the fountain of youth, he found the Mississippi a few hundred miles above its mouth, and made his grave beneath its floods. La Salle, in 1682, after discovering the Ohio, one of the largest and most beautiful branches of the Mississippi, traced the latter to the sea from the mouth of the Illinois, through adventures and privations not easily realized now. About the same time Joliet and Father Marquette reached the "Father of Waters" by way of the Wisconsin, but more than a century passed ere its highest sources in these mountains were seen. The advancing

stream of civilization has ever followed its guidance toward the west, but none of the thousand tribes of Indians living on its banks could tell the explorer whence it came. From those romantic De Soto and La Salle days to these times of locomotives and tourists, how much has the great river seen and done! Great as it now is, and still growing longer through the ground of its delta and the basins of receding glaciers at its head, it was immensely broader toward the close of the glacial period, when the ice-mantle of the mountains was melting: then, with its 300,000 miles of branches outspread over the plains and valleys of the continent, laden with fertile mud, it made the biggest and most generous bed of soil in the world.

Think of this mighty stream springing in the first place in vapor from the sea, flying on the wind, alighting on the mountains in hail and snow and rain, lingering in many a fountain feeding the trees and grass; then gathering its scattered waters, gliding from its noble lake, and going back home to the sea, singing all the way. On it sweeps through the gates of the mountains, across the vast prairies and plains, through many a wild, gloomy forest, cane-brake, and sunny savanna, from glaciers and snowbanks and pine woods to warm groves of magnolia and palm, geysers dancing at its head, keeping time with the sea-waves at its mouth; roaring and gray in rapids, booming in broad, bossy falls, murmuring, gleaming in long, silvery reaches, swaying now hither, now thither, whirling, bending in huge doubling, eddying folds; serene, majestic, ungovernable; overflowing all its metes and bounds, frightening the dwellers upon its banks; building, wasting, uprooting, planting; engulfing old islands and making new ones, taking away fields and towns as if in sport, carrying canoes and ships of commerce in the midst of its spoils and drift, fertilizing the continent as one vast farm. Then,

its work done, it gladly vanishes in its ocean home, welcomed by the waiting waves.

Thus naturally, standing here in the midst of its fountains, we trace the fortunes of the great river. And how much more comes to mind as we overlook this wonderful wilderness! Fountains of the Columbia and Colorado lie before us interlaced with those of the Yellowstone and Missouri, and fine it would be to go with them to the Pacific; but the sun is already in the west, and soon our day will be done.

Yonder is Amethyst Mountain, and other mountains hardly less rich in old forests which now seem to spring up again in their glory; and you see the storms that buried them, — the ashes and torrents laden with boulders and mud, the centuries of sunshine, and the dark, lurid nights. You see again the vast floods of lava, red-hot and white-hot, pouring out from gigantic geysers, usurping the basins of lakes and streams, absorbing or driving away their hissing, screaming waters, flowing around hills and ridges, submerging every subordinate feature. Then you see the snow and glaciers taking possession of the land, making new landscapes. How admirable it is that, after passing through so many vicissitudes of frost and fire and flood, the physiognomy and even the complexion of the landscape should still be so divinely fine!

Thus reviewing the eventful past, we see Nature working with enthusiasm like a man, blowing her volcanic forges like a blacksmith blowing his smithy fires, shoving glaciers over the landscapes like a carpenter shoving his planes, clearing, ploughing, harrowing, irrigating, planting, and sowing broadcast like a farmer and gardener doing rough work and fine

work, planting sequoias and pines, rose-bushes and daisies; working in gems, filling every crack and hollow with them; distilling fine essences; painting plants and shells, clouds, mountains, all the earth and heavens, like an artist, — ever working toward beauty higher and higher. Where may the mind find more stimulating, quickening pasturage? A thousand Yellowstone wonders are calling, "Look up and down and round about you!" And a multitude of still, small voices may be heard directing you to look through all this transient, shifting show of things called "substantial" into the truly substantial, spiritual world whose forms flesh and wood, rock and water, air and sunshine, only veil and conceal, and to learn that here is heaven and the dwelling-place of the angels.

The sun is setting; long, violet shadows are growing out over the woods from the mountains along the western rim of the park; the Absaroka range is baptized in the divine light of the alpenglow, and its rocks and trees are transfigured. Next to the light of the dawn on high mountain tops, the alpenglow is the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God.

Now comes the gloaming. The alpenglow is fading into earthy, murky gloom, but do not let your town habits draw you away to the hotel. Stay on this good fire-mountain and spend the night among the stars. Watch their glorious bloom until the dawn, and get one more baptism of light. Then, with fresh heart, go down to your work, and whatever your fate, under whatever ignorance or knowledge you may afterward chance to suffer, you will remember these fine, wild views, and look back with joy to your wanderings in the blessed old Yellowstone Wonderland.

*John Muir.*

## WILLIAM MARSDAL'S AWAKENING.

## I.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; Cæsar was sweeping the broad porch of the Marsdal mansion, his gray head and wrinkled black face occasionally visible through gaps in the tall oleanders that spread their pink panicles against the whiteness of Ionic columns. It was a vision familiar to many of the passers-by; for so, in the freshness of morn, had he swept it, when not traveling with his master, for more than forty years. He had reached the end where climbed an immense Lamarque, and was shaking his broom free of dust, when the slender Moorish gate at the street entrance, a hundred feet away, clicked and closed beneath its arch, and the quick footsteps of a child were heard upon the brick walk leading to the short flight of stone steps. There is character in every footstep, and there was decided character in the crisp, clear echoes of these little heels. Ere they had reached the steps Cæsar had transferred himself to the landing, and was holding up his hands, his earnest face wearing an anxious look, and his puckered lips giving forth a series of mysterious sounds intended to attract attention and bring about silence. The owner of the little heels, however, was placidly indifferent to the pantomime. They hit brick and stone with undiminished force until she neared him. Moreover, she called to him in a clear, silvery voice, not the least modulated, "Where is Uncle William?"

The negro was in despair. "For de Lord sake, honey, *ain't* you see me makin' signs for you ter stop er comin' so hard?"

"Where is Uncle William?"

—"an' hesh yo' loud talkin'? Er runaway horse would er shied roun' de house fum me"—

"Where is Uncle William?"

—"an' you ain' so much as break yo' pace!"

"Where is Uncle William?"

"He in dere *tryin'* to sleep in es chair," the old man continued petulantly,—"tryin' to snatch des er nap 'fo' bre'kfus'; an' you mus' n' 'sturb him, nuther!" As the little girl laughed and passed on he raised his voice: "Don't you do hit, honey! 'Deed an' if he don't get some sleep, I don't know what's goin' to happen!"

"Cæsar!" The tones of a quick, harsh voice floated out.

"Yes, sah! I'm er comin'!—Now, chile, you see what comes of trottin' so hard on dem bricks, an' not payin' no 'tention."

"Cæsar, what the thunder are you talking about?" said the voice testily. "Come off that porch and"—

The sentence was suspended. The owner stood in the hall. He was tall, heavy, florid, and clean-shaven; his thin grayish blond hair was scattered carelessly over his round head and gently waving in the draft. He was without coat or vest; his shirt was unbuttoned at the throat, and he wore slippers. The frown disappeared as he beheld his visitor, and a hearty, cheery note came into his voice.

"Ha, Humming-Bird! Come in, come in! Why, God bless me, child, did Cæsar dare halt an angel upon *my* threshold? Cæsar, you black rascal!" But Cæsar had gone a roundabout way through the shrubbery to sweep off the carriage-step, and for the moment was not visible. The gentleman thereupon lifted the child in his arms and kissed her. He looked into her eyes, and then quickly toward the sky. "Bless me!" he cried again, "you are wearing your blue eyes this morning! How becoming!"

The child laughed and struggled down to the floor. She clasped something in her hand, and went into the sitting-room without ceremony.

"I'm going to make the birds sing," she said, with a precision of language unusual with Southern children, and exquisitely funny to her host.

"Oh, you are," he said, imitating her walk and tones as he followed. "Then I am coming to hear the birds sing. Silence!" he commanded, frowning around him upon the heavy furniture, "silence while the birds sing!" And everything obeyed,—everything except the gilt clock under its tall glass cover on the mantel.

The little girl climbed into a big leather chair, and seated herself upon the edge of the centre-table.

"Won't you try the chandelier?" he suggested. "Birds like high places."

But she was busy with the something she had been tightly clasping in her hand, and which proved to be a curious little silver toy, half bird, half whistle, partly filled with water. Blowing into this gravely, her eyes meantime watching his face for signs of delight, she produced a series of birdlike notes and trills. He dropped into the chair at her feet.

"And what," he said, with voice husky from the intensity of his interest, and with mouth corners drawn down, "what bird in this world can sing as beau-u-tifully as that?"

She looked steadily at him and reflected.

"That's a mocking-bird!" she said at last.

"Oh yes, so it is. How well you do it!"

She tried again, looking to him for approval.

"Seems like I have heard that song somewhere!" he mused, rubbing his red ear. "Where could it have been? Surely!"

"That's a canary," she declared. Again she essayed her skill.

He clapped his hands. "Lovely! lovely! You beat them all! But stay! What bird sings now?"

Her bird lore was limited. She reflected again.

"Oh, that's a parrot!"

And this time he really laughed. "It is so natural! I'll have to give you a cracker. Polly have a cracker?"

She pushed away his hand, and went on with her concert.

"That is my little dog barking at night," she said in explanation.

"Good! How does he bark in the daytime?"

She showed him. It was very much like his night bark. And again her auditor laughed.

"Listen to the dog's bark," he said to the furniture.

Then the little girl from across the street gave him the cow's moo, the little calf's appeal for milk, and the hen's cackle, waiting each time for applause. Presently she remembered the circus menagerie, and she gave him one by one all the songs, from the elephant's down. They all sang like the mocking-bird,—a discovery that filled him with a huge delight.

"I see now," he said gayly to the furniture, "how great an artist the mocking-bird really is."

And the concert went on.

Cæsar had not returned. He was outside the gate, broom in hand, talking. A lady had come leisurely along the shaded walk for the morning air, and was turning back at the Marsdal mansion where the level land fell away abruptly, when Cæsar's profound salutation claimed her attention. It was but natural that, having inquired kindly as to the old servitor's health, she should inquire as to her neighbor, his master, and linger indulgently while he poured forth his voluble reply.

"Des toler'ble, Miss Helen,—des toler'ble! When a man don't sleep, some-p'n' is out er fix; an' Marse William

ain't sleep er wink in er week, — not er wink!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, ma'am. He orter be ersleep right dis minute, an' I 'spec' he would, but de little gyurl fum 'cross de street come in to blow her whistle for 'im, an' he got to set up an' hear it."

"Blow a whistle for him!"

"Yes, ma'am," and Caesar stopped to laugh. "Child sorter got erway wid Marse William yestiddy; she sho' did. She come 'long hyah, er whole passel of 'em, an' tore up an' down de yard an' thoo de house like dey allus doing, an' Marse William tell 'em, if dey don't break down none of his rose-bushes, dey can catch all de hummin'-birds dey want. He been tellin' 'em dat for twenty years, an' his ma befo' him."

"I remember that she used to tell me that," said the lady, smiling. "There was a tree on the other side of the house, in the grove, that attracted humming-birds. They seemed to gather something from the bark and twigs, — no one could ever discover what."

"Hit's dere yet, ma'am, de same tree. Well, dese chillun des lak all de rest. Dey hide in de bush, an' wait for hummin'-bird to git 'mongst de fo'-o'clocks an' sech-like, an' dey run up an' try to ketch 'em. Dey mos' ketch 'em, dey say ev'y time; an' Marse William set up yonner on de po'ch, an' look lak he los' his las' frien'. But dis here chile, de one in yonner right now, she ain' lak nair 'nother chile ever come to dis house. She was born ole, an' she do lak she please 'spite of ev'ybody. She was er settin' up yonner on top step wid a big lily in her han' yestiddy, an' done gone soun' ersleep, when 'long come ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird an' smell her flower. She back off suspicious-like, but she come ergin an' stick her head down in dere fer to git de honey; an' 'bout dat time de chile wake up fum de hummin' of de wings, — mebbe she ain' been 'sleep, — an' clamp her han' down on dat flower,

an' des scream one time an' ernother loud as she could, lak she done gone plumb crazy, 'I got 'im! I got 'im! I got 'im, Uncle William! I got 'im! I got 'im!' An' Marse William so skeered he mos' fall over back'ards. 'Got what?' he say, 'got what? Got er fit? got er spasm?' An', Miss Helen, she had 'im!"

"Den Marse William come an' set down dere feelin' mighty bad. De hummin'-birds was his ma's special pets forty years back, and dey was his. Ain' nobody ever hurt one on de place. He look solemn an' worried, 'cause his word was out. First thing he do was to on-clench her fingers, an' he say, 'Soft, soft, my chile, or you 'll kill 'im. Soft; lemme see 'im; he shan't git erway,' — des so. An' he tear open de flower an' give de bird some air. Den he sont me to fetch de big glass kiver fum over de gole clock, an' he put hit on de flo' wid de edge prop up, an' ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird under hit. Lord! but de chillun des fell over one ernother lak somep'n' crazy, an' Marse William had er job to keep 'em fum breakin' de glass. De little gyurl say den she mus' take de bird home to show her ma, an' Marse William look sad ergin. Bimeby he tell me to watch de glass, an' he tell dat chile to wait; he mus' go roun' de corner an' inform ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird's chillun dat she been ketched, an' dey need n' 'speat to see her no mo', an' not to wait supper for her. Little gyurl look mighty bad when she hear dat; but bimeby she brighten up an' say, 'I reck'n deir pa can take care of 'em.' An' Marse William drop his eye on me an' shet his lips tight; an' I knowed hit warn't no time to laugh.

"But he go roun' de corner, tellin' all de chillun to stay back, 'cause he promise ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird long time ago not to let nobody know where her house was hid."

"I'm not sure," said Caesar's listener gravely, "that anything would justify a

deception of that kind. I think that children should be told the truth."

"Lor', Miss Helen, I 'spects Marse William, if it come to er pinch, would tell er lie to save er hummin'-bird, or his word. Anyhow, bimeby," continued Cæsar, laughing, "he come 'long back wid his han'k'ch'ef up, an' say de hummin'-bird's chillun was carryin' on so he could n' bear to stay, — said de baby of de fambly fairly moan an' sob like hits po' little heart 'd break; an' she ask him to please tell de little gyurl to let her po' ma come 'long home an' nuss her, for she dat hongry she mos' perish for somep'n' to eat. She say, 'Ask little gyurl how she lak for *her* little baby sister to starve to death, an' for somebody to steal *her* ma while she off 'cross de street.' Well, missus, he mos' make *me* cry, hit soun' so natchul. An' de little gyurl sorter lif' de edge of de glass higher an' higher while she was studyin' 'bout somep'n', — lif' hit des a little at a time lak she can't he'p herse'f; an' ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird bimeby see her way clear, an' gone lak er streak er grease lightnin'. Well, ma'am, de little gyurl fell to cryin' den fit to kill herse'f; but Marse William ketch her up in his arms, an' tell her he got somep'n' for her. An' he go unlock de liberry, an' take out fum a drawer a little silver whistle what you put water in an' blow tell hit des fairly sings. His ma gave him dat whistle when he was a little boy hisse'f. He take hit an' show her how hit work, an' tell her how much better to have somep'n' what can sing lak all de birds, an' not a po' little hummin'-bird what ain't good for nothin' 'cep'n' to nuss her babies. An' dat settles it. But de little gyurl done caught on to de blowin' herse'f, an' come 'long back dis mornin'. She in yonner now blowin' fit ter kill, — lissen! Hear dat fuss? An' he des as much distracted as if he warn't dyin' ter sleep. — Yes, sah!" continued the old man, lifting his voice as he heard his name called. "I'm er comin'! — Des er dyin' for sleep. Morn-

in', missus! Does me good to see you sometimes. Lord, but you got yo' pa's walk, — carry yo' head des like 'im, high an' proud. Seem like hit warn't but yestiddy I seen Colonel Bailey stan-nin' right dere in yo' tracks, tellin' me, 'Cæsar, 'spects some er dese days you goin' to have er new' " —

"Well, good-by, Cæsar. Mr. Marsdal is calling again."

"Good-by, Miss Helen! — Yes, sah! I'm comin'!"

"Cæsar," said his master gravely, when he did come, "the young lady will honor us this morning at breakfast. Put a suitable chair to the table for her." Seeing a troubled look upon the little face turned to his, he added, "And step across the street and say to her mother that I shall be greatly obliged if she will not interfere with the arrangement."

The child's face brightened, and the bird concert continued.

Out of the garret's dust came a child's high-backed chair to do duty for the tiny guest; out of the great china closet, a little cup and saucer and plate, with their blue forget-me-nots and butterflies of gold; out of the velvet-lined recess behind the sliding panel in the wall where gleamed the old Marsdal silver, the little knife, fork, and spoon. For Cæsar's greatest value lay in his quick perception of the fitness of things.

And such a breakfast as it was! There were the brownest of waffles, feathers in weight, cooled milk rich with cream, delicate broiled chicken, a golden omelet, and delicious rolls. Piled up about the vase of regal roses, behold the blended hues of the vineyard!

Long and wistfully the man watched his little guest and marked the workings of her mind. When Cæsar started the old ebony music-box, whose enfeebled spring failed in the middle of What are the Wild Waves saying? she ceased for a while to eat, and resumed her whistle, to prove her loyalty; and when at last, as the wonderful hour was drawing to its



close, a humming-bird invaded the window, hovered above a box of nasturtiums a moment, and, remembering perhaps the drama whispered of in bird circles the day before, darted up a lane of sunlight to freedom again, she looked grave and startled.

"Got to go now," she said suddenly; and sliding from the chair, she trotted out into the hall, her little feet making sweet music on the floor.

"Good-by!" he called to her. "Come again and let the birds sing me asleep."

"Good-by!" floated back from her lips.

"What is it, Cæsar?" he asked of that worthy, who was silently laughing.

"Gone to see if anybody done ketched *her* ma."

"You have a mind, after all," said the gentleman, turning quickly toward him. Then, "Go to the door and see that she gets back across the street safely."

He was looking thoughtfully on the vacant chair; perhaps he was dreaming some old dream anew, when a vision dawned upon him. Clad in the softest, whitest of muslins, with broad summer hat to match, a rich glow upon her dark Southern face, balancing on her hand a silver waiter full of blue celestial figs, ripe and blushing peaches, and gorgeous pomegranates laid open to their hearts, stood a young woman, the daintier reproduction of Titian's daughter. Whether she interrupted or completed his dream may not be known. William Marsdal passed his hand across his eyes and came forward quickly. He took her face in both hands and kissed her forehead.

"Mother sends these with her best wishes," she said, "and as soon as convenient would like to see you."

"See me?" Then a smile came upon his lips. "I understand. Are you very happy, Marjory?"

But blushing Marjory, putting the waiter aside hurriedly, fled, looking back from the front door to kiss her hand.

## II.

Few men have greater cause for congratulation than had William Marsdal at thirty. The only son in a family distinguished even in Southern society by its gentility and elegance, possessed of wealth and of a war record that would have made him a field marshal under the Empire, he came home from years of study and travel, to take his father's place and face the responsibilities of life. Barring a slight haughtiness of manner which he wore in public, yet so perfectly blended with deferential courtesy that it did not offend, he was an ideal gentleman from even the critical standpoint of his own neighbors. It was understood that he would marry and settle down; and aside from the commotion in many a cote of shy doves, there was public interest in the fact that the old house would be again thrown open to society.

The old house had seen many a gay throng within its walls. Withdrawn behind the loveliness of its shrubbery it brooded now; but within doors were abundant evidences of refinement. The harmony of artistic natures was felt in the antique furnishings, and the total absence of the garish and bizarre; a good woman's heart, a good man's thought, spoke in all that hand or eye might rest upon, from ground to garret. Those whose tastes were not blunted by contact with the coarseness of life outside caught there the flavor of lives that had passed away. It takes many a year for a house to earn such a character, — as long as it takes to make a gentleman. Dignity and that fine beauty which is called indefinable are axillary blossoms on family trees, and the home shares them. How soon, how easily, are they lost! A vulgar family can debauch such a house within a month, and break no civil law. Herein lies the gravest defect of the American system; there should be no way to sell the family home while

the family lives ; for within is the fountain-head of patriotism. That man who has a home full of memories and traditions is his country's sentinel.

To his home came William Marsdal, and people waited. Then, after some months, society said, "They were made for each other," — William and Helen, the only child of Colonel Marcus Bailey, whose little cottage was hidden behind the magnolias and roses a few hundred yards up the street, whose orchard of fine fruits broadened out in the rear until checked by the pasture for his splendid Jerseys, whose pasture was limited by spreading fields of cotton growing upon red levels, and whose cotton-fields — well, there is an end to all things, and the colonel's land ended somewhere.

Made for each other, — that was the verdict. The verdict was seemingly indorsed ; for soon the colonel was often seen taking his martial form, with assistance from his gold-headed cane, down to the Marsdals', and fanning himself upon the broad veranda, while old Mrs. Marsdal, with her lace cap above her aristocratic face, sat near, and they discussed the changes war had made, the solid South in Congress, and the alleged Kuklux. They discussed another matter with befitting dignity ; for Mrs. Marsdal mentioned her son's devotion to Helen, now apparent to everybody, and gave her host an impartial outline of William's character and a frank statement of his financial condition. The colonel said that William had always been a favorite of his, and that, however the young people might decide matters, he should be proud if Cupid brought about an alliance between his family and that of "Edward Marsdal, God rest his soul, — than which no purer, broader, truer, ever animated the form of man." Whereupon Mrs. Marsdal gave him her hand a moment, and pressed a filmy kerchief to her eyes, in which tears rivaled the rays of the single diamond upon her thin finger. From this Cæsar felt au-

thorized to launch upon the undercurrents of society the announcement of an engagement.

But the matter was not settled.

William and Helen were much together. He told her of the scene upon the porch, and she blushed and looked from him. He did not say the necessary word ; he did not know how. Any statement from him, he felt, would be trite and useless. Could she not see for herself ? Was he not telling her his love every day in the most eloquent of languages, the language of the heart ? Alas, he was fourteen years her senior, and knew little of the girl's heart. He drifted with the current, proud and happy. There were rivals, and among them was Robert Delamar, a cotton factor growing rich in the world of trade ; and Robert was confidently assiduous. But why should William fear any of them ? He had reason, but he did not know it. Lacking the something in his make-up that renders self-analysis possible, Robert did not perceive the truth of the situation. He had always been told that he was handsome and irresistible ; how could the old planter's daughter fail to find him so ? When, one day, she gave him hesitatingly a conditional "yes," he was only surprised at the conditions and at her refusal to add love's token.

The news came to William from a source he could not doubt. Amazed, angry, sick at heart, he went to Helen, and stood by her side a moment. She looked away from him.

"Is it true ?" he asked.

Her lips seemed not to move, but she whispered, "Yes."

He was silent, the girl's bosom rising and falling with agitation. He lifted his hat, and went away. Her eyes sought him then, full of fright and anguish. She could not bring herself to speak. He never came again until fourteen years had passed, and, impoverished by speculation, broken-spirited, broken-hearted, Robert Delamar lay dying in the little

cottage from excess of drink. Then he returned; for the dying man, with a clear perception of the truth and the nobility of his rival's heart, had sent for him. When he issued forth they were rivals no longer: one was dead, and the other a trustee and guardian.

The latter did his duty well. The fields had long before been sold; likewise the pasture and the orchard; and the cottage was mortgaged to its full value. How Robert Delamar had lived no one knew. But they came back, — the orchard first, then the pasture, and then the red levels; and upon these levels, at William's command, the patient mules went to and fro as of old with the heavy ploughs, until the fields were white with the summer snows of the South. One day the mortgage fell away from the little cottage, and a thrill of delight ran through the town; for with all their bickerings, jealousies, and heart-burnings, the people in these old towns love one another and the past.

But William Marsdal was another man in most respects. From the blow delivered by a woman's hand he shrank back and back within himself and the old home, until he almost disappeared from public view. The mantle of haughtiness became as masque and mail of iron. Still, as a rule, coldly polite, he developed an irritability that made politeness difficult; and there were times when, impatient from interference or the neighborly efforts of uncongenial persons to be friendly, he lost restraint. As the years passed he found it easier to be alone. People accepted him as an eccentric, explosive man, with whom it was unsafe to trifle, but upon whom every one might rely to do the right thing at last in the wrong way.

And yet they loved him! Little Marjory Delamar, his ward, soon learned to brave the dragon for the wonders of the Marsdal house. He was no dragon with her. She called him "Uncle William," and as one by one she led in her

playmates, they called him "Uncle William" too, and none were afraid; for, tolerating the boys, he became at last almost the slave of the little girls. People outside, who had felt the man's irascibility, his biting sarcasm, and the thunders of his resentment, laughed to see his softer side. They came to realize that, like some strong tree crowded by wall or cliff, he was developing toward all the sunshine that could reach him. In these years no child's demand ever went unnoticed by William Marsdal. Can any one ever forget the time when, losing a day by an accident, John Robinson's circus thought to slight the old town for a rival in red and yellow paint, twenty miles away; and this after the bills were up, and William Marsdal's promise had lain for weeks next to the hearts of the children who wore his flowers? Not one of them, at least. They were frightened and distressed, it is true, by the bad news and William's strange disappearance, and they paid many an anxious visit to Cæsar, much to that worthy's discomfiture. One day there was a blare of trumpets, and William Marsdal rode into town upon his big black horse at the head of the circus procession, pointed out a site for the tent in his own pasture, went around and adjourned the schools, closed up business houses, and gave a free performance. The glory of that day was William's, for had he not vanquished an impudent rival, and plucked victory from defeat? But with William the glorious feature of the day was the bank of young girls rising to the canvas roof itself, their faces radiant with delight, their ribbons and tresses dancing under the swaying cloth, their little hands beating time to the music of the scarlet band.

He was the king! For at his command the lady in short skirts came back twice on the claybank horse and waltzed through rings of living flame; the trained dogs went through their antics over and over, and the trick mule stayed in the

ring until too tired to kick. He cornered for his small guests the market for peanuts and lemonade; and as though this were not enough, he gave Cæsar to the clown to make more fun for them; but when the clown climbed the ropes for his present, and Cæsar, half afraid, resisted, and they rolled together in the dust, and the smallest girls began to cry, he bought Cæsar back for five dollars — extortion he called it — and stilled the rising tumult. Oh, the rapture of that day!

There was the recent affair of the new church organ. How violently, sarcastically, almost venomously, he opposed the purchase! And yet when the committee lacked sixty per cent of the needed amount, and the local sheet outlined a church fair, he called in Marjory one day, and sent her with a check for the sixty per cent, and a message to the effect that as between two evils he chose the lesser one.

Marjory was twelve when she became the ward of this strange man. Now she was eighteen; and as, rigidly erect in his faultless dress, he walked to the cottage responsive to her mother's summons, a long procession of events filed past him in review. But he could count upon the fingers of one hand the times he had been to the cottage since Helen's marriage: when Robert Delamar died; when he was buried; when the trust began; and finally when, freed from all incumbrances and productive, the little property was turned over to its former owner. This was the fifth time: he would make it the last.

And Robert Delamar had been six years dead!

He lifted the latch and passed along the gravel walk to the house, and then into the living-room. The woman who entered was Helen Bailey grown older. He held her hand a moment, while her eyes rested upon him with a sad, inquiring gaze that he seemed to understand. It was a gaze that, passing rap-

idly over his attire, touched for a moment the thin gray hair upon his temples, and rested upon the stern, uncompromising lines of his face. He could not endure even the suggestion of pity in her. He flushed for an instant, and the perpendicular line between his eyes deepened; but the gentility of his race quickly swept away all resentment.

"I thank you, Helen," he said, "for your kind remembrance this morning, and dear Marjory's bright-face. How can I serve you?"

Her sad smile came back; for a woman at thirty-eight is wiser than most men at fifty-two. She hesitated.

"Cæsar tells me you are not well; is it serious?"

"Cæsar is a babbling fool, Helen! I have suffered a little from insomnia for the week past."

"You have not slept at all! But be seated. There must be some cause for this," she continued. "You should consult a physician, Mr. Marsdal. Let me insist that you see a physician."

A grim smile came upon his face. "And you have one that you can recommend, I suppose."

"Oh," she laughed, "yes. But I had forgotten. It is of him I wish to speak. He told me," she said, looking down, "that you had given your consent to his marriage with Marjory; and now I have to tell you — that — circumstances — render it almost necessary for the marriage to take place soon. In fact, they have selected the date two weeks from today. Henry is going North and abroad for several years' study and hospital practice and" —

"I see. Let them go." He said this so bluntly that the woman resented it with flashing eyes.

"That is your reply?" she asked, somewhat coldly. "I thought you would be more interested, at least."

"I am sufficiently interested; I have neglected nothing. I know who Henry Vernon is; and his family for four gener-

ations back. I knew them when he came to me; for I am not blind, and found out in advance. And when I gave my consent, he signed a contract that will in a measure protect her. There is no longer any need of delay. He is able and keen in his profession; that is, he is an accomplished humbug. But I make no complaint. He is a necessary evil."

"I see you are still unchanged in your opinion of physicians."

"Entirely so. Will you be pleased to read the contract? I guessed at the nature of your business, and brought it with me."

"I shall be glad to read it," she said, surprised.

He drew forth a document and handed it to her. It was in his own well-known handwriting, she saw. She read:—

"In consideration of William Marsdal's consent to my marriage to his ward, Marjory Delamar, before she is of age, I hereby agree that one week after said marriage I will send her back to her mother to remain twenty-four hours. If upon the expiration of that time she fails to return to me, I pledge my honor as a gentleman never again to seek her presence or attempt to communicate with her, and that I will consent to a legal separation without prejudice. If she does return to me, then at the expiration of two years she shall again return to her mother for one day, upon the same terms. And I hereby give to this contract all legal force possible, making it a part of the religious contract yet to be solemnized, and will faithfully abide by it.

[Signed] HENRY VERNON."

Helen looked up from the paper, startled and embarrassed.

"How strange!" she whispered. "And yet"—

"I told him," continued William Marsdal, "that the average marriage credited to a heavenly making was a slander upon God Almighty; that a woman at eighteen knows nothing, and my object was to save something of life for my

child if she erred in her judgment. The fellow agreed with me instantly,"— he paused and stared at his listener, as though not yet recovered from astonishment; "and I had never liked him until then. He said he would sign anything that would throw safeguards about Marjory's future; that the husband was the only danger from which the law did not guard a woman. A man with a heart and mind like that ought to abandon humbuggery."

"It was thoughtful of you,—thoughtful of you," said Helen.

"The idea did not originate with me. I only carried out the unformed plan of your husband, revealed in his last moments."

She made no reply to this. Her breath came in gasps for one instant, and then she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept silently.

He came to her side. "Yes, Helen, Robert Delamar saw his mistake when life's perspective was complete. All that he could do was to turn it to account for his daughter's sake. You were a good wife, a devoted wife to him. Look up. I have told you the truth, to—hallow his memory." After a few moments' silence he continued: "I have two requests, Helen, to make of you: I want Marjory to wear this,"—he held out an exquisite little coronet set with diamonds,— "and I wish her marriage to take place in my house. It is eminently proper that it should, since I am her guardian, and your house is small. I want to see her a bride, crowned with these jewels, in the home of William Marsdal. I bought the trinket more than twenty years ago. You will not refuse me!" He wavered slightly and pressed his hand to his brow, a look of confusion in his eyes; but before she could reach him with outstretched hand he had steadied himself.

"Won't you let Henry come to see you, Mr. Marsdal? You are really ill. Don't refuse *me*. I refuse you nothing."

He felt in his pocket and handed her some papers.

"Here," said he, "are expressed a week's efforts to calculate a year's interest upon a simple note for six hundred and ninety dollars. The interest gets bigger and bigger every time, and upon the first trial it was greater than the principal. Something slipped in here," he said, touching his forehead, "and since then I have n't slept. If Henry can prescribe for bad arithmetic, send him around."

At the door he turned, to find her, sad and distressed, watching him. "Let nothing delay the marriage," he said.

### III.

Keen, quick, modern, well balanced, and bold, a healer by intuition and a physician by conscientious acquisition, Henry Vernon had begun his professional life with the conviction that failure was impossible. He grasped the new solutions of old problems, and placed himself in harmony with the new methods as fast he could master them; and he mastered everything he attempted until he met with William Marsdal. Behind the abruptness, the cynicism, and the sarcasm of this man he found an intellectual force and perception unsuspected, an ego unknown, unknowable, and elusive. Moreover, he found a disbeliever in the claims made for medicine. This opposing combination of forces placed him at great disadvantage when he came to study into the disorder which affected the sick man. There was another disadvantage: he had not been called; he had been sent. The pressure was behind. On the other hand, he and William Marsdal were practically of one family, and that fact, with the ironical message accompanying the arithmetical attempts, must perforce suffice for excuse to beard the lion in his den; and putting aside pride he bearded him.

William Marsdal grasped the young man's situation at once, and something like a smile hovered about his mouth when he contemplated the swarthy, square-jawed professional. How the data for a diagnosis were obtained Dr. Vernon could never entirely recall; but a dozen times during the hour he was sorely tempted to pick up his hat and leave without ceremony. Yet his host's outward manner was perfect. Still, he seemed to be fencing with an unfriendly antagonist in the dark, and despite a determination and promise to keep his temper, he from time to time received thrusts and blows that were maddening. Only the memory of Marjory and the undoubted goodness of the older man sustained him. But he satisfied himself at last that his first suspicions were correct. Armed with his conviction he was on better ground. He suited his action to the strong character before him.

"Mr. Marsdal," he began, "I have to tell you that you are not only ill, but threatened with a serious danger. It is best to tell you so frankly."

"Right so far, my young friend. Proceed."

"It may be paresis. It may be a growing tumor. It may be the effects of a slight lesion that will pass away by absorption, or a trifling inflammation that ten hours' sleep will relieve. Whatever it is, it is in the brain."

William Marsdal laughed. "It is but another way of saying that I consider you a very able man, sir, when I say again I agree with you. Proceed."

"My advice is to board the first train with a competent nurse, and go to a specialist in New York under whom I studied. If any one can cure you, he is the man."

"I won't go. What next?"

"Then you must put your life in my hands."

"Ah! That's another question. What do you propose to do with it, young man?"



"Preserve it."

"I see, — I see. Modest, but still it is to the point. However, I won't do that, either."

This was one of the times that Dr. Vernon reached for his hat, but he changed his mind. He looked his unwilling patient straight in the eyes.

"You said 'yes' to me, Mr. Marsdal, when I asked you for Marjory Delamar, and at the same time told me she was dearer to you than life itself. I believe those were the words? But you seem to be more careful of your life than of your ward, after all."

The slightly raised eyebrows and distinct sarcasm, the impudence of it all, astonished his hearer so that for a moment he could but stare. William Marsdal had one profane word that he used on extra occasions, and on this occasion he used it eloquently.

"I would not swear," said the young man coolly, — "unless for amusement. Avoid every form of mental excitement. There is too much excitement now, or you would sleep. My remark was not irrelevant nor intended for impertinence. I said you must put your life in my hands, but I did not say that I would accept the trust. I would do it only upon conditions. These might not suit you. There are other doctors in town" —

"All humbugs!"

"As you please. I have nothing else to suggest. I sincerely desire to help you for reasons you know in advance, but I cannot do it by main force."

"Young man," said William Marsdal, after a moment of silence, during which he perhaps tried to get his own consent to apologize for the profanity, "you may have diagnosed my present malady correctly, but there are other things in there besides tumors and lesions and inflammation. There is a love for Marjory Delamar that escaped you. If William Marsdal puts his life in your hands, and you lose it, your future, in this town, is ruined. You would never survive the

tongues of your professional brethren. My interest in the matter lies in the fact that professional ruin for you would cast a shadow over Marjory's future. My life is of little value; it shall not become a menace to her. I know my case; it is serious. Nothing but sleep can save me." His manner had changed. For one moment he was grave and serious.

Touched to the heart, amazed, repentant, Dr. Vernon sat silent, looking upon the floor.

"Think no more of it," said the host. "Come in occasionally with Marjory, and suggest — mind you, I say suggest — things to try. If I get well, I'll tell the world you saved me. If I die, you can tell them that it happened because I would n't let you." His old manner had returned.

So the matter arranged itself. But sleep would not come to the tired brain. All medical remedies failed. And the days passed.

The singular illness of William Marsdal soon became the absorbing topic of the town. He was amazed to find how many friends he had, and was touched by their loving solicitude; and then he raved to Cæsar about the annoyance. Every one was forbidden the yard but Marjory and her fiancé, and the children. The little ones tiptoed in and gathered flowers as usual. They even invaded the cool sitting-room and looked into the haggard face for the old smile, and found it. A thousand remedies were suggested, and the little girl across the street broke loose from restraining hands and one day brought another. She sat upon the carriage-step and gravely took off her shoes, and then went in, slamming the gate with a little extra force; so it seemed to Cæsar. She passed noiselessly on till she found her friend stretched upon the leather lounge, waiting. She had remembered his remark about the birds.

"Goin' to let the birds sing you to sleep," she said positively.

He turned his head quickly, not having heard her enter the room, and he laughed silently.

"Good! I have tried everything else!" he said. "Now, I'll shut my eyes tight, and you make the birds sing; and when I get to sleep, you can slip out and go home and tell them you beat the town. I'm ready; go ahead." And with a smile still upon his face, he shut his eyes.

The little girl made the birds sing. Cæsar felt that their shrill voices would never, never cease; but the invalid, judging from his facial expression, was floating in a sea of bliss. At last, however, her breath gave out. Coming close to her friend, she said, "Are you asleep?"

"Sound asleep," he replied. "Tell the birds I'm so much obliged."

Full of the glory of her conquest, the child ran off. Cæsar watched her out of the gate.

"Oomhoo!" he said. "Done lef' dem shoes settin' out dere."

That meant a trip across the street for Cæsar.

Dr. Vernon came up that evening with Marjory, bringing a message from her mother and a waiter of fruit. The next day was the marriage day. Their plans had been changed; for William Marsdal would not listen to a postponement, and the doctor would not consider the performance of the ceremony in that house under the circumstances. The old Presbyterian church had been substituted.

"Since I have been lying here," the sick man said, maintaining his playfulness, "I have been wondering how I could have ever been so sleepy that I could n't hold up my head; and yet I remember distinctly that, as a boy, there were times when I thought I should die if they did n't let me sleep. My parents were strict church people, and I being an only child, they tried all sorts of experiments with me." He laughed silently over some memory, and continued: "Sunday was to me a nightmare. I had to be

scrubbed by the nurse before breakfast, have my ears bored out with a finger concealed in a coarse towel, and study my Sunday-school lesson. At nine o'clock I was taken down to the school, — same old school going on now every Sunday under the same old church up the street, — and very much as Abraham took Isaac into the mountains, to be sacrificed. At ten they led me upstairs for the two hours of prayer and sermon. How sleepy I used to get! — for I was only a little fellow at that time. My feet could n't touch the floor of the pew, and my back would n't reach the pew's back. I knew about as much of what was going on as a cow does of astronomy. I would sit up, and wave to the right and left, and bob forward, and my father or mother would straighten me up patiently and frown. There was a Greek border around the ceiling — I saw the same thing in Italy when first I went abroad, and it made me homesick — that I played was a boulevard, and I drove my pony around the church, nearly twisting my head off when he went behind the organ, and twisting it back in a complete circle to see him come out on the other side. And there was a circle in the centre of the ceiling where I raced him. Sometimes he went so fast I would get dizzy and fall against mother, to be firmly elbowed up again and reproved with a grave face and compressed lips. Sometimes I would look at the cushioned seat and think that if I could just stretch out at full length there, with my head in mother's lap, I should be willing to die for it. But I was too much frightened to try it, for in front of me was a being of great power. He was bald on the top of his head, with his hair roached forward over his temples, and wore a high stock that kept him from turning his head. The sunlight would come down through the round panes of colored glass above the tall windows and crown him with changing glories; and it is a fact that I picked him out as the person in-

tended when the preacher spoke of an awful being whose face was forever hid from the eyes of man. When prayer-time came, I prayed to him from behind. I do not remember that I ever learned his name."

So the excited brain worked and worked, throwing off old impressions as one who digs in the garden upturns roots and bulbs, mementos of a bygone spring. Dr. Vernon listened intently, his brow in his hand, his face in the shadow. To him the pictured scenes were themselves symptoms. He could have placed his finger upon the localities of the brain that were affected. As, with Marjory, he walked home under the stars, he was strangely silent and thoughtful for one so near the realization of his dream. Marjory wondered and was piqued. It was the first but not the last time that a jealous mistress interfered with her plans.

"Will you give me an hour to-morrow?" he asked. "I am going to try an experiment."

"Certainly, Henry; but to-morrow will be my busiest day."

"I know, but my experiment is for William Marsdal. You noticed that the progress of his malady has reached the mysterious records of youth; the little cells are giving back their impressions. I want to try and uncover some that will exert a good influence. I will explain to-morrow."

"Just to oblige me, Uncle William; it is not far, and the walk will do you good. You have not heard the new organ, and you have never heard Marjory play. Don't refuse; remember that this is the last day your little girl" —

"Get my hat."

Marjory danced off delighted, and the two set out; William Marsdal still erect, but thin and haggard, and the old defiant look in his eyes changed to that of a hunted animal. Still, his splendid strength sustained him.

But few passers-by saw the two, and

those who did supposed they were strolling for exercise only. They went into the old church, and Dr. Vernon joined them by what was apparently a mere chance.

"Have you memory enough," he said, smiling, "to find your boyhood's scene of suffering?"

William Marsdal had been standing, gazing about him abstractedly, thinking of the long-gone days.

"Yes," he said gravely, and together they walked to the pew he designated. Again he sat in the familiar spot. "It is more comfortable now. I can touch the floor and the back both. Nothing else appears changed. Dear me! dear me! but where are the faces, the forms, I knew? Forty years! It is a long time, and yet it was but yesterday!"

"I must not tire you," said Marjory, obeying a signal from Dr. Vernon. "I'll run up and try the organ now."

As she began to play, William Marsdal looked back and upward to where he could see her curls above the rail.

Marjory made the beautiful instrument sing all the old-time tunes. Dr. Vernon excused himself to "keep an engagement," but he stood outside in the vestibule, and through a half-opened door watched the little scene within. And this is what he saw: The sick man sat dreaming in the pew, his chin in his hand, for many minutes, and then he began idly to study the surroundings, having forgotten the music and the player. His face was lifted, and his eyes followed in its zigzag course the Greek border under the ceiling, the boulevard of his boyhood days. Then they appeared to find the big circle. A half smile lit his face; his clinical aspect improved. He lowered his head and sank into reverie, and time and again he lifted it and went through the familiar pantomime. But when many minutes had passed, and the fair player was gently drawing from the instrument the strains of that sadly beautiful old hymn, "Come,

ye disconsolate," Dr. Vernon started forward quickly: the figure in the pew had distinctly swayed. Instantly it recovered and was rigid. And then again the unmistakable motion made in nodding was apparent. William Marsdal was decidedly sleepy. He appeared to struggle with his weakness; then he involuntarily yielded. He did that which brought a smile of delight to the young man's face: he looked about him cautiously, measured the cushion with his eye, and, with sudden surrender of his scruples, calmly stretched himself out at full length. Dr. Vernon rushed noiselessly, breathlessly, to the organ-loft.

"Play on! play on!" he whispered eagerly, for Marjory's pretty mouth and eyes were open, and she was pausing in sheer astonishment. But she rallied, and played, "Come, ye disconsolate," over and over and over, until she almost dropped from the seat. Then Henry came up again, radiant and joyful.

"Thank God, he sleeps!" he said. "Don't stop! don't stop yet!"

She made only one false note, which was doing well when kisses were being showered upon her lips and her head was drawn back.

"Keep a thread of music running through his dream, dear; one hand will do, — chords, fifths. I am afraid of silence. Oh, if I could pray, I believe I should try the Presbyterians' long prayer!"

She had never seen him in this mood. "Henry!" she said reprovingly.

And then he uttered an exclamation that was not a prayer, and dashed downstairs again; for a dozen girls, laden with flowers, had passed into the church, and were preparing to decorate for Marjory's marriage. In a moment he was among them, and they were silenced with six words: "William Marsdal is asleep at last!" But he suffered them to pass noiselessly through the aisles, and wreathed the altar, lamp-stands, and brackets with flowers, and fill the vases.

It was a strange scene for that dim old church, the girls in white, working so swiftly, silently, intelligently, banishing the sadness of the solitude with their regal blossoms. It was as though Spring with her handmaidens had come into the little world. When all was ended, and the physician stood over the sleeper with lifted hand, the fairies glided by, each with a tender look into the familiar face touched with the violet hues of the painted glass, and were gone. In their stead were the odor of flowers, the gleam of white blossoms, and the thread of melody descending from above.

So slept the sick man; and another problem arose. The bride was forced away, and later, friends took the place of the groom. A guard stood at the door to bar intruders and answer questions, and one in the street to bar all vehicles. Noon's short shadows lengthened toward the east, and the sun set. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the physician ruled the groom. Henry Vernon declared that no consideration would tempt any of those interested to awaken the sleeper: that was out of the question. "Postpone the wedding? No," said he promptly; "that will excite him when he does awake. We will carry out his original plan."

So they went to work again. This time Cæsar slaved for the fairies. The old Marsdal mansion was thrown open, and the windows flashed outward their lights for the first time in many a year. A young bride wearing a tiara of diamonds stood beneath the smilax, an old man's dream made visible, and was married to the man she loved. Nine o'clock rang as she gave him her pledge, and she did not notice a slight commotion near the door. But when the prayer was ended, and, pushing back her veil, she faced the phalanx of well-wishing friends, she saw standing there William Marsdal, his face bright with the dews of rest, his eyes lit by the old familiar flame. With a cry she ran to him and hid her head

upon his breast, sobbing with happiness. He could but kiss her forehead over and over, and whisper. He turned from the eager congratulations pouring in upon him, and from the forms about him.

"Kind friends," he said, "you caught William Marsdal napping. I missed some sleep forty years ago, but I caught up to-day. Enjoy yourselves; the house is yours." He retired precipitately, and hid himself in the shadow of the Lamarque at the far end of the veranda to recover his equanimity. As he stood there he felt a touch upon his arm, and, looking down, saw in a little patch of moonlight the face of Helen Bailey.

"I am so glad," she said, "I must tell you! And, Mr. Marsdal, we have not met often; we may not meet again. I want to thank you—oh, I wish I could thank you for your kindness to me and my child. I did not deserve it,—I did not, I did not!" She covered her face with her hands and stood in the shadow.

"Helen," he said, "how could you do it?" The question crying for utterance so long had burst from him at last.

"Oh," she said brokenly, "you did not understand,—no man understands! I wanted to be asked, to be wooed,—every girl wishes that. It was all so matter of fact—and I was proud! If you had spoken one word—that day—oh, if you had touched me with your hand, I would have thrown myself into your arms!"

"What!" he cried. "You loved me!"

"Every minute of my life since I met you!"

"And I," he said in awe, as the sad mistake began to be apparent, "thought that my fourteen years—that I was too old—I thought that the trouble was there!"

She did not speak, but stood struggling with her emotion. He came and put his hand reverently upon her head.

"Helen," he said, "in the hours of that blessed sleep in the old church I

dreamed of you. My mind ran all the way up from childhood to those happy days of ours; and I thought I saw you standing in this house a bride. I got no further than that. I awoke with the moon looking down into my face, and came away happy and yet sad. Is it too late for that dream to come true? Let me see your face."

And he saw it with the love-light shining through wet lashes.

"To-night," he whispered,—"let it be to-night!"

She was too much amazed to answer.

Then William Marsdal was himself again. "It shall be to-night, now, madam! You have robbed me of twenty years. You shall not rob me of another day."

Her protestations were useless. She found herself laughing and half indignant over her situation; but resistance was useless. He marched her in through a side-window, and stood by while she laved her eyes and arranged her hair, and he checked her frequent rebellions in their incipency. When he took her into the broad parlor, and, standing where the young couple had just stood, announced his intention, there was almost a cheer from the assemblage; for the romance in his life was a town legend. And under the smilax, in a silence that was almost too solemn, William Marsdal's dream came true.

Little more remains to be told. Society was shaken to its foundation, of course; and then it smiled over the affair, which it called thoroughly Marsdalsque; for who else could have looked death in the face at nine A. M., and a bride at nine P. M., and in the meantime have secured twelve hours of sleep?

Cæsar came out on the sidewalk next morning to sweep the carriage-step, and found a good-looking mulatto woman similarly engaged across the street.

"Tell de little gyurl Marse William done ketch er hummin'-bird hisse'f up

on de same po'ch," he said. "Ketched her once befo' an' turn' her loose. Bet he don't turn her loose no more!"

"Caesar!" called an imperative voice from the porch.

"Yes, sah!"

"Carry these roses down to your Miss Helen with my compliments, and say that I will call for her with the carriage at ten o'clock!"

*Harry Stillwell Edwards.*

## THE ROMANCE OF A FAMOUS LIBRARY.

THE dispersion of a great collection of books has necessarily its aspect of melancholy. The chagrin is less keen, however, when the greatness of the collection has consisted rather in the richness of the individual items than in their aggregate importance as representative of any one subject. Of such a character was that portion of the Ashburnham library recently auctioned off in London. Exceeding as was the interest of the items individually, they had no special significance in juxtaposition. Their dispersion, therefore, but carries forward another stage the wanderings to which books of their class are subject, and which make their career one of incessant adventure.

But the sale which brings to an end this famous library naturally recalls its origins, and these in turn an episode perhaps the most extraordinary, involving circumstances among the most picturesque, in bibliothecal history. This episode has in it so much that is suggestive of the vicissitudes which the literary treasures of Europe have undergone that, even apart from its special relation to

the Ashburnham collection, it seems now to deserve recital in full.<sup>1</sup>

About the year 1830 there came to Paris from Florence one William Brutus Timoleon Libri-Carrucci. He professed the title of count, and explained himself as a refugee from political persecution. As Florence was at this time the scene of various political disorders, he was very likely a fugitive from prosecution, if not from persecution. He was only twenty-seven years old, but his talents soon commended him to Arago, who made him a protégé. He became a naturalized French citizen in 1833, and very shortly, in succession, a member of the Institute, a member of the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, a contributor to the *Journal des Savants*, and, in 1843, professor in the College of France. His early interest was mathematics, but soon he turned to the history of science, and then to bibliography and palæography. His aptitude for these latter studies appears to have been remarkable. His taste for old books and old manuscripts, rendered definite and substantial as it was by erudition, soon became a passion. He formed

<sup>1</sup> For simplicity in narrative the statement which follows assumes as proved certain allegations which may yet be subject of controversy. The career of Count Libri is even now, however, not fully explicit. As to his motives, as to his methods, and as to the extent of his depredations, there is still room for disagreement. Sympathetic agreement can hardly be expected between those who were the victims of his frauds and those who benefited by them. The evidence for the former is detailed in a re-

port submitted in 1883 by M. Delisle, director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, to the minister of public instruction. It is this report which in the main is followed in the subjoined narrative. The evidence which it sets forth has not been answered, I believe, by authorities from the British side. It covers, however, but a portion of the material to which the allegations of fraud refer. That there was a fraud, ingenious, daring, and of sufficient proportions, seems to be clearly established.



a design for amassing a great collection of his own, but before he had gone far with this he seems to have been touched with cupidities purely mercantile, and thereafter he gave up almost his entire time to the purchase and sale of rare books, manuscripts, and autographs. In 1837 he had been considered for a position in the National Library; two years later he was an applicant for one, but his application did not succeed. The minister of public instruction sent him a polite note of regret, which, however, threw him into a rage of mortified vanity. At the time this took the form merely of a sarcastic letter to the minister, but seems to have found other satisfaction later in such injury as he could contrive against the library itself and French libraries in general. In 1841, under a different minister, a project was formed for a general catalogue of the manuscripts in the public (communal) libraries of France, and Libri was named the secretary of a commission charged with the preliminaries of this undertaking. In the course of the following year, fortified with letters of introduction from the minister, he made a tour of the most important of these libraries. Now, it is in these institutions that are preserved many of the most precious of the literary legacies of the Dark Ages and of the Middle Ages. This is true of Dijon, Lyons, Grenoble, Carpentras, Montpellier, and Poitiers, but especially of Tours and of Orleans. The town library of Tours, for instance, contains the spoils of the old abbey of Marmoutier, of the famous community of St. Martin of Tours, of the cathedral chapter, and of many minor convents and churches. It boasts an evangeliary of the eighth century; a charter given by Henry II. of England to the Carthusians whom he established in England as part

of the expiatory offering for the murder of Thomas à Becket; several manuscripts of Boethius of the ninth and tenth centuries; material rich in contribution to local archive, to religious history, of course, but the classics also: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Horaces of the ninth and tenth centuries, Lucans and Virgils of the tenth and eleventh. These libraries, representing in large part spoils from religious institutions, had undergone strange vicissitudes: that of Tours had undergone the sack of Tours by the Normans in the ninth century, the pillage by the Protestants in 1652, and the vandalism of the revolutionary epoch; and with all the rest it had suffered a continual petty pillage by amateurs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The year 1842 found most of these collections in sad disorder, ill housed, ill catalogued, and without proper custodians.

Count Libri, however, brought to his examination of them a knowledge of their value, and in the ignorance and negligence of their custodians he found his opportunity. Proceeding systematically and at his leisure, he culled out and carried off with him some of the best of the manuscripts; here taking the full volume, sometimes substituting for it one of less value, sometimes taking only sections of a volume; varying his practice, apparently, as he found the material in more or less disorder, and the attendants more or less intelligent or careful.<sup>1</sup> In this way he seems to have garnered several hundreds of manuscripts, among them some of the most precious of the literary heirlooms of France.

On returning to Paris, he set about disfiguring the manuscripts. One purpose of this was, of course, to insure against detection, — against their identification as having come from these par-

<sup>1</sup> When he took a breviary of Alaric, No. 204, he put in its place a copy of the Institutes of Justinian. "He knew," says the chronicler, "that the custodian was not in a case to dis-

tinguish the Institutes of Justinian from the breviary of Alaric." So in another place he substituted an Hippocrates for an ancient manuscript of Oribase.

ticular libraries; but his design seems to have gone beyond this. Perhaps it was malice for the old affront that he had received from France; perhaps it was merely the proper patriotism of a native of Italy; at all events, he put much ingenuity into alterations which should indicate an Italian in place of a French origin. He erased such notes as existed indicating the latter, and inserted notes indicating Italian origin. Some very slight changes sufficed,—the erasure of one earmark, and the substitution of another. Of the phrases substituted, “*Est sancti Petri de Perusio*” was one; “*Liber Abbatiae Sancti Maria de Florentia*,” another; “*Sancte Justina de Padua*,” another. The Latin names for Fleury and for Florence (the one *Floriacum*, the other *Florentia*) were so nearly alike that by changing the last three syllables in the adjectival form of the first he was able to attribute to a Florentine church one of the incomparable manuscripts of the abbey of Fleury. In this way, the credit of beautiful manuscripts which gave eloquent testimony to the literary activities of the ancient schools of St. Denis, of Lyons, of Tours, of Orleans, was transferred to the religious houses of Grotta Ferrata, Padua, Pistoia, Perugia, Mantua, Verona, and Florence. As an additional safeguard, Libri had many of the old French bindings taken off, and Italian bindings substituted.

All these erasures, insertions, and forgeries were done with exquisite skill and learning, reproducing the characters appropriate to the period with which the main body of the manuscript in each case corresponded. Finally, Libri hoped to cloak the stolen manuscripts under a collection bought by him from an Italian, Francesco Redi, and to this end he forged upon some of them the name of Francesco Redi.

Now, to these various manuscripts, so disguised, — rendered in many cases unrecognizable by inversion of sections or

of leaves, or by being dissected and having their fragments scattered through various volumes, — Libri added material stolen from the National Library and other Paris libraries, and some material no doubt legitimately acquired. In 1845 he issued a catalogue of this collection, comprising about 2000 items; but he seems not to have pressed the sale in France. He corresponded with Panizzi of the British Museum, and Panizzi undertook to negotiate a sale to the Museum, without, however, mentioning Libri's name. These endeavors coming to nothing, Libri tried to treat with the University of Turin; this also failed. There then ensued a negotiation with the Earl of Ashburnham.

The Earl of Ashburnham was one of those wealthy British noblemen with the fancies of a collector, with a country-seat and with ample funds. Libri's collection was brought to his attention first through the medium of an official of the Museum, John Holmes; but the utmost secrecy was urged and insisted upon, on both sides. If Libri's insistence upon secrecy mystified Lord Ashburnham, it did not, apparently, lead him to inquiry. He engaged a bookseller, named Rodd, to act for him. Rodd was to go to Paris, and to bring back with him a couple of items as samples of the collection. He went and examined the manuscripts, and selected two volumes. One of these appears to have been a Pentateuch stolen by Libri from the library of Tours. On the strength of this exhibit, and assuming the rest of the collection to be as indicated in the catalogue, Lord Ashburnham bought it entire for the sum of £8000. In April, 1847, it was shipped, and duly arrived at Ashburnham Place.

At about the same time with this sale of his manuscripts, Libri announced a sale of his printed books. But inconvenient rumors had begun to circulate as to the origins of his collection. He received intimation of a criminal prosecution, and fled to England, trailing

after him eighteen boxes of books. In 1850 a regular indictment was issued against him, and he was condemned, on non-appearance, to ten years' imprisonment.

In spite of his flight he continued to assert his innocence, and his friends, of whom he numbered many among the savants, contended hotly for it. Paul Lacroix was persistent on his behalf, and Prosper Mérimée was so fiery in defending him as to subject himself to a fortnight's imprisonment. The battle waged back and forth for years. In time Libri left England and withdrew to Fiesole, where he died on the 28th of September, 1869.

In the meantime Ashburnham Place gained distinction throughout Europe by the presence there of a collection of such extraordinary richness. Two years after the purchase of the Libri material, Lord Ashburnham bought a second collection, — also in part culled from the libraries of France. This collection, containing some 700 numbers, he bought for £6000 from a Frenchman named Barrois. Barrois appears to be entitled to rank, not as a thief, but as a receiver of stolen goods. He was accustomed to purchase material purloined from the National Library and other libraries of France, and to disguise it in somewhat the same manner as did Libri. It would naturally be supposed that Lord Ashburnham would have had his suspicions aroused by the proceedings against Libri, and would have looked with hesitation upon material so nearly akin to that which Libri was accused of having stolen; but if he had a suspicion, he did not permit it to defeat his ambition of raising Ashburnham Place to renown as the seat of a great collector.

In 1849 there came into the English market a very famous English collection, known as the Stowe collection. It grew out of the library of manuscripts formed by the keeper of the records in the Tower. It comprised 996 num-

bers, — Anglo-Saxon charters, wardrobe books, state correspondence, early English homilies, registers, cartularies of English monasteries, heraldic manuscripts, and the Irish collections of Dr. O'Connor; being mostly manuscripts of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. This collection, also, Lord Ashburnham bought for a lump sum of £8000.

Finally, miscellaneous material, consisting of about 250 manuscripts, purchased from various sources at the cost of about £8000, completed a collection which has been one of the most famous of modern times, — famous, not on account of its size (for the entire library comprised less than 4000 items, of which the Libri section made up 1923), but from the extraordinary nature of the material of which it was composed. Nor was its reputation due to any urgent publicity. On the contrary, in the hands of the elder earl it seems to have been kept unusually secluded even for a private library. Indeed, there was some complaint that it was unreasonably inaccessible to scholars. It would be unfair to assert that such privacy was due to a doubt on the part of the owner as to the legitimacy of his title. That he was not wholly oblivious, however, of an antecedent fraud — as regards the Libri section — would appear from a letter written by him to Delisle in 1869, in which the following passage occurs: "I am naturally most interested in your observations upon manuscripts in my possession. My books are in the country, and therefore I will not speak positively to the fact that the Pentateuch, which, according to Signor Libri, came from Grotta Ferrata, does not contain any note to that effect, but such is my impression. This, however, is of little consequence, for Libri states the fact in his catalogue, and other manuscripts from his collection contain what I have long suspected and what you state to be fraudulent attempts to conceal the true '*Unde derivantur*' of property that

has been lost or stolen. The numbers 1, 6, 14, in Libri's catalogue are all important manuscripts, and, if I mistake not, are clearly traceable to churches and monasteries at or in the neighborhood of Tours."

In 1878 the elder Lord Ashburnham died, and a couple of years later his son announced that he was about to dispose of the Ashburnham library by sale. He offered it first to the British Museum, and set the price at £160,000. (Its actual cost, thirty years before, had been £32,000.) The Museum authorities, after a careful examination, were urgent for purchase, and petitioned Parliament for a special grant for the purpose; and to further the negotiation Lord Ashburnham intimated that he had received proposals from an American for the entire collection. In the meantime France had awakened to a sense of its own interest in the matter. Delisle had been investigating: he now warned the trustees of the British Museum that the Libri and Barrois collections contained many manuscripts stolen from French libraries and falsified. He selected particular items, — fourteen of the most ancient of the Libri manuscripts, — and adduced evidence to show that in 1842 they had been in the libraries at Lyons, Tours, Troyes, and Orleans. He secured the appointment by the French government of a commission to act for France, and furnished this commission with a list of 166 titles as to which he claimed his evidence to be conclusive. This commission arranged with the British Museum that in case the Museum should purchase the entire Ashburnham library these 166 manuscripts should be returned to France, on the payment by the latter of 600,000 francs, which was deemed a fair proportion on the basis of 4,000,000 francs for the entire library. Unfortunately, the British government declined to consider the purchase of the entire library for the Museum, assenting finally to the purchase of the Stowe

collection alone, for the sum of £45,000 (for which the elder earl had paid £8000 thirty years before).

Meanwhile, Delisle had had correspondence directly with Lord Ashburnham; he had been particularly positive in his assertions as to "No. 7" of the Libri collection, claiming that it was composed simply of sections torn by Libri in 1842 from the Pentateuch "No. 329" of Lyons. Lord Ashburnham demanded proof. Delisle replied with an offer to submit his evidence to the librarians of the British Museum, of the Bodleian, and of Cambridge. Lord Ashburnham rejoined with an offer to consider the evidence himself. The evidence presented was a statement by a German, Fleck, in a book of travels published at Leipsic in 1835, describing the Pentateuch as examined by him at Lyons. On this information Lord Ashburnham admitted the proof to be complete, and placed in the hands of Leon Say, the French ambassador at London, the fragments of the precious Pentateuch, which, he said, "the law of England would authorize him to retain, but which he would insist upon making a gift to France."

The grace of this episode was somewhat marred by an acrimonious correspondence later, upon Delisle's assertion that the above statement was an admission that *all* the Libri manuscripts had been stolen from France.

The French government offered 700,000 francs for the Libri and Barrois collections together, assuming that this sum, representing twice the amount paid by the elder earl, would be an adequate price; but Lord Ashburnham called their attention to the fact that interest had not been figured. In 1883, however, he offered to sell the Libri, the Barrois, and the Appendix together, which had cost his father £22,000, for £140,000.

In both the Libri collection and the Appendix were many manuscripts of interest to Italy. At first Italy attempted to pool with France: this failing, she ne-

gotiated on her own account, but refused to buy what was claimed by France. In 1884 she bought the Libri collection minus the 166 manuscripts claimed by France and identified by Delisle; and in addition she bought forty-two Dante manuscripts which formed part of the Appendix collection.

Three years later, Lord Ashburnham authorized Trübner, of Strasburg, to effect a sale of all that remained of the original Ashburnham library; the price stated being £100,000 for the whole, or £76,000 less the manuscripts claimed by France.

Trübner's commercial cleverness devised a plan bringing a fourth country into the transaction. Germany also had been mourning a loss; but it was one that antedated Count Libri's activities by more than two hundred years. This loss was that of the *Manessische Liederhandschrift*, so called. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Roger Manessè, a nobleman of Zürich, had brought together a number of songs of love and chivalry composed by nobles of Switzerland and Suabia. This collection survives in some 7000 strophes, interspersed with miniatures. The text, as standing for so large a body of the work of the Minnesingers, is of value incalculable to the literary history of Germany. In 1601 the manuscript was in the possession of a German noble in the Rhine valley. Then it went to Zürich. In 1607 it went to Heidelberg, to the Kurfürst Friedrich IV. In 1622 Tilly took Heidelberg, and the Archduke Maximilian sent its entire library to Pope Gregory XV. in Rome. The next appearance of the *Manessische Liederhandschrift* was in Paris in the latter half of the seventeenth century, in a collection belonging to the brothers Pierre and Jacques du Puy. On the 4th of July, 1657, they gave it to the king of France, who placed it in the Royal Library, afterward the *Bibliothèque Nationale*; and there, although of interest predom-

inantly to Germany, it remained for more than two hundred years.

So the year 1888, which found England possessed of manuscripts passionately coveted by France, found France possessed of a manuscript ardently coveted by Germany.

Trübner, to whom these facts were known, formed a project of triple exchange; and on February 7, 1888, the exchange was effected, Trübner ceding to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* the 166 manuscripts from the Ashburnham library claimed by France, and the *Bibliothèque Nationale* ceding to Trübner for Germany the *Manessè* collection, with a bonus of 150,000 francs. To complete the transaction, the German government presumably transmitted to Lord Ashburnham, through Trübner, the remaining 450,000 francs which would represent the price of the *Manessè* on the basis of 600,000 francs formerly quoted for the stolen manuscripts. On February 23, 1888, there was a formal surrender of the 166 stolen manuscripts. It took place at the London Trübner's, on Ludgate Hill. On the same day and at the same hour the *Manessè* was surrendered to the German ambassador at Paris, and on April 10 was formally deposited at Heidelberg, accompanied with a letter of congratulation from the Emperor Frederick to the Grand Duke of Baden.

In their negotiations with the British Museum and with Lord Ashburnham, the French representatives took a lofty moral ground with reference to the stolen manuscripts. They pointed out that every principle of the higher justice required that France should be permitted to regain that of which she had been unlawfully dispossessed. When, however, the manuscripts had been received by the National Library, and the question was of replacing them in the town libraries from which they had been stolen, the authorities of the National Library said the case was very differ-

ent: it was the negligence of the town libraries that had given opportunity for the theft; it was not for those libraries now to profit by the diligent effort of the national officials and of the administration of the National Library which had recovered them at the expense of the state. Accordingly, at the last account, the manuscripts were still at Paris.

The sales which took place in London in July and November last were sales of the remnants of the Ashburnham collection still in the hands of the younger earl. The books brought extraordinary prices, — the aggregate sum realized being nearly \$250,000. A copy of the first printed edition of the Bible, with miniatures and illuminations, was sold for \$20,000; a Caxton's Jason (which had been sold twice before for \$500) brought \$10,000. Assuming the entire collection to have realized the £160,000 originally demanded, the \$160,000 paid for it thirty years before may be reckoned to have yielded interest at the rate of sixteen per cent per annum, — an indication that rare manuscripts offer a profitable field for investment.

The annals of great libraries bear instances in plenty of thefts, and thefts on a large scale and of important material. Our own national library has only within the past few weeks recovered a portion of the five hundred autograph manuscripts said to have been stolen from it by an employee, and resold, through dealers, to the Lenox and other purchasers. In 1885 the library at Parma reported five thousand volumes stolen, and the secretary of the library was arrested. At St. Petersburg, upward of a thousand volumes and a thousand pounds' worth of manuscripts, which had been missing from the Imperial Library, were found at the house of Dr. Aloys Pichler. Dr. Pichler was the director of the library: he had shown great concern at the losses, and had instituted a process of rigid search of all per-

sons leaving the building. The zeal of the doorkeeper finally extended to the search of Dr. Pichler's own greatcoat, on a day when the doctor's presence seemed unusually imposing; and there were disclosed certain rare folios which he was carrying off to add to his private collection. Not long ago the Casanatensian Library at Rome reported stolen the *Mundus Novus*, — four precious parchment leaves written by Amerigo Vespucci; and a little later the Italian government offered a reward of ten thousand lire for information of the whereabouts of a codex of Cicero, *De Officiis*, stolen from the municipal library of Perugia. In 1882 a fine manuscript of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius was stolen from the Vatican Library, and within a few hours was resold to another Roman library. We have a parallel to this in a theft from the Astor Library, in 1893, of an Ovid and a Zarathe which were resold to the Columbia College Library for eighty dollars. The thief was a Greek named Douglas. He had spent three years in Yale; but in his case a college career did not overcome a disposition doubtless congenital.

In 1886 there were offered for sale in Paris various rare books and fifteenth-century manuscripts of wonderful beauty which had come into the hands of a bricabrac collector importing from Spain. The consignment was tapestries; and the books and manuscripts had been used merely as "packing." They bore marks of mutilation; and what had been cut out was the signet of the Columbine, bearing the inscription "*Biblioteca Columbiana*," and certain notes at the beginning and end of each book added by Fernando Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus; for they had come from the Columbian Library of Seville, which had been turned over by Fernando to the chapter of Seville Cathedral.

Nor have such depredations been confined to libraries whose administration is habitually slumbrous. In 1882 the



Bibliothèque Nationale missed several diplomas of Charles the Fat, Otho, and the Emperor Louis; charters of bishops and lords of Lorraine, Burgundy, Champagne, and Languedoc, — in all sixty-six parchments, valued at a million francs. True, these all were found, on search of the apartments of one Chevreux; but the fact of the theft shows that the vigilance of a well-conducted European library does not suffice.

When to plunder by conquest is added occasional theft on a large scale, and to this, again, constant pillage by amateurs,<sup>1</sup> it is not strange that many of the most famous of existing manuscripts are scattered in fragments throughout Europe;<sup>2</sup> nor that few of them could present a clear title in the present owners, — that is, a title every link of which was lawful in the conventional sense.

But with respect to books, habit, if not convention, has tended to establish a special code of ethics, distinct from that applicable to ordinary properties. It may well be that the property right in a book is but a limited and provisional right, — a right which continues in the owner only until it appears that the volume will confer a greater benefit upon some one else. This view, which may justify — nay, which to a sensitive conscience may sorrowfully compel — the expropriation of a book, does not necessarily extend to the expropriation of the contents of a book: and we have it as a singular contrast that many persons of repute, who would hold it a theft to pla-

giarize other men's ideas, hold it no more than a plagiarism to purloin their books. In using the term "theft" in connection with books we should therefore explain that by theft we mean no more than the dispossession of one holder in favor of another; and set apart wholly the question of moral turpitude in the transaction.

Of all the episodes in bibliothecal history involving the possible use of such a term, that of Count Libri is entitled to preëminence for many reasons: the picturesque early career of the thief; his ingenious learning; the eminence of his friendships; his audacity in selecting for theft material unique and of national importance; the skill with which he contrived to disguise its origin; the sentiment which shaped this disguise so as to transfer to his native Italy literary credits which belonged to France; the credulity of the elder Earl of Ashburnham in accepting the stolen material without adequate inquiry; the fame of the collection in his possession; his persistent refusal to recognize any title in the dispossessed libraries against his own equities as a *bona fide* purchaser without notice; the canniness of the younger earl in negotiating a sale; the interest which the sale aroused, bringing in as it did four great governments of Europe, which made the matter one of international concern; the magnitude of the price paid; and the dramatic disposition of the stolen material upon the final adjustment.

Herbert Putnam.

<sup>1</sup> The French, according to Mr. Lang, have a euphemistic term for this pillage by bibliophiles, with great greed and little conscience: they call it *indélicatesse*!

<sup>2</sup> M. Delisle instances: —

1. A Virgil in capital letters, of which part is at the Vatican, part at Berlin (Royal Library).

2. Homilies of St. Augustin on papyrus and parchment: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Library of Geneva.

3. Collection of barbaric laws: part at the

Bibliothèque Nationale, part at Ashburnham Place, part at the British Museum.

4. Horace of the tenth century: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Hamburg Library.

5. Allegorical Bible of the thirteenth century: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Bodleian, part at the British Museum.

6. A Mirror of History which belonged to Pregent de Coutivy: vol. i. at the Vatican, vol. ii. at the British Museum, vol. iv. at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

## THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

## XII.

PHILIP D'AVRANCHE sauntered slowly through the Vier Marchi, nodding right and left to people who greeted him. It was Saturday, and market-day. The square was fast becoming crowded. All was a cheerful babel; there was movement, color, everywhere. Here were the high and the humble, the ugly and the beautiful, — hardi vlon and hardi biau; the dwarfed and the tall, the dandy and the dowdy, the miser and the spend-thrift; young ladies gay in silks, laces, and scarves from Spain, and gentlemen with powdered wigs from Paris; sailors with red tunics from the Mediterranean, and fishermen with blue and purple blouses from Brazil; man-o'-war's men with Greek petticoats, Turkish fezes, and Portuguese espadras. Jersey housewives, in bedgones and white caps, with molleton dresses rolled up to the knees, pushed their way through the crowd, with baskets of eggs, or black butter, or jugs of cinnamon brandy on their heads. From La Pyramide — the hospitable base of the statue of King George II. — fishwives called the merits of their conger-eels, lobsters, crack-fish, and ormers; and the clatter of a thousand sabots made the Vier Marchi to sound like a ship-builder's yard.

In this square Philip had loitered and played as a child. Down there, leaning against a pillar of the Corn Market piazza, was the grizzly-haired seller of foreign cloths and silks and droll odds and ends, who had given him a silver flageolet when he was a little lad. There were the same swaggering manners, the big gold rings in his ears, the brown stockings; there was the same red sash about the waist, the loose unbuttoned shirt, the truculent knife-belt; there were the same keen brown eyes that looked you through

and through, and the mouth with a middle tooth in both jaws gone. He was stooping over the beautiful brass-nailed bahue, lifting out gay cloths, laces, necklets, slippers, oddments and curios, just as he had done twenty years before.

At least fifteen years had gone since Philip had talked with this picturesque merchant of the pavement, who opened his chest where he pleased, and bought and sold where no one else dared buy or sell; for most folk in Jersey shrank from interfering with Elie Mattingley, pirate, smuggler, and sometime master of a privateer. He had had dealings with people high and low in the island, and they had not always, nor often, been conducted in the open Vier Marchi.

Fifteen years ago he used to have his little daughter Carterette always beside him when he displayed and sold his wares. Philip wondered what had become of her. He glanced round. . . . Ah! there she was, not far from her father, over in front of the guard-house, between the Rue des Vignes and the Coin ès Anes, selling, at a little counter with a canopy of yellow silk (brought by her father from that distant land called Piracy), a famous stew made of milk, bacon, colewort, mackerel, and gooseberries; mogues of hot soupe à la graisse, simnels, curds, coffee, and Jersey wonders, which last she made on the spot by dipping little rings of dough in a bashing of lard on a charcoal fire at her side.

Carterette was short and spare, with soft yet snapping eyes as black as night — or her hair; with a warm, dusky skin; a tongue which clattered pleasantly, and very often wisely; a hand as small and plump as a baby's; a pretty foot, which, to the disgust of some mothers and maidens of greater degree, was encased in a red French slipper instead of a wooden sabot stuffed with straw, her ankles nicely

dressed in soft black stockings in place of the woolen native hose which became her station. Once, the Lady of St. Michael's, passing through the square, and seeing the gay broideder and laced cap which Carterette wore, had snatched it from her head, thrown it on the ground, and bade her dress as became her place. But the Lady of St. Michael's repented her of that, because her lord saw fit, for certain private reasons persistently urged by Elie Mattingley, to apologize in writing for this high-handed exercise of his wife's social governance. So Carterette wore her red slippers and her cap whenever she came to the Vier Marchi, and she continued to wear them on Sunday. At all other times she wore the pink bed-gone, the molleton dress, the blue stockings, and the plain white cap and apron tied with blue ribbon, like other girls of her class, though indeed she was unique among them by reason of her father's mysterious life and occupation.

Philip watched Carterette now for a moment, a dozen laughing memories coming back to him; for he had teased her and played with her when she was a child, had even called her his little sweetheart. But then he had always been doing that sort of thing, even as a lad. Carterette had a sunny, almost languorous temper, and she was not easy to rouse, but when roused she was as uncontrollable as an animal in its rage. Looking at her now, he wondered what her fate would be. To marry one of these fishermen or carters? No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps it would be one of those adventurers wearing bearskin caps and buckskin vests, with strings of ivory ornaments round their necks, home from Gaspé, where they had toiled in the great fisheries, some as common fishermen, some as mates, and maybe one or two as masters. No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps a red coat and pipe-clay would catch her eye: she would drift away to camp or barracks, and become a dreary slattern, with every cheerful prospect

dead. No, her own shrewdness would be her safety. Perhaps she would be carried off by some well-to-do, black-bearded young farmer, with red knitted queminzolle, blue breeches, and black cocked hat, with his great pile of Chaumontel pears, kegs of cider, baskets of gooseberries, and bunches of parsley.

Yes, that would be her fate, no doubt, for there was every prejudice in her favor among the people of the island. She was Jersey-born; her father was reputed to have laid by a goodly sum of money, — not all got in this Vier Marchi; and that he was a smuggler, and had been a pirate, roused a sentiment in their bosoms nearer to envy than anything else. He who went beyond this isle adventuring, and brought back golden proofs that a Jerseyman had gathered profit out of other countries and with a minimum of labor, was to be cherished. Go away naked and come back clothed, empty and come back filled, simple and come back with a wink of knowledge, penniless and come back with the price of numerous vergées of land, and you shall answer the catechism of the Vier Marchi without apprehension. Be lambs in Jersey, but harry the rest of the world with a lion's tooth, was the eleventh commandment in the Vier Marchi: hence Mattingley's secure and enviable place therein. Some there were who hated the smuggler, but their time was not yet come.

Yes, thought Philip idly now, as he left the square, the girl would probably marry a farmer, and when he came again he should find her stout of body, and maybe shrewish of face, crying up the virtues of her butter and her knitted stockings; having made the yellow silk canopy above her there into a gorgeous quilt for the nuptial bed.

Yet the young farmers who hovered near her, buying a glass of cider or a mogue of soup, received but scant attention from the girl. She laughed with them, treated them lightly, and went

about her business again with a toss of the head. Not once did she show a moment's real interest, not until a fine upstanding fellow came round the corner from the Rue des Vignes and passed her booth.

She was dipping a doughnut into the boiling lard, but she paused with it suspended. The little dark face took on a warm glow, the eyes glistened. She paid no attention to the lieutenant-bailly, with whom she was a favorite, and who half paused with a "Lord love you, little brown angel!" as he was passing into the Coin des Anes.

"Maitre Ranulph!" called the girl softly. Then, as the tall fellow turned to her and lifted his cap, she said briskly, "Where away so fast, with face hard as a hatchet?"

"Garçon Cart'rette!" he said abstractedly, — he had always called her that.

He was about to move on. She frowned in vexation, yet she saw that he was pale and heavy-eyed, and she beckoned him to come to her.

"What's gone wrong, my big wood-worm?" she asked, eying him closely, striving anxiously to read his face.

He looked at her sharply, but the softness in her black eyes somehow reassured him, and he said quite kindly, "Nannin, 'tite garçon, nothing's the matter."

"I thought you'd be blithe as a sparrow, with your father back from the grave!" Ranulph's face seemed to darken, and she added, "He's not worse, he's not worse?"

"No, no, he's well enough now," he replied, forcing a smile.

She was not satisfied, but she went on talking, intent to find the cause of his abstraction. "Only to think," she said, "only to think that he was n't killed at all at the battle of Jersey, and was a prisoner in France, and comes back here to you, — and we all thought him dead, did n't we?"

"I left him for dead, that morning, on

the Grouville road," he answered. Then, as if with a great effort, and after the manner of one who has learned a part, he said, "As the French ran away mad, the paw of one on the tail of the other, they found him trying to drag himself along the road. They nabbed him, and made him go aboard one of their boats and pilot them out from La Roque Platte and over to France. Then, because they had n't gobbled us up here, what did the French gover'ment do? They clapped a lot of 'em in irons and sent 'em away to South America, and my father with 'em. That's why we heard neither click nor clack of him. He escaped a year ago. Afterward he fell sick. When he got well he set sail for Jersey, was wrecked off the Ecréhos, and everybody knows the rest. Diantre! he had a hard time, my father."

The girl had listened intently. She had heard all these things in flying rumors, and she had believed the rumors; but now that Maitre Ranulph told her — Ranulph, whose word she would have taken quicker than the oath of a jurat — she doubted; and with that doubt her face flushed, as though she herself had been caught in a lie, had done a mean thing. Somehow her heart was aching for him, and yet why it was so she could not have said. All this time she had held the doughnut poised; she seemed to have forgotten her work. Suddenly the wooden fork which held the cake was taken deftly from her fingers by the daft Dormy Jamais, who had crept near.

"Des monz à fous," he cried, "to spoil good eating so! What's the old Jersey saying? — When sails flap, owner may whistle for cargo. Tut, tut, goose Cart'rette!"

Carterette took no note, but said to Ranulph, "Of course he *had* to pilot the Frenchmen back, or they'd have killed him, and it'd done no good to refuse. He was the first man that fought the French on the day of the battle, was n't he? I've always heard that."

Unconsciously she was building up a defense for Olivier Delagarde. She was, as it were, anticipating insinuation from other quarters. She was playing Ranulph's game, because she instinctively felt that behind this story there was gloom in Maître Ranulph's mind and mystery in the tale itself. She noticed, too, that Ranulph shrank from her words. She was not very quick of intellect, so she had to feel her way fumblingly. She must have time to think, but she asked tentatively, "I suppose it's no secret? I can tell any one at all what happened to your father?"

"Oh yes, of course!" he said rather eagerly. "Tell every one about it. He does n't mind."

Maître Ranulph deceived but badly. Bold and convincing in all honest things, he was as yet unconvincing in this grave deception. He had kept silence all these years, enduring what he thought a buried shame; but now how different it was, and how terrible! His father had conspired with the French, had sought to betray the island into their hands: if the truth were known to-day, he would be hanged for a traitor on the *Montès Pendus*; no mercy would be shown him.

Whatever came, Ranulph must drink this bitter cup to the dregs. He could never betray his own father. He must consume with inward disgust while Olivier Delagarde shamelessly babbled his monstrous lies to all who would listen. And he must tell these lies, too, conceal, deceive, and live in daily fear of discovery. He must sit opposite his father day by day at table, talk with him, care for him, and shrink inwardly at every knock at the door, lest it should be an officer come to carry the pitiful traitor off to prison. While this criminal lived, his nights must be sleepless, his days heavy and feverish, his thoughts clouded, his work cheerless.

More than all a thousand times, he must give up forever the thought of Guida. Here was the acid that ate home, here

the torture, the black hopelessness, the cloud upon his brain, the machine of fate that clamped his heart. Never again could he rise in the morning with a song on his lips; never again could his happy meditations go lilting with the clanging blows of the adze and the singing of the saws; never again could he lie at night in his tent upon the shore thinking of Guida in hope, and watching the stars wheel past.

All these things had vanished when he looked into the hut door on the *Ecréhos*, and heard a querulous voice call his name. Now, in spite of himself, whenever he thought upon Guida's face, this other fateful figure, this Medusan head of a traitor, shot in between.

His father had not been strong enough to go abroad since his return, but to-day he had determined to walk to the *Vier Marchi*. At first Ranulph had decided to go to his shipyard at St. Aubin's; but something held him in St. Helier's, and at last, in fear and anxiety, he had come to the *Vier Marchi*. There was a horrible fascination in being where his father was, in listening to his falsehoods, in watching the turns and twists of his gross hypocrisies.

But sometimes he was moved by a strange pity, for Olivier Delagarde was, in truth, far older than his years: a thin, shuffling, pallid invalid, with a face of mingled saintliness and viciousness. If the old man lied, and had not been in prison all these years, he must have had misery far worse, for neither vice nor poverty alone could so shatter a human being. The son's pity seemed to look down from a great height upon the contemptible figure with the soft, beautiful hair, the fine forehead, the unstable eye, and the abominable mouth. This compassion kept him from becoming hard, but it would also preserve him to hourly sacrifice and agony,—Prometheus chained to his rock. In the short fortnight that had gone since the day upon the *Ecréhos* he had changed as much as

do most people in ten years. Since then he had not seen Philip or Guida.

To Carterette he appeared not the man she had known. With her woman's instinct she knew that he loved Guida, but she also knew that nothing that might have happened between them could have brought this look into his face: it had in it something shrinking and shamed. As these thoughts flashed through her mind her heart grew warmer. Suppose Ranulph was in some trouble: well, now might be her great chance. All that the stubborn, faithful little heart in the little body could do for him she would do. She might show him that he could not live without her friendship, and then, perhaps, by and by, that he could not live without her love.

Ranulph was about to move on. She stopped him.

"When you need me, Maitre Ranulph, you know where to find me," she said, scarce above a whisper.

He looked at her sharply, almost fiercely; but again the tenderness of her eyes, the directness of her look, convinced him. She might be, as she was, a little uncertain with other people; with himself she was invincibly straightforward.

"P'r'aps you don't trust me?" she added, for she read his changing expression.

"Oh, I'd trust you quick enough!" he replied.

"Then do it now — you're having some bad trouble," she rejoined.

He leaned over her stall, and said to her steadily and with a little moroseness, "If I was in trouble, I'd bear it by myself; I'd ask no one to help me. I'm a man, and I can stand alone. Don't go telling folk that I look as if I were in trouble. I'm going to launch to-morrow the biggest ship that has ever gone from a Jersey building-yard: that does n't look like trouble, does it? Turn about is fair play, garçon Cart'rette: so when you're in trouble come to me. You're not a man, and it's a man's place to help

a woman, — all the more when she's a fine and good little stand-by like you."

He forced a smile, turned upon his heel, and threaded his way through the square, — nodding to people, answering them shortly, moving on, and keeping a lookout for his father. This he could do easily, for he was the tallest man in the Vier Marchi by at least three inches.

Carterette, quite oblivious of all else, stood looking after him. She was recalled to herself by Dormy Jamais, who was humming some patois verses which had been handed down from generation to generation, passed on from veille to veille, to which, when the whim seized him, he added poignant local allusions. He was diligently cooking Carterette's Jersey wonders, occasionally turning his eyes up at her, — eyes which were like spots of grayish, yellowish light in a face of putty and flour; without eyelashes, without eyebrows, a little like a fish's, something like a monkey's. They were never still. They were set in the face, as it were, like little round glowworms in a mould of clay. They burned on, night and day; no man had ever seen Dormy Jamais asleep.

Carterette did not resent his officiousness. He had a kind of kennel in her father's loft, and he was devoted to her. More than all else, Dormy Jamais was clean. His clothes were mostly rags, but they were comely, compact rags. When he washed them no one seemed to know, but no languid young gentleman who lounged where the sun was warmest against the houses in the Vier Marchi was better laundered.

As Carterette turned round to him he was twirling a cake on the wooden fork, and singing, or rather trolling: —

"Caderoussel he has a coat,  
All lined with paper brown;  
And only when it freezes hard  
He wears it in the town.  
What do you think of Caderoussel?  
Ah, then, but list to me:  
Caderoussel is a bon e'fant" —

"Come, come, dirty-fingers!" she



cried. "Leave my work alone, and stop your chatter."

The daft one held up his fingers, but to do so had to thrust a cake into his mouth.

"They're as clean as a ha'pendy," he protested. Then he took the cake out of his mouth, and was about to place it with the others.

"Black *béganne*," she cried, "how dare you! V'là — into your pocket with it!"

He did as he was bid, humming to himself again: —

"M'sieu' de la Palisse is dead,  
Dead of a *maladie*;  
Quart' of an hour before his death  
He could breathe like you and me!  
Ah bah, the poor M'sieu'  
De la Palisse is dead!"

"Shut up! Mon doux d'la vie, you chatter like a monkey!"

"The poor Maitre, the poor Maitre Ranulph!" said Dormy.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Carterette, turning on him sharply.

"Once he was as lively as a basket of mice, but now" —

"Well, now, *achoere*!" she exclaimed irritably, and stamping her foot.

"Now the cat's out of the bag, and the mice are gone — *oui-gia*!"

She looked at him keenly. What did this simpleton know, or did he know anything?

"You've got things in your noddle!" she said, in angry impatience.

He nodded, grinning. "As thick as haws, but I can't get at them for the brambles."

"And they call you an idiot!" she cried, in furious despair. This fool was eluding her. She gripped her big wooden fork with energy. If it had been a hoe-handle she would have struck him. "You're as deep as the sea!"

He nodded again, and his eyes rolled in his head like marbles as he kept them on the wooden fork in her hand, to dodge at the right moment.

"As cunning as a Norman," he mumbled.

She heard a laugh behind her, a laugh of foolish good nature, which made her angry, too, for it seemed to be making fun of her. She wheeled to see M. Savary *dît* Detricand leaning with both elbows on the little counter, his chin in his hand, grinning provokingly.

"Oh, it's you!" she said snappishly. "I hope you're pleased."

"Don't be cross," he returned, his head moving about a little unsteadily. "I was n't laughing at you, heaven-born Jersienne! I was n't, 'pon my honor! I was laughing at a thing I saw five minutes ago." He shook his head from side to side in a gurgling enjoyment now. "You must n't mind me, *seraphine*," he added; "I'd a hot night, and I'm warm as a thrush now. But I saw a thing five minutes ago!" He rolled on the stall. "Sh!" he said in a loud mock whisper. "Here he comes now. *Milles diables*! but here's a tongue for you, and here's a royal gentleman that speaks truth like a traveling dentist!"

Carterette followed his gesture, and saw coming out of the Route *ès* Couochons, where the brave Pierson issued to his death eleven years before, the father of Maitre Ranulph, Olivier Delagarde.

He walked with the air of a man who courted observation. He imagined himself a hero; he had told his lie so many times that now he almost believed it himself. The long nose, the overhanging brows, the pale face, the white hair, the rheumatic walk, which still was unlike the stolid stiffness of his laborious fellow countrymen, the unchanging smile, almost a leer, made him an inescapable figure.

He was soon surrounded. Never a favorite when he lived in Jersey before the invasion years ago, all that seemed forgotten now; for the word had gone abroad that he was a patriot raised from the dead, — an honor to his country.

Many pressed forward to shake hands with him.

"Help of heaven, is that you, m'sieu'!" said one.

"Misery me! you owed me five chelins, but I wiped it out — oh my good!" cried another.

"Es-tu gentiment, Delagarde?" asked a third.

"Ah, man pèthe bénin, this man!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Shake!" said a tall carter, holding out his hand. He had lived in England, and now made English verbs into French by adding a syllable.

"Holy morning — me too! And have a cup of cider!" called another, until it would seem as though the whole Marchi were descending upon the hero of the hour.

One after another called on him to tell his story; some tried to hurry him to La Pyramide, but others placed a cider-keg for him where he stood, almost lifting him upon it.

"Go on, go on! tell us the story!" they cried. "To the devil with the Frenchies!"

"Here, — here's a dish of Adam's ale!" said an old woman, handing him a bowl of water.

They cheered him lustily. The pallor of his face changed to a warmth. The exaltation of his successful deceit was on him. He had the fatuousness of those who have deceived with impunity; with confidence he unreeled the dark line out to the end. Still hungry for applause, he repeated the account of how the sombre tatterdemalion brigade of Frenchmen came down upon him out of the night, and how he should have killed Rullecour himself had it not been for a French officer who at the critical moment struck him down from behind.

During this recital both Ranulph and Détricand had drawn near. As it progressed Ranulph's face became gloomier and gloomier. Of course this lie was necessary from his father's standpoint,

but it was horrible. He watched the enthusiasm with which the crowd received every little detail of the egregious history. Everybody believed the old man: *he* was safe, no matter what happened to himself, Ranulph Delagarde, ex-artilleryman, ship-builder — and son of a criminal. At any rate, the worst was over now, the first public statement of the life-long lie. He drew a sigh of mingled relief and misery.

At that instant he caught sight of a flushed face, which broke into a laugh of tipsy mirth when Olivier Delagarde told how the French officer had stricken him down just as he was about to finish off Rullecour. It was Détricand. All at once the whole thing rushed upon Ranulph.

What a fool he had been! He had met this officer of Rullecour's these ten years past, and never once had the Frenchman, by so much as a hint, suggested that he knew the truth about his father. Here and now the contemptuous mirth upon the Frenchman's face told the whole story. The danger and horror of the situation descended on him. He made up his mind immediately what to do, and started toward Détricand.

At that moment his father caught sight of Détricand, also, saw the laugh, the sneer on his face, recognized him, and, halting suddenly in his speech, turned pale and trembled, staring as at a ghost. He had not counted on this. His breath almost stopped as he saw Ranulph approach Détricand.

Now the end was come. His fabric of lies would be torn down; he would be tried and hanged on the Mont *ès* Pendus, or perhaps be torn to pieces by this crowd. He could not have moved a foot from where he was if he had been given a million pounds.

The sight of Ranulph's face revealed to Détricand the true meaning of this farce, and how easily it might become tragedy. He read the story of Ranulph's torture, of his sacrifice, and his decision

was instantly made: he would befriend the son. He looked straight into Ranulph's eyes, and his own eyes said he had resolved to know nothing whatever about this criminal on the cider-cask. The two men telegraphed to each other a glance of perfect understanding, and then Détricand turned on his heel and walked away into the crowd.

The sudden change in the old man's appearance had not been lost on the spectators, but they attributed it to weakness or a sudden sickness. One ran for a glass of brandy, another for cider, and an old woman handed up to him a hanap of cinnamon drops, saying, "Ah bidemme, the poor old éfant!"

The old man lifted the brandy with a trembling hand and drank it. When he looked again Détricand had disappeared. A dark, sinister expression crossed his face, and an evil thought pulled down the corners of his mouth. He stepped from the cask. His son went to him, and, taking his arm, said, "Come, you have done enough for to-day."

Delagarde made no reply, but submissively walked away into the Coin des Anes. Once, however, he turned and looked the way Détricand had gone, muttering. Some of the peasants cheered him as he passed. When they were free of the crowd and entering the Rue d'Egypte, he said, "I'm going alone; I don't need you."

"Where are you going?" asked Ranulph.

"Home," answered the old man gloomily.

"All right; better not come out again to-day."

"You're not going to let the Frenchman hurt me?" asked Delagarde, with a morose, querulous anxiety. "You're going to stop that? They'd put me in prison."

Ranulph stooped over his father, his eyes alive with anger, his face blurred with disgust.

"Go home," said he, "and never

again while you live mention this, or I'll take you to prison myself."

Ranulph watched his father disappear down the Rue d'Egypte, and then he retraced his steps to the Vier Marchi. With a new-formed determination he quickened his walk, and ruled his face to a sort of forced gayety, lest any one should think his moodiness strange. One person after another accosted him. He listened eagerly to hear if anything were said which might show suspicion of his father. The gossip, however, was all in M. Delagarde's favor. From group to group he went, answering greetings playfully, and steeling himself to the whole disgusting business.

Presently he saw entering the square from the Rue des Très Pigeons the Chevalier du Champsavoys and the Sieur de Mauprat. This was the first public appearance of the chevalier since the lamentable business at the Vier Prison, a fortnight before. The simple folk had forgotten their insane treatment of him then, and they saluted him now with a chirping "Es-tu biau, chevalier?" and "Es-tu gentiment, m'sieu'?" to which he responded with an amicable forgiveness. To his idea they were only naughty children, their minds reasoning no more clearly than they saw the streets before their homes through the tiny squares of bottle-glass in the windows.

The two old gentlemen were offered odd little drinks in odd little wooden cups, as they threaded their way among the clattering hucksters; and once or twice, with as odd little courtesies, they drank. They even accepted bunches of leaves from Manon Moignard, the witch, who passed, feared yet favored, among the frequenters of the Vier Marchi. These leaves, steeped in brandy, were to cure them of stiffness of step, to make them young again. By and by they came face to face with Détricand. The chevalier stopped short with pleased yet wistful surprise. His fine smooth brow knitted a little when he saw that his compatriot

had been drinking again, and his eyes had a pained look as he said eagerly, "Have you heard from the Comte de Tournay, monsieur? I have not seen you these weeks past; you said you would not disappoint me."

Détricand drew from his pocket a letter and handed it to the chevalier, saying, "Here is a letter from the comte."

The old gentleman took the letter, nervously opened it, and read it slowly, saying each sentence over twice as though to get the full meaning.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "he is going back to France to fight for the King!" Then he looked at Détricand sadly, benevolently. "Mon cher," said he, "if I could but persuade you to give up the wine-cup and follow his example!"

Détricand drew himself up with a jerk, and made an abrupt motion of the hand. "You can persuade me, chevalier," said he. "This is my last bout. I had sworn to have it with — with a soldier I knew, and I've kept my word. But it's the last, the very last in my life, on the honor of — of the Détricands. And I'm going with the Comte de Tournay to fight for the King."

The little chevalier's lips trembled, and, taking the young man by the collar of his coat, he stood on tiptoe and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Will you accept something from me?" asked M. de Mauprat in a shaking voice, joining in his friend's enthusiasm. He took from his pocket a timepiece which he had carried for fifty years. "It is a little gift to my France, which I shall see no more," he added. "May no time be ill spent that it records for you, monsieur."

Détricand laughed in his careless way, but the face that had been seamed with dissipation took on a new and better look, as, with a hand-grasp of gratitude, he put the timepiece in his pocket.

"I'll do my best," he said simply. "I'll be with de la Rochejaquelein and the army of the Vendée to-morrow night."

Then he shook hands with both little gentlemen, and moved away toward the Rue des Très Pigeons. Some one touched his arm. He turned. It was Ranulph.

"I stood near," said Ranulph; "I chanced to hear what you said to them. You've been a friend to me to-day — and these eleven years past. You knew — about my father, all the time."

Before replying Détricand looked round to see that no one was listening.

"Look you, monsieur, a man must keep some deencies in his life, or cut his own throat. What a ruffian I'd be to do you or your father harm! I'm silent, of course. Let your mind rest about me. But there's the baker Carcaud" —

"The baker escaped?" asked Ranulph, dumfounded. "I thought he was tied to a rock and left to drown."

"I had him set free after Rullecour had gone on. He got away to France. I saw him at St. Brieuc four years ago."

Ranulph's anxiety deepened. "He might come back, and then if anything happened to him" —

"He'd try to make things happen to others, eh? But there's little danger of his coming back. They know he's a traitor, and he knows he'd be hung. If he's alive he'll stay where he is. Cheer up! Take my word, Olivier Delagarde has only himself to fear." He put out his hand. "Good-by! We'll meet again, if we both live. If ever I can do anything for you, if you ever want to find me, come or send to — No, I'll write it," he suddenly added, and he scribbled something on a piece of paper.

Ranulph took it, and, scarce looking at the address, put it into his pocket.

They parted with another hand-shake, Détricand making his way down into the Rue d'Egypte and toward the Place du Vier Prison.

Ranulph stood looking at the crowd before him dazedly, misery, revolt, and bitterness in his heart. He who had deserved well of fate, he must live a life of

shame and deception, he must feel the ground of his home and his honor crumbling beneath his feet, through no fault of his own. This French adventurer, Detricand, after years of riotous living, could pick up the threads of life again with a laugh and no shame, while he felt himself going down, down, down, with no hope of rising.

As he stood buried in his reflections the town crier entered the Vier Marchi, and going to La Pyramide took his place upon the steps of it, and in a loud voice began reading a proclamation.

It was to the effect that the great fishing company trading to Gaspé needed twenty Jersiais to go out and replace a number of the company's officers and men who had been drowned in a gale off the rock called Percé. To these twenty, if they went at once, good pay and rapid promotion would be given. But they must be men of intelligence and force, of well-known character and vigor.

The critical moment in Maître Ranulph's life came now. Here he was penned up in a little island with a criminal who had the reputation of a martyr. It was not to be borne. Why not leave it all behind? Why not let his father shift for himself, abide his own fate? Why not leave him the home, what money he had laid by, and go—go—go where he could forget, go where he could breathe? Surely self-preservation was the first law; surely no known code of human opinion or practice called upon him to share the daily crimes of any living soul,—it was a daily repetition of his crime for this traitor to maintain the atrocious lie of patriotism.

He must go: it was his right.

Taking a few steps forward toward the officer of the company, who stood by the crier, he was about to speak. Some one touched him.

He turned and saw Carterette. She had divined his intention, and though she was in the dark as to the motive, she saw that he wished to go to Gaspé.

Her heart seemed to contract till the pain of it hurt her; then, as a thought flashed into her mind, it was freed again, and began to pound hard against her breast. She must prevent him from leaving Jersey, from leaving her. What she might feel personally would have no effect upon him; she would appeal to him from a different standpoint.

"You must not go," she said. "You must not leave your father alone, Maître Ranulph."

For a minute he did not speak. Through his dark wretchedness one thought pierced its way: this girl was his good friend.

"I'll take him with me," he replied.

"He would die in the awful cold," she answered. "Nannin-gia, you must stay."

"Eh ben!" he said presently, with an air of heavy resignation, and, turning, walked away.

Her eyes followed him. As she went back to her booth she smiled: he had come one step her way.

### XIII.

When Detricand left the Vier Marchi, he made his way along the Rue d'Egypte to the house of M. de Mauprat. The front door was open, and he could see through to the kitchen, whence came a voice singing an old chanson in the quaint Jersey patois:—

"Ma commère, quand je danse,  
Man cotillon va-t-i bain?  
I va chin, i va là,  
I va fort bain comm' i va."

Detricand listened for a moment, very well pleased. Guida was singing at her work,—singing unconsciously; for sometimes a line was dropped or broken off, and the verse picked up again after a slight pause. A nice savor of boiling fruit came from within, and altogether the place was so white and clean, so sweet and comfortable, that Detricand

would have waited longer at the doorway had he been an older friend in this house. He knocked, and Guida appeared, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her fingers stained with the rich red of the black raspberries which she was making into a preserve. Her face was alight with some inward pleasure, her eyes were as blue as the sea. She was slightly flushed with her work, and yet somehow she looked cool and fresh, a wonder of perfect health.

A curious shade of disappointment came into her face when she saw who it was. It was clear to Detricand that she expected some one else; it was also clear that his coming gave no especial pleasure to her, though she looked at him not without interest. She had thought of him more than once since that day when the famous letter to the chevalier was read, and she had wondered if he had succeeded in getting the message to the Comte de Tournay. She had also instinctively compared him, this ribald, roistering, notorious fellow, with Philip d'Avranche, — Philip the brave, the ambitious, the conquering. She was sure that Philip had never overdrunk himself in his life; and now, looking into the face of Detricand, she was sure that he had been drinking again. One thing was apparent, however: he was better dressed than she remembered ever to have seen him, — better pulled together and more alert in movement, and bearing himself with an air of purpose. But there still was that curious gray whiteness under the eyes, telling of recent dissipation. There was also the red scar along his temple, showing the track of the bullet fired at him in the Place du Vier Prison two weeks before.

"I've fetched back your handkerchief. You tied up my head with it, you know," he said, taking it from his pocket. "I'm going away, and I wanted to thank you and return it to you."

"Come in, will you not, monsieur?"

He readily entered the kitchen, still

holding the handkerchief in his hand, but he did not give it to her.

"Where will you sit?" she said, looking round. "I'm very busy. You mustn't mind my working," she added, going back to the fire. "This preserve will spoil if I don't watch it."

He seated himself on the *veille*, and nodded his head.

"I like this. I'm fond of kitchens; I always was. When I was fifteen, I was sent away from home because I liked the stables and the kitchen too well. I remember I fell in love with the cook."

Guida flushed, frowned, her lips tightened; then presently a look of amusement broke over her face, and she burst out laughing.

"Why do you tell me these things?" she said. "Excuse me, monsieur, but why do you always tell unpleasant things about yourself? People think ill of you, and otherwise they might think — better."

"I don't want them to think better till I am better," he answered. "The only way I can prevent myself becoming a sneak is by blabbing my faults. Now, I was drunk last night, — very, very drunk."

A look of disgust came into her face. "Why do you relate this sort of thing to me, monsieur? Do — do I remind you of the cook at home, or of an oyster-girl in Jersey?"

She was flushed, but her voice was clear and vibrant, the look of the eyes direct and fearless. How dared he hold her handkerchief like that!

"I tell you them," he replied slowly, looking at the handkerchief in his hand, then raising his eyes to hers steadily and with whimsical gravity, "because I want you to ask me never to drink again."

She looked at him, scarcely comprehending, yet feeling a deep compliment somewhere; for this man was a gentleman by birth, and his manner was respectful now, and had always been respectful to her.



"Why do you want me to ask you that?" she said.

"Because I'm going to France to join the war of the Vendée, and" —

"With the Comte de Tournay?" she interrupted.

He nodded his head. "And if I thought I was keeping a promise to a woman of the right sort, I'd not break it. Anyhow, whatever my motive, I want to make it to you."

"I'm only a girl, — not a woman," she said.

"You'll be a woman when I see you again," he returned. "Will you ask me to promise?" he persisted, watching her intently.

"Why, of course," she answered kindly, almost gently; the compliment was so friendly, he could not be all bad.

"Then say my name, and ask me," he said.

"Monsieur" —

"Leave out the 'monsieur,'" he interrupted.

"Yves Savary *dit* Détrican, will you promise me, Guida Landresse" —

"De Landresse," he interposed.

— "Guida Landresse de Landresse, that you will never again drink wine to excess, and that you will never do anything that any right sort of woman would not like a man to do?"

"On my honor I promise," he said slowly; "and I'll keep the promise, too, because Guida Landresse has asked me."

A strange feeling came over her. All at once, in some indirect, allusive way, she had become interested in a man's life. Yet she had done nothing, and in truth she cared nothing. They stood looking at each other, she slightly embarrassed, he hopeful and eager, when suddenly a step sounded without, a voice called, "Guida!" and as Guida colored and Détrican turned toward the door, Philip d'Avranche entered impetuously.

He stopped short on seeing Détrican. They knew each other slightly, and they bowed. Philip frowned. He saw that

something had occurred between the two. Détrican, on his part, realized the significance of that familiar "Guida!" which had been called from outside.

He took up his cap. "It is greeting and good-by. I am just off for France."

Philip eyed him coldly and not a little maliciously, for he knew Détrican's reputation well; the signs of a hard life were thick on him, and he did not like to think of Guida being alone with him.

"France should offer a wide field for your talents just now," he said dryly; "they seem wasted here."

Détrican's eye flashed, but he answered coolly, "It was not talent that brought me here, but a boy's waywardness and folly; it's not talent that has kept me from starving here, I'm afraid, but the ingenuity of the desperate."

"Why stay here? The world was wide, and France was a step away. You would not have needed talents there. You would no doubt have been rewarded by the court which sent you and Rullecour to ravage Jersey" —

"The proper order is, Rullecour and me, monsieur."

Détrican seemed suddenly to have got back a manner to which he had been long a stranger. His temper became imperturbable, and this was not lost on Philip; his manner had a well-bred distinction and balanced serenity, while Philip himself had no such perfect control, which made him the more impatient and angry. Détrican added, in a composed and nonchalant tone, "I've no doubt there were those at court who'd have clothed me in purple and fine linen, and given me wine and milk, but it was my whim to work in the galleys here, as it were."

"Then I trust you have enjoyed your Botany Bay, monsieur," rejoined Philip mockingly. "You have been your own jailer: you could lay the strokes on heavy or light." He moved to the *veille*, and threw a leg across a corner of it. Guida

busied herself at the fireplace, but listened intently.

"I've certainly been my own enemy, whether the strokes were heavy or light," replied Detricand, with strange candor, and lifting a shoulder slightly.

"And a friend to Jersey at the same time, eh?" was the sneering retort.

Detricand was quite in the humor to tell the truth even to this man who hated him. He was giving himself the luxury of auricular confession. But Philip did not see that when once such a man has stood in his own pillory and sat in his own stocks, he has voluntarily given satisfaction to the law and paid the piper, and will take no after-insult.

Detricand still would not be tempted out of his composure. "No," he answered, "I've been an enemy to Jersey, too, both by act and by example; but people here have been kind enough to forget the act, and the example I set is not unique."

"You've never thought that you've outstayed your welcome, eh?"

"As to that, every country is free to whoever wills, if one cares to pay the entrance fee and can endure the entertainment. One has n't to apologize for living in a country. You probably get no better treatment than you deserve, and no worse. One thing balances another."

The man's composure of manner, his cool impeachment and defense of himself, intensely irritated Philip, the more so because Guida was present, and this gentlemanly vagrant seemed to have placed him at disadvantage.

"You paid no entrance fee here; you stole in through a hole in the wall. You should have been hung."

"Monsieur d'Avranche!" said Guida reproachfully, turning round from the fire.

Detricand's answer came biting and dry: "You are an officer of your King, as was I. You should know that hanging the invaders of Jersey would have

been butchery. We were soldiers of France; we had the honor of being treated as prisoners of war, monsieur."

This shot went home. Philip had been touched in that nerve called military honor. He got to his feet.

"You are right," he answered, with a reluctant frankness. "Our grudge is not individual; it is against France, and we'll pay it soon with good interest, monsieur!"

"The individual grudge will not be lost sight of in the general, I hope?" rejoined Detricand, with cool suggestion, his clear, persistent gray eye looking coldly into Philip's.

"I shall do you that honor," said Philip, with a mistaken disdain.

Detricand bowed low. "You shall always find me in the suite of the Prince of Vaufontaine, monsieur, and ready to be so distinguished by you." Turning to Guida, he added, "Mademoiselle will perhaps do me the honor to notice me again, one day?" Then, with a mocking nod to Philip, he left the house.

Philip and Guida stood looking after him in silence for a minute. Suddenly Guida said to herself, "My handkerchief! Why did he take my handkerchief? He put it into his pocket again."

Philip turned on her impatiently. "What was that adventurer saying to you, Guida? Prince of Vaufontaine indeed! What did he come here for?"

Guida looked at him for an instant in surprise. She scarcely grasped the significance of the question. Before she had time to consider he pressed it again, and without hesitation she told him all that had happened — it was so very little, of course — between Detricand and herself. She omitted nothing save that Detricand had carried off the handkerchief, and she could not have told, if she had been asked, why she did not mention this.

Philip raged inwardly. He saw the meaning of the whole situation from Detricand's standpoint, but he was wise

enough from his own standpoint to keep it to himself; and so each of them reserved something, — she from no motive that she knew, he from an ulterior one. He was angry, too, — angry at Détricand, angry at Guida for her very innocence, and because she had caught and held even this slight line of association which Détricand had thrown.

Yet in any case Détricand was going to-morrow, and to-day — to-day should decide all between Guida and himself. Used to bold moves, in this affair of love he was living up to his custom; and the encounter with Détricand added the last touch to his resolution, nerved him to follow his strong impulse to set all upon one hazard. Two weeks ago he had told Guida that he loved her; to-day there should be a still more daring venture, — a thing which was not captured by a kind of forlorn hope seemed not worth having. The girl had seized his emotions from the first moment, and had held them. She was the most original creature he had ever met, the most natural, the most humorous in temper, the most sincere. She had no duplicity, no guile, no arts.

He said to himself that he knew his own mind always, he believed in inspirations: very well, he would back his knowledge, his inspiration, by an irretrievable move. Yesterday he had received an important communication from his commander: that had decided him, and to-day a still more important communication should be made to Guida.

"Won't you come into the garden?" he said presently.

"A moment — a moment!" She answered him lightly, for the frown had passed from his face, and he was his old buoyant self again. At this time in his life he was not capable of sustained gloom. "I'm to make an end to this bashin of berries first," she added. So saying, she waved him away with a little air of tyranny. He perched himself boyishly on the big chair in the cor-

ner, and began playing with the flax on the spinning-wheel near by and swinging his feet with idle impatience. Then he took to humming a ditty which the Jersey housewife used to sing as she spun, while Guida disposed of the sweet-smelling fruit. Suddenly Guida stopped and stamped her foot.

"No, no, that's not right, stupid sailorman," she said, and she sang a verse at him over the last details of her work:

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,

And your wedding-dress you must put it on  
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky —  
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

She paused. He was entranced. He had never heard her sing, and the full, beautiful notes of her contralto voice thrilled him like organ music. His look devoured her, her song captured him.

"Please go on," he begged. "I never heard it that way."

She was embarrassed yet delighted with his praise, and she threw into the next verse a deep weirdness: —

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

Your gown shall be stitched ere the old moon fade:

The age of a moon shall your hands spin on,  
Or a wife in her shroud shall be laid —  
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

"Yes, yes, that's it!" he exclaimed, with gay ardor. "That's it. Sing on. There are two more verses."

"I'll only sing one," she answered, with a little air of willfulness: —

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

The Little Good Folk the spell they have cast;

By your work well done while the moon hath shone,

Ye shall cleave unto joy at last —  
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

As she sang the last verse she appeared in a dream, and her rich voice, rising with the spirit of the concluding lines, poured out the notes like a bird drunk with the air of spring.

"Guida," he cried, springing to his feet, "when you sing like that, it seems to me that I live in a world that has nothing to do with the sordid business of life, with my dull craft, with getting the weather-gauge or sailing in triple line! You're a planet all by yourself, Mistress Guida! Are you ready to come into the garden?"

"Yes, yes, in a minute," she answered. "You go out to the big apple-tree, and I'll come in a minute."

The apple-tree was in the farthest corner of the large garden. Beehives and currant bushes hid it on one side, and from the other you looked over a low wall to the grim pillars on the *Mont ès Pendus*, which, despite their horrid associations, appeared like Druidic monuments; while the hill and the fields around the hill were as green and as sweet as this garden itself. Near to the apple-tree was the little summer-house where Guida and her mother used to sit and read: Guida on the three-legged stool, her mother on the low, wide seat covered with ferns. This place Guida used to flourish with flowers. The vines crept through the rough lattice-work, and all together made the place a bower, secluded and serene. The water of the little stream outside the hedge made music, too.

Not here, but on the bench beneath the apple-tree Philip placed himself. What a change was all this, he thought, from the staring hot stones of Malta, the squalor of Constantinople, the frigid cliffs of Spitzbergen, the noisome tropical forests of the Indies! This was Aready; it was peace and it was content. His life was bound to be varied and perhaps stormy, — this would be the true change; that is, the spirit of this would be. Of course he would have two sides to his life, like most men: that which was lived before the world, and that which was of the home. He would have the fight for fame. In that he would have to use, not duplicity, but diplomacy, to play a kind of

game; but this other side to his life, the side of love and home, should be simple, direct, — all genuine and strong and true. In this way he would have a wonderful career, and Guida should be in that career.

He heard her footstep now, and, standing up, he parted the apple boughs for her entrance. She was dressed all in white, without a touch of color save the wild rose at her throat, and the pretty red shoes with the broad buckles which *M. de Mauprat* had purchased of *Elie Mattingley* and given to her on her birthday. Her face, too, had color, — the soft, warm tint of the peach blossom, — and her auburn hair was like an aureole.

Philip's eyes gleamed. He stretched out both his hands in greeting and tenderness.

"Guida — sweetheart!"

She laughed up at him mischievously, and put her hands behind her back.

"*Ma fé!* you are so very forward," she said, seating herself on the bench. "And you must not call me Guida, and you have no right to call me sweetheart."

"I know I've no right to call you anything, but to myself I always call you Guida and sweetheart too, and I've liked to think that you would care to know my thoughts."

"Yes, I wish I knew your thoughts," she responded, looking up at him seriously and intently. "I should like to know every thought in your mind. . . . Do you know — you don't mind my saying just what I think? — I find myself feeling that there's something in you that I never touch; I mean, that a friend ought to touch, if it's a real friendship. You appear to be so frank, and I know you are frank and good and true, and yet I seem always to be hunting for something in your mind, and it slips away from me always — always. I suppose it's because we're two different beings, and no two beings can ever know each other in this world, not altogether. We're what the chevalier calls

'separate entities.' I seem to understand better lately his odd, wise talk. He said the other day, 'Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it.' That's what I mean. It makes me shudder sometimes, — that part of us which lives alone forever. We go running on as happy as can be, like Biribi there in the garden, and all at once we stop short at a hedge, as he does there, — a hedge just too tall to look over, and with no foothold for climbing. That's what I want so much: I want to look over the Hedge."

How strong and fine her brow was! How perfectly clear the eye! How natural and powerful the intelligence of the face! When she spoke like this to Philip, as she sometimes did, she seemed quite unconscious that he was a listener; it was rather as if he were part of her and thinking the same thoughts. Philip had never bothered his head in that way about serious or abstract things, when he was her age, and he could not understand it. What was more, he could not have thought as she did if he had tried. She had that sort of mind which accepts no stereotyped reflection or idea; she worked things out for herself. Her words were her own. She was not imitative, nor yet was she bizarre; she was individual, simple, and inquiring.

"That's the thing that hurts most in life," she added presently, — "that trying to find and not being able to. Ah, voilà, what a child I am to babble so!" she broke off, with a little laugh, which had, however, a plaintive note. There was a touch of undeveloped pathos in her character, for she had been left alone too young, been given responsibility too soon.

He knew he must say something, and in a sympathetic tone he said, "Yes, Guida; but after a while we stop trying to follow and see and find, and we walk in the old paths and take things as they are."

"Have you stopped?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh no, not altogether," he replied, dropping his tones to tenderness, "for I've been trying to peep over a hedge this afternoon, and I have n't done it yet."

"Have you?" she rejoined; then paused, for the look in his eyes embarrassed her. "Why do you look at me like that?" she asked tremulously.

"Guida," he said earnestly, leaning toward her, "two weeks ago I asked you if you would listen to me when I told you of my love, and you said you would. Well, sometimes when we have met since I have told you the same story, and you have kept your promise and listened. Guida, I want to keep on telling you the same story for a long time, — even till you or I die."

"Do you, — ah, then, do you?" she asked simply. "Do you really wish that?"

"It is the dearest wish of my life, and always will be," he added, taking her unresisting hands.

"I like to hear you say it," she answered simply, "and it cannot be wrong, can it? Is there any wrong in my listening to you? Yet why do I feel that it is not quite right? Sometimes I do feel that."

"One thing will make all right," he said eagerly, "one thing. I love you, Guida, love you devotedly. Do you — tell me — do you love me? Do not fear to tell me, dearest, for then will come the thing that makes all right."

"I do not know," she responded, her heart beating fast, her eyes drooping before him; "but when you go from me, I am not happy till I see you again. When you are gone, I want to be alone, that I may remember all that you have said, and say it over to myself again. When I hear you speak, I want to shut my eyes, I am so happy; and every word of mine seems clumsy when you talk to me; and I feel of how little account I am beside you. Is that love, Philip? Philip, do you think that is love?"

They were standing now. The fruit that hung above Guida's head was not fairer and sweeter than she. Philip drew her to him, and her eyes lifted to his.

"Is that love, Philip?" she repeated. "Tell me, for I do not know; it has all come so soon. You are wiser; do not deceive me; you understand, and I do not. Philip, do not let me deceive myself."

"As the judgment of life is before us, I believe that you love me, Guida, though I don't deserve it," he answered, with tender seriousness.

"And it is *right* that you should love me, — that we should love each other, Philip?"

"It will be right soon," he returned, "right forever. . . . Guida, I want you to marry me."

His arm tightened round her waist, as though he half feared she would fly from him. He was right; she made a motion backward, but he held her firmly, tenderly.

"Marry — marry you, Philip!" she exclaimed, in trembling dismay.

It was true, she had never thought of that; there had not been time. Too much had come all at once.

"Marry me, — yes, marry me, Guida. That will make all right; that will bind us together forever. Have you never thought of that?"

"Oh, never, never!" she replied, impatient to set him right. "Why should I? I cannot, cannot do it. Oh, it could not be, — not at least for a long, long time, not for years and years, Philip."

"Guida," he said, gravely and persistently, "I want you to marry me to-morrow."

She was overwhelmed. She could scarcely speak. "To-morrow — to-morrow, Philip! You are laughing at me. I could not — how could I marry you to-morrow?"

"Guida dearest," — he took her hands more tightly now, — "you must, Guida. The day after to-morrow my ship is going to Portsmouth for two months; then

we return again here. But I will not go now unless I go as your husband."

"Oh no, I could not; it is impossible, Philip! It is madness, it is wrong! My grandfather" —

"Your grandfather need not know, sweetheart."

"How can you say such wicked things, Philip?"

"My dearest, it is not necessary for him to know. I don't want any one to know until I come back from Portsmouth. Then I shall have a ship of my own, — commander of the *Araminta* I shall be then. I have word from the Admiralty to that effect. But I dare not let them know that I am married until I get commissioned to my ship. The Admiralty has set its face against lieutenants marrying."

"Then do not marry, Philip. You ought not, you see."

Her pleading was like the beating of helpless wings against the bars of a golden cage.

"But I *must* marry you, Guida. A sailor's life is uncertain, and what I want I want now. When I come back from Portsmouth every one shall know, but if you love me — and I know you do — you must marry me to-morrow. Until I come back no one shall know about it except the clergyman, the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, of St. Michael's, — I have seen him, — and Shoreham, a brother officer of mine. Ah, you must, Guida, you must! Whatever is worth doing is better worth doing at the time one's own heart says. I want it more, a thousand times more, than I ever wanted anything in my life!"

She looked at him in a troubled sort of way. Somehow she felt wiser than he at that moment, wiser and stronger, though she scarcely defined the feeling to herself, though she knew that her brain would yield to her heart in this.

"Would it make you so much happier, Philip?" she said, more kindly than joyfully, more in grave acquies-



cence than in delighted belief and anticipation.

"Yes, on my honor, — supremely happy!"

"You are afraid that otherwise — by some chance — you might lose me?" She said it tenderly, yet with a little pain.

"Yes, yes, that is it, Guida dearest!" he replied.

"I suppose women are different altogether from men," she returned. "I could have waited ever so long, believing that you would come again, and that I should never lose you. But men are different: I see, yes, I see that, Philip."

"We are more impetuous. We know, we sailors, that now — to-day — is our time; that to-morrow may be Fate's, and Fate is a fickle jade: she beckons you up with one hand to-day, and waves you down with the other to-morrow."

"Philip," she said, scarcely above a whisper, and putting her hands on his arms, as her head sank toward him, "I must be honest with you; I must be that, or nothing at all. I do not feel as you do about it; I can't. I would much — much — rather everybody knew. And I feel it almost wrong that they do not." She paused a minute; her brow clouded slightly, then cleared again, and she went on bravely: "Philip, I want you to promise me that you will leave me just as soon as we are married, and that you will not try to see me until you come again from Portsmouth. I am sure that is right, for the deception will not then be so great. I should be better able then to tell the poor grandfather! Will you promise me, Philip — dear? It — it is so hard for me! Ah, *can't* you understand?"

This hopeless everlasting cry of a woman's soul!

He clasped her close. "Yes, Guida, my heart, I understand, and I promise you, — I promise you."

Her head dropped on his breast, her arms ran round his neck. He raised

her face; her eyes were closed, — they were dropping tears. He tenderly kissed the tears away.

#### XIV.

"Oh, give to me my *gui-l'année*,  
I pray you, Monseigneur;  
The king's princess doth ride to-day,  
And I ride forth with her.  
Oh, I will ride the maid beside  
Till we come to the sea,  
Till my good ship receive my bride,  
And she sail far with me.  
*Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,*  
*Monseigneur, je vous prie!"*

The singer was perched on a huge broad stone, which, lying athwart several tall perpendicular stones, made a kind of hut, approached by a pathway of other upright narrow pillars, irregular and crude, such as a child might build in miniature with ragged blocks or bricks. Yet, standing alone on the little cliff overlooking the sea, the primeval structure had a sort of rude nobleness and dignity. How vast must have been the labor of man's hands to lift the massive table of rock upon the supporting shafts, — relics of an age when they were the only architecture, national monuments, memorials, and barbaric mausoleums; when savage ancestors in lion-skins, with stone weapons of war, led by white-robed Druid priests, came here and left the mistletoe wreath upon these Houses of Death builded for their adored warriors. As though some protecting spirit were guarding them through the ages, no human habitation is near them, no modern machinery of life touches them with sordid irony or robs them of their lonely pride of years. Castles and towers and forts, Rollo's and Cæsar's, have passed, but these remain.

"*Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,*  
*Monseigneur, je vous prie!"*

Even this song sung by the singer on the rock carried on the ancient story, the sacred legend that he who wore in his breast the mistletoe got from the

Druids' altar, bearing his bride forth by sea or land, should suffer no mischance; and for the bride herself, the *morgengifn* should fail not, but should attest richly the perfect bliss of the nuptial hours.

The light had almost gone from the day, though the last glittering crimson petals had scarce dropped from the rose of sunset. Upon the sea there was not a ripple; it was a lake of molten silver, shading into a leaden silence far away. The tide was high, and the ragged rocks of the Banc des Violets in the south and the Corbière in the west were all but hidden. Only two or three showed their heads placidly above the flow. Who might think that these rocky fields of the main had been covered with dead men, like any field of battle? Less merciful than the earth, the sea quickly and furtively drags its dead men out of sight, after maltreating and shamelessly disgracing their ruined bodies, leaving the fields of rock and reef deceitfully smiling and forever relentlessly lying in wait; while the just earth in kindness covers and protects those who die within her boundaries. Her warring children ravaging her fields and valleys and hills no longer, — their own bodies nourish her into benignant peace again.

"They smile and pass, the children of the sword,

No more the sword they wield;

But oh, how deep the corn upon the battle-field!"

Below the mound where the tuneful youth loitered was a path, which led down through the fields and into the highway. In this path walked lingeringly a man and a maid. Despite the peaceful, almost dormant life about them, the great event of their lives had just occurred, that which is at once a vast adventure and a simple testament of nature: they had been joined in marriage in the parish church of St. Michael's, near by. As the voice of the singer came down to them now, the two glanced up, then passed out of view.

But still the voice followed them, and the man looked down at the maid, repeating the refrain: —

"Oh, give to me my *gui-l'année*,  
*Monseigneur, je vous prie!*"

The maid looked at the man tenderly, almost devoutly.

"I have no Druid's mistletoe from the chapel of St. George, but I will give you, — stoop down, Philip, — I will give you the first kiss I have ever given to any man."

He stooped. She kissed him on the forehead, then upon the cheek, and lastly upon the lips.

"Guida, my wife!" Philip said, and drew her to his breast.

"My Philip!" she answered softly.

"Won't you say, 'Philip, my husband'?"

She did as he asked, in a voice no louder than a bee's.

Presently she said, a little abashed, a little anxious, yet tender withal, "Philip, I wonder what we shall think of this day a year from now? No, don't frown; you look at things differently from me. To-day is everything to you; to-morrow is very much to me. It is n't that I am afraid; it is that thoughts of possibilities will come, whether one likes it or not. If I could n't tell you everything, I feel I should be most unhappy. You see, I want to be able to do that, — to tell you everything."

"Of course, of course," he said, not quite comprehending her, for his thoughts were always more material. He was reveling in the beauty of the girl before him, in her perfect outward self, in her unique personality; the more subtle and the deeper part of her, the searching soul never in this world to be satisfied with superficial reasons and the obvious cause, — these he did not know; was he ever to know? It was the law of her nature that she was never to deceive herself, to pretend anything, nor to offer pretense. To see things, to look beyond the hedge, — that was to be a passion

with her; already it was nearly that. But she was very young; she was yet to pass through the sacred and terrifying ordeal of linking her life past all recall to another's, soul and body. "Of course," Philip continued, "you must tell me everything, and I'll understand. And as for what we'll think of this in another year, why, does n't it stand to reason that we'll think it the best day of our lives — as it is, Guida!" He smiled at her, and touched her soft hair. "Evil can't come out of good, can it? And this is good, — as good as anything in the world can be. . . . There, look into my eyes that way, — just that way."

"Are you happy, very, very happy, Philip?" she asked.

"Perfectly happy, Guida," he answered; and in truth he seemed so, his eyes were so bright, his face so eloquent, his bearing so buoyant.

"And you think we have done quite right, Philip?" she asked earnestly.

"Of course, of course we have. We are honorably disposing of our own fates. We love each other. We are married as surely as other people are married. Where is the wrong? We have told no one, simply because, for a couple of months, it is best not to do so. The clergyman would n't have married us if there'd been anything wrong."

"Oh, it is n't what the clergyman might think that I mean; it's what we ourselves think, down, down deep in our hearts. If you, Philip, if you say it is all right, I will believe that it is right; for you would not want your wife to have one single wrong thing, like a dark spot, on her life with you, would you? If it is all right to you, it must be all right for me; don't you see?"

He did see that, and it made him grave for an instant; it made him not quite so sure.

"If your mother were alive," he said, "of course she should have known; but it was n't necessary for your grandfather to know: he talks; he could n't keep it

to himself even for a month. But we have been properly married by a clergyman; we have a witness, — Shoreham over there" (he pointed toward the Druids' cromlech where the young man was singing); "and it concerns only us now, — just you and me."

"But if anything happened to you during the next two months, Philip, and you did not come back!"

"My dearest, dearest Guida," he answered, taking her hands in his and laughing boyishly, "in that case you will announce the marriage. Shoreham and the clergyman are witnesses; besides, there's the certificate which Mr. Dow will give you to-morrow; and, above all, there's the formal record on the parish register. There, little critic and sweetest interrogation mark in the world, there is the law and the gospel. Come, come, let us be gay; let this be the happiest hour we've yet had in all our lives."

"How can I be altogether gay, Philip, when we part now, and I shall not see you for two whole long months?"

"May n't I see you just for a minute to-morrow morning, before I go?"

"No, no, oh no, Philip, you must not; indeed, you must not! Remember your promise; remember that you were not to see me again until you came back from Portsmouth. Even this is not quite what we agreed, for you are still with me, and we've been married nearly half an hour!"

"Perhaps we were married a thousand years ago, — I don't know!" he answered, drawing her to him. "It's all a magnificent dream so far."

"You must go, you must keep your word. Don't break the first promise you ever made me, Philip."

She did not say it very reproachfully, for his look was ardent and worshipful, and she could not be even a little austere in her new joy.

"I am going," he said. "We will go back to the town: I by the road, you by the shore, so no one will see us, and" —

"Philip," said Guida suddenly, "is it just the same, being married without banns?"

His laugh had again a boyish ring of delight. "Of course, just the same, my doubting fay. Don't be frightened about anything. Now promise me that: will you promise me?"

She looked at him a moment steadily, her eyes lingering on his face with great tenderness, and then she said, "Yes, Philip; I will not trouble nor question any longer. I will only believe that everything is all right. Say good-by to me, Philip. I am happy now, but if — if you stay any longer — ah, please, please go, Philip!"

A minute afterward Philip and Shoreham were entering the highroad, waving their handkerchiefs to her as they went.

She was now seated on the Druids' cromlech where Philip's friend had sat, and, with swimming eyes and smiling lips, she watched the young men until they were lost to view. Her eyes lingered on the road long after the two had passed; but presently they turned toward the sea, and thoughts began to flash through her mind, many at once, some new, none quite the same as had ever come to her before. She was growing to a new consciousness; a new glass through which to see life was quickly being adjusted to her inner sight.

Her eyes wandered over the sea. How immense it was, how mysterious! How it begot in one feelings both of love and of fear! She was not at this moment in sympathy with its wonderful calm. There had been times when she had seemed of it, part of it, absorbed by it, till it flowed over her soul and wrapped her in a sleep of content. Now it was different. Mystery and the million happenings of life lay hidden in that far silver haze. It was on the brink of such a sea that her mind appeared to be hovering now. Nothing was defined, nothing was clear. She was too agitated to think; life, being, was one wide, vague sensa-

tion, partly of delight, partly of trepidation. Everything had a bright tremulousness. This mystery was not dark clouds; it was a shaking, glittering mist; and yet there came from it an air which made her pulse beat hard, her breath come with joyous lightness.

Many a time, with her mother, she had sat upon the shore at St. Aubin's Bay, and looked out where white sails fluttered like the wings of restless doves; then nearer, maybe just beneath her, there had risen the keen singing of the saw, and she could see the white flash of the adze as it shaped the beams; the skeleton of a noble ship being covered with its flesh of wood, and veined with iron; the tall masts quivering to their places as the workmen hauled at the pulleys, singing snatches of patois rhymes. She had seen more than one ship launched, and a strange shiver of pleasure and of pain had gone through her; for as the water caught the graceful figure of the vessel, and the wind bellied out the sails, it seemed to her as if some ship of her own hopes were going out between the rocks and the reefs to the open sea. What would the ship bring back to her? Or would anything ever come back?

The books of adventure, poetry, history, and mythology she had read with her mother had quickened her mind, had given her intuition, had made her temperament more sensitive — and her heart less peaceful. She suffered the awe of imagination, its delights and its penalties, the occasional contempt which it brings for one's self, the frequent disdain of the world, the vicarious suffering, and the joys that pain. She was a pipe to be played on. In her was almost every note of human feeling: home and duty, song and gayety, daring and neighborly kindness, love of sky and sea and air and orchards, the good-smelling earth and wholesome animal life, and all the incidents, tragic, comic, or commonplace, of human existence.

How wonderful love was, she thought; how wonderful that so many millions who had loved had come and gone, and yet of all they felt they had spoken no word that laid bare the exact feeling to her or to any other. Every one must feel in order to know. The barbarians who had set up these stones she sat on, they had loved and hated, and everything they had dared or suffered was recorded — but where? And who could know exactly what they felt? There again the pain of life came to her, the universal agony, the trying to speak, to reveal; and the proof, the hourly proof the wisest and most gifted have, that what they feel they cannot quite express, by sound, or by color, or by the graven stone, or by the spoken word. . . . But life was good, ah yes, and all that might be revealed to her she would pray for; and Philip — her Philip — would help her to the revelation!

*Her Philip!* Her heart gave a great throb, for the knowledge that she was a wife came home to her with a pleasant shock. Her name was no longer Guida Landresse de Landresse, but Guida d'Avranche. She had gone from one tribe to another; she had been adopted, changed. A new life was begun.

She rose, slowly made her way down to the sea, and proceeded along the sands and shore paths to the town.

Presently a large vessel, with new sails, beautiful white hull, and gracious form, came slowly round a point. She shaded her eyes to look at it.

"Why, it's the boat Maitre Ranulph has launched to-day," she said. Then she stopped suddenly. "Poor Ranulph! poor Ro!" she added gently. She knew that he cared for her, loved her. Where had he been these two weeks past? She had not seen him once since that great day when they had visited the Ecréhos.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF BJÖRNSEN AND IBSEN.

### I.

THE day I reached Christiania, on my first visit to Norway, the city was in a state of great excitement. There was evidently something unusual about to happen. All Norwegians seemed to feel that the morrow was certain to be a memorable day in the annals of their country. They realized that then a splendid opportunity would be given them to show their affection for *Gamle Norge* (Old Norway), their native land; to declare once more with earnest sincerity that they were proud of their birthright; and that, undivided by party strife, they all stood ready to receive with rejoicing a countryman of theirs, who in crowning

himself with glory had brought honor to the land he loved. Nansen was coming home!

King Oscar had made the journey from Stockholm to represent the government. But who was to put into words the long-pent-up enthusiasm of the citizens for this brave patriot who seemed to them to represent *Young Norway* rising to take her place among the nations of the world? Who, I asked, would be the spokesman of the people at this important festival? And there was but one answer: Björnstjerne Björnson was the only name suggested. Radicals and conservatives alike felt that he, above all others, was the one fitted to bear the message of the united, exultant nation

to its heroic son; that he was sure to find suitable words in which to express the bold patriotism of this proud though comparatively powerless people.

Nor were they disappointed. The morrow rose clear and bright, and dense crowds filled the gala-decked streets, and poured in unending stream beneath triumphal arches, all hastening to the spacious square by the ancient fortress of Akershus. An eager, expectant multitude encircled the central tribune. Nansen had been greeted with tremendous cheers, which had subsided for the moment, when a tall man, of kingly bearing, of supreme, self-confident, imposing personality, stepped forward from beside him, and stood erect as if in rapt vision gazing over the heads of his hearers to the beautiful fir-clad hills beyond.

A few cheers arose, but were quickly stifled, and then, as if by magic, the whole gathering simultaneously broke forth into a verse of the national anthem.

It was solemn. This inspiring hymn thrilled every soul in the vast assembly. Never before had it seemed to express their patriotic devotion so completely. And he, that fine, impressive figure, who stood now with head bowed before them, *he* had written it. No wonder he was chosen with one accord to voice their feelings on this great occasion.

Björnson was indeed a worthy representative. His words poured forth, sonorous, eloquent, burdened with emotion. The hearts of the hearers went out toward the moving orator as much as toward the poet, who in reality had received the dignity of laureate from their hands. They found his eloquence irresistible. They associated him with their beloved land whose praises he had sung; and even his enemies loved him.

For Björnson has enemies. The impetuousness of his nature has led him into many distressing situations, from which he has found difficulty in extricating himself with honor. He has been

accused of stirring up unnecessary strife, of untrustworthiness, of faithlessness to friends. He has apparently made such a sorry mess of his political meddlings, has created by his hasty, impolitic utterances so much ill will between Norway and its ally and neighbor-land Sweden, has shown such obvious inability to keep to one consistent policy, that he has come near undermining, at least in the cities, the beneficent influence which in his earlier years he unquestionably exercised.

Few, in truth, can escape the spell of Björnson's presence. All feel drawn at once to the big, generous, whole-souled man, who, without losing dignity, can stoop to play with a little child or make merry with congenial friends. His personality is dominating. He was never intended to play second fiddle to another, and he never will. He is convinced of his superior powers of management, and no rebuff or failure jars his self-confidence for more than a moment. He may suffer humiliation in one matter; he has soon forgotten this, and is bubbling over with enthusiasm for some new proposal. He throws all his energies into the movement which arouses his interest for the time; and his advocacy is always brilliant and effective, but it is rarely constant. His friends open their mouths in astonishment at his vagaries, and deplore his excesses; but they still admire and love him. The conservative papers call him a traitor and a fool; they still revere and honor him. One moment he is termed "the uncrowned king of Norway," the next "a blundering meddler who is bringing disgrace and dishonor to his land."

Björnson is certainly a bundle of contrasts. He has led an impulsive, inconstant life; and yet no one, perhaps, in his generation has exerted in Norway a more powerful dominion. Especially in the country districts is his sway supreme.

"I always think my latest book my best," he once said to me in conversation; and no remark could be more



characteristic of the man. It is his capacity of concentrating his energy, his enthusiasm, his brilliance, upon one subject, to the exclusion of all others, that gives force and convincing reality to his work. He has himself a nature so many-sided, so sympathetic and imaginative, so truly poetic, that it is no wonder his books are marvelous in their charm.

I remember very well the first conversation I had with him after his return from Munich, where, as often before, he had spent the winter months. When I came in upon him that morning, he was clad in a long dressing-gown, and wore cocked carelessly on one side of his head a picturesque silk Tam O'Shanter, somewhat like a college cap, though of soft material, — a headgear which accorded superbly with his stalwart figure and striking face. He welcomed me cordially, and, introductory politeness over, began at once to talk of America.

"I have been at Harvard," he said. "You have so much to be proud of there on the other side of the ocean. I am always indignant when I observe that the European papers print only the extraordinary things which happen in the United States. It is because of this unfortunate habit our papers have got into that such erroneous ideas of America are widespread here among us. I myself am very fond of your land, and have great hopes for its future. I am always delighted when my books receive a favorable reception there."

I spoke of the presentation of his latest drama, *Over Ævne*, in Paris, and he expressed his satisfaction with the event. The performance had been more effective, he thought, because his son Björn, the actor, had been present to make the arrangements in person. He mentioned his forthcoming translations from the verse of Victor Hugo, and explained that he was even then trying to commit them to memory, for use in a proposed series of public entertainments, when he would recite them to the people,

and his daughter would accompany him and sing.

"Then you know I have written many political articles, of late, in various reviews."

"Yes," I replied. "We who are most interested in literature grudge the time you spend in this way."

"No," said he, "I feel that I can be most useful there. I have always been interested in politics: but *before* I was only a dreamer, and talked and wrote a great deal of stuff; *now*, however, it is different. People are beginning to accord me the right to have a sensible opinion on practical things, even though I am a poet. Perhaps you have seen what has been written about me in the papers?"

"To be sure," I rejoined; "opinions seem to be divided as to the utility of your political articles in the Russian reviews."

"True, true, true! They don't understand me!" he exclaimed. "And that is just what I can't endure, — that my own countrymen should judge me from the Swedish point of view." Whereupon he stood up beside the table and made a glowing oration on the hopes he had for the future prosperity of his land. "That is what so many of my countrymen will not believe I am working for. It pains me more than anything else to know that they pass a Swedish judgment on me."

A gentle tap. The door opened, and in came Björnson's daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen, — married to the only son of the great dramatist, though I may add that since the appearance of *The League of Youth* there has been little love lost between the two fathers.

"This is my daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen," he said; and as he presented me to her, he broke out impulsively, "Now, there is a man you should get to know well."

I remarked that I had once heard Dr. Ibsen give a trial lecture on soci-

ology in the university before a great throng of people, and that I had had the pleasure of sitting near Fru Ibsen at the *première* of John Gabriel Borkman.

"Oh, that's a piece I can't stand," interrupted Björnson, — "entirely pessimistic and useless; not the kind of thing we want at all. It won't do anybody any good."

His daughter soon withdrew, and I ventured to express my admiration for her beauty, which had often riveted my attention in public gatherings where I had seen her. His face lighted up with evident pleasure. "She is pretty, is n't she?" he exclaimed. "But you ought to see them all together, — my children. It is splendid to see them all happy."

The conversation then turned again to the pessimism which he thought characterized too much our modern literature; and Björnson was very forcible in expressing his dissatisfaction with the way things are drifting. "Have you met a young man here, Christian Collin?" he asked. I bowed in the affirmative, and he added, "Don't you think that he is a pioneer in a new method of criticism? He takes moral questions into consideration, and denounces what is not calculated to do good. What we want in the future is a literature which will make men better."

And with these words ringing in my ears I took my leave; not, however, before I had received from the impulsive, generous man a hearty invitation to visit him, on my return in the summer, at his beautiful country home.

## II.

Could two men be more unlike than Björnson and Ibsen? Björnson, as we have seen, friendly, enthusiastic, outspoken, exuberant, fond of his family, interested in his fellows. Ibsen, reserved, cold, cautious, taciturn, never caught off his guard, always alone. Björnson has been called the heart of Norway, Ibsen its head. Björnson de-

lights in being the centre of an admiring gathering. Ibsen abhors the curious crowd. Björnson has always a word for every one; an opinion on every question, an eloquent speech for every occasion. Ibsen is one of the most uncommunicative of men: he has almost never been induced to address a meeting; he avoids expressing his opinion on any subject whatever. Björnson fills columns of the radical newspapers at a moment's notice. Ibsen keeps his ideas to himself, broods over them, and produces only one book every two years, but that as regularly as the seasons return. Björnson tells you all about his plans in advance. As for Ibsen, no one (not even his most intimate friends, if he may be said to have such) has the remotest idea what a forthcoming drama is to be about. He absolutely refuses to give the slightest hint as to the nature of the work before it is in the hands of the booksellers, though the day on which it is to be obtained is announced a month ahead. Even the actors who are to play the piece almost immediately have to await its publication.

So great has been the secrecy of the "buttoned-up" old man (if I may be allowed to translate literally the expressive Norwegian word *tilknappet*, which is so often applied to him) that the inhabitants of the far-off Norwegian capital, who have, as a rule, but little to disturb their peaceful serenity, are wrought up to an unusual pitch of curiosity on that day during the Christmas-tide when Ibsen's latest work is expected from the Copenhagen printers. Orders have been placed with the booksellers long in advance, and invariably the first edition is sold before it appears. The book then becomes the one topic of conversation for days and weeks afterward. "What does it mean?" is the question on every lip; and frequently no answer comes.

"Why not ask Ibsen himself?" the foreigner suggests. A sympathetic smile comes over the Norwegian he addresses,

who replies, "You have n't been here long; but try it, — there he comes now." And in the distance I saw (for I was the innocent foreigner who, not having then seen Ibsen, ventured to make this thoughtless remark) a thick-set man, rather under medium height, wearing a silk hat and frock coat, his gloves in one hand, a closely wrapped umbrella in the other, approach slowly with short, gingerly steps. When he came opposite us, no impulse stirred me to ask the question, and instead I watched him, then as often afterward, make his way slowly down Carl Johans Gade, the main thoroughfare of Christiania, to the Grand Hotel, where at a fixed hour every day he drinks his coffee in a little room reserved for him, and reads all the Scandinavian and German papers to be had. Ibsen, I felt, was unapproachable.

His unwillingness to speak of his own works is proverbial in Norway. No man ever was so loath to say anything regarding what he himself had written. It is thus he shields himself from the importunities of curious travelers and interviewers who plague him beyond endurance. Once I had the pleasure of attending a ball at the royal palace, at which Ibsen also was present; for, curiously enough, he seems to take delight in such festivities, where he is not expected to talk at length with any one, and where he can move about from one to another, greet his acquaintances, and gather impressions. Even at court balls, however, he is not rid of the importunate; and on this occasion it was a German lady who received one of those quiet rebukes to impertinence which have given him a well-merited reputation for silent reserve. Hardly had she been presented to him before she broke out into expressions of enthusiastic admiration, and finally wound up with the question which Ibsen has heard so often that he is now tired of it: "Do you mind telling me, Dr. Ibsen, what you meant by *Peer Gynt*?"

A dead silence reigned for a moment in the little group surrounding the old man, and I expected him to change the subject without answering the query. But no; he finally raised his head, threw back his shock of white hair, adjusted his glasses, looked quizzically into the woman's eyes, and then slowly drawled out, "Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote *Peer Gynt* only our Lord and I knew what I meant; and as for me, I have entirely forgotten."

I must say, however, that Ibsen always treated me very kindly when I was in Christiania, and invited me to his house on several occasions.

His apartment is an index to the man's character, — most carefully arranged, everything in its proper place, precise in the extreme. In the Italian paintings on the walls he takes quiet delight, and of the delicate furniture stiffly disposed in the drawing-room he seems to be proud. Nor is there more disorder in his study than in his parlor. Very few books are to be seen anywhere, and what there are seemed to me to be more ornamental than useful. His working-table is in the recess of a window looking out on a crowded street, and is not much larger than the window-sill. Ibsen does not need a large table on which to do his work. Nearly all he writes is the result of personal reflection on events in his own experience, and few ideas come to him suggested by the thoughts of others. His home has not been made as happy for him as he deserved, and not a few of his books (among others the latest, *John Gabriel Borkman*) reveal much of that home-life which has been so important an aid to him in generalization.

One morning when I was sitting in his study, on the sofa (the place of honor in Norway as in Germany), he became delightfully talkative. He spoke freely of his plays, and explained why he thought *The Emperor* and *the Galilean* the best and most enduring of them all.

He seemed for once to be off his guard, and expressed opinions on various subjects. Suddenly he fell into a reverie. Unwilling to interrupt it, I was forced to listen for some time — rather uneasy, I admit — to the passing trolley cars, which kept up their incessant hissing in the street below. Finally, he said slowly, almost unconscious of my presence, "Yes, I have tried always to live my own life, — and I think I have been right."

This seemed to me a self-revelation of the man's guiding principle. No writer in recent times has been less influenced by the works of other men. He has deliberately refrained from extensive reading, and has kept himself from under the sway of dominating personalities, ancient or modern. He does not understand a word of English or French when spoken, and can scarcely read even a newspaper article in either language. The assertion commonly made until lately, that he has been much influenced by French authors, is the veriest nonsense; he hardly knew of their existence.

He has narrated in charming verse the ancient stories of the land of the viking chieftains, but the old Norse sagas in their original form he has never examined. He has devoted his life almost exclusively to the drama, and has made himself, as I believe, incomparably the leading dramatist of his time; but even of Shakespeare, the greatest of all play-writers, he knows practically nothing, and those of his works with which he is acquainted he has read in a Danish translation. He seemed reluctant to accept my assurance that Shakespeare is still enjoyed by theatre-goers in both England and America.

Indeed, his self-devotion seems almost to have blinded his eyes to merit in others. Very rarely is he betrayed into making criticisms on other men. If he has conceit, he seldom reveals it. But I have noticed that sometimes his prejudices amount almost to intolerance. We happened once to speak of Goethe, when

he shrugged his shoulders and said that he did not think much of anything Goethe had produced. I suggested that the First Part of Faust was a masterpiece. "Yes, that is the best," he agreed, "but" — "Is there anything better in German?" I queried. "Oh no, nothing better in German," he replied; but after a moment's hesitation he changed the subject abruptly. Of English and French literature he knows practically nothing; of German, the only foreign literature with which he is at all familiar, he is unwilling to speak in admiration.

This may be a weakness, but it is the result of his theories of life, or rather, of the peculiar circumstances of the life he himself has been forced to lead. He is content to live within himself, and refrains from blaming as much as from praising others. It is possible, indeed, that this ignoring of the works of other writers may even have contributed to make Ibsen what he is, one of the most original authors of the century, the acknowledged leader of a new movement which has affected creative effort in almost every European land. It would, of course, be a misfortune if many followed his example with respect to lonely insularity. But we dare not criticise in the case of the master: his plan has permitted the fruition of his genius.

Deliberately he decided years ago to live his own life, to develop his own personality, to stand independent and express what he himself thought, unaffected by the opinions of his fellows. And this note resounds throughout his works: let every man, he teaches, make the most of the talents God has given him, strive to develop to their full the peculiar powers with which he has been endowed, so that dull uniformity shall cease, and curbing conventionality no longer check the advance of mankind.

Such feelings, occasioned, perhaps, by the circumstances of his domestic life from early boyhood, made Ibsen determine to live an isolated life. He has

been faithful to his purpose, and now in his triumphant old age, on this 20th of March, his seventieth birthday, when all his countrymen, with hosts of others, are ready to bow to him in grateful admiration, he inhabits glory in solitude, self-centred and alone.

Yet there is something inspiring in such a picture. The poor apothecary boy in a tiny country village, hopelessly

remote from the great centres of literary endeavor, has risen by the sheer force of indomitable will and by unswerving fixity of purpose to be perhaps the greatest writer his land has ever known; the one Norwegian in this century who, above all others, has succeeded in influencing profoundly the thoughts of men far, far beyond the confines of that wild but glorious land which gave him birth.

William Henry Schofield.

### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE just finished reading a volume of French stories, avowedly of an impossible character, — *contes incroyables*. One or two of them are what we generally call detective stories. The author speaks of two well-known tales of Poe (whose name Frenchmen see fit to write Poë), *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*, as if they had been models to him.

In the introduction to the former of these stories, Poe has a great deal to say about analytic power, skill in solving a mystery from following up indications: and such is indeed the art or science of the actual "detective." But in reading the whole mass of detective stories, it is amusing to reflect that they exhibit none of this analytic, this unfolding art at all. Their art, such as it is, is purely synthetic or constructive. The author has the solution of his own mystery all in his mind; he knows perfectly well who is the murderer; he then proceeds carefully to cover up his own tracks, and, having got them into the requisite state of concealment, elaborately to withdraw his own veils. Much skill is often shown in the selection of circumstances which are to lead to the desired solution; but art in solving the mystery there is none, for to the author it was no mystery from the beginning.

The real way to write a detective story would be this: Let one writer of fiction conceive a criminal situation, and surround the *corpus delicti* with as many events and circumstances, slight or prominent, as he sees fit. In this work, as far as possible, he must keep his murder, his forgery, or his abduction a mystery to himself. Let another writer, not in co-operation with the first, work out a complete solution, accounting for every circumstance, and introducing no new ones at all inconsistent with the asserted facts. The interest might be prolonged by calling on the original author to criticise the offered solution, with reference not to any theory in his own mind, but solely to the situation as he originally drew it. Of course he will have been bound originally by no restriction as to what this is to be, except that he must not create a purely physical impossibility; his personages must not be described as being in two places at once.

After author number one has written his critique, author number two will be invited to defend and develop his solution. If not, the fiction passes into the realm of unsolved mysteries, — common enough in real detective history.

A certain society at college once held a mock trial, — a classmate was tried for the murder of a tutor. The counsel for

the prosecution were obliged to submit the incriminating circumstances, as devised by them, to the counsel for the prisoner, who were at liberty to present any testimony they liked in their case; six witnesses only being called on each side. The prisoner's counsel met the prosecution at nearly every point; in fact, they confined themselves so rigidly to this task that they entirely forgot to make their evidence amusing, and the succession of laughs which greeted every step in the witty case of the prosecution almost wholly failed as we heard the sadly serious if close reply. Yet at the last they left one circumstance unexplained, which, though slight, told heavily against the accused. But the detective, whether in fact or in fiction, must leave nothing unaccounted for which concerns his solution of the mystery.

It may be remarked that Poe, in *The Purloined Letter*, makes C. Auguste Dupin (the prototype of Sherlock Holmes) see both the seal and the address of the letter at once, while it is stuffed in a cardboard rack several feet from where he is sitting, and when, as he himself says, to rise and take it in his hand would have been fatal.

APROPOS of the interminable Bacon-Shakespeare controversy there may be interest for the curious and combative in the ingenious case made out by Père Jean Hardouin, a seventeenth-century Jesuit scholar, to prove that Virgil did not write the *Æneid*. It may be added that he succeeds as well as do the Baconians.

Père Hardouin's theory is preserved in a book entitled *Pseudo-Virgilius, Observationes in Æneiden*. The author begins by saying that it never entered the head of Virgil to write the *Æneid*. He had considered the idea of writing a poem, after finishing the *Georgics*, in praise of the achievements of Augustus, but not of those of *Æneas*. The evidence of this intention may be found in the third *Georgic*, verse 46. This *Georgic*

was written *Anno Urbis* 735, while Augustus was campaigning on the Euphrates. The *Æneid* could not have been written before this, because Virgil speaks of his intention to write an epic poem. But Virgil died, according to Pliny, *Anno Urbis* 740. Can any one believe that he wrote the *Æneid* in the space of five years? The shortest time within which the *Æneid* could have been written is estimated at twelve years, — one year for each book: is it to be believed that Virgil accomplished the task in five years, when, too, he was in failing health? Again, could any one believe that Virgil would change his mind, break his promise to Augustus, and write during the lifetime of that prince a poem in honor of another person?

If Virgil had written the *Æneid*, he would not have selected Marcellus for his highest praises. Marcellus was only the nephew of Augustus; and, moreover, he was dead. Caius Cæsar, the grandchild of Augustus, was yet alive. Is it not far more probable that Virgil should have chosen the living grandson of Augustus as the one to laud, rather than the dead nephew? — more especially as there had been times when Augustus suspected the fidelity of Marcellus. Yet there is not a word about Caius in the *Æneid* from beginning to end.

Both Horace and Pliny, at various times, mention the *carmina* of Virgil; but all commentators agree that the *Georgics* or *Bucolics* are referred to, and that the words do not apply to the *Æneid*. There is nothing in either writer's works about the *Æneid*. Is it possible to believe that, if this poem had existed in their time, they would not have referred to it?

The poem contains internal evidence that it could not have been written in the time of Augustus, by Virgil. In several places the author teaches the doctrine of metempsychosis; but Virgil, in the *Georgics*, condemns and rejects that doctrine. In the *Georgics* the leadership

Why Virgil  
did not write  
the *Æneid*.



of the Trojan immigrants into Italy is correctly ascribed to Tithonus; but the author of the *Æneid* gives that honor to *Æneas*. Certainly, the author of the *Georgics* and the author of the *Æneid* could not have been the same person.

If the *Æneid* had been published in Pliny's time, — and it must have been, if Virgil wrote it, — Pliny would not have failed to notice and correct two serious blunders in natural history: first, the author puts bears and deer in northern Africa so near the seacoast as to be visible from a ship; and again, he speaks of the seed, calyx, and flower of the *dic-tar-num*, which plant has neither seed, calyx, nor flower.

If the *Æneid* had been written by Virgil, Latinus would not have been portrayed tearing his garments for grief; for rending the garments in sign of grief was a Jewish and not a Roman or Trojan custom. Nor would Virgil have described any prince as wearing a crown; he would have used the word "diadem." The word "crown" (*corona*) was not used in that sense until long after Virgil's time.

If Virgil had written the *Æneid*, he would have described different ceremonies; for the ceremonies performed by priest and king, as recounted in that poem, are plainly drawn from the Christian Church, and belong to later times. Besides, the poem is so full of Gallicisms as to furnish a sufficient reason in that fact alone, if there were no other, for believing that its author could not have been a Roman of the time of Augustus. It is plain to see that the poem was born in a Gallic mind. This appears from the *Æneid* itself: see I. 296, IV. 229, and X. 166. Indeed, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it was composed after the year 1230 of our era.

The *Æneid* is a religious allegory. In it everything occurs and exists by and in subjection to the will of God. This the poet calls Fate. It is above the de-

crees of Jupiter, and all the gods yield obedience to it. The action of the poem includes the victory of the Christian religion over the Mosaic and heathen religions; the introduction of Christianity into Italy and Europe; its growth and development; the rise to supremacy of the Holy See; the wars with the Turks and Infidels; the gradual pacification of the world as men and nations acknowledged the power and authority of the Church; and the final triumph, when wars should cease, dissensions should come to an end, and the Holy Pontiff should rule over a peaceful, prosperous, happy, and pious world.

The author did not dare to treat these things openly. He wrote them after the manner of a fable, but the real intent and meaning are not so darkly hidden as to be indistinguishable. The Trojans were the Christians; the burning of Troy was the destruction of Jerusalem; the coming of the Trojans into Italy was the spread of Christianity over Europe; *Æneas* was Christ; the various adventures of the Trojans were the early struggles of the Church; Turnus stood for the Turks, battles with him for the crusades, etc.

Following this interpretation there are many pages of quotations, in which Hardouin presents what he considers to be ample proof of all his allegations. And it is to be remembered that Hardouin was a man of great intellectual power and erudition. His illustrious contemporary, Louis Dupin, the French ecclesiastical historian, places him among the most learned of his order.

His Pseudo-Virgilius was written in Latin, and, I believe, has never appeared in any other language.

I WONDER whether other people get Can a Clergy- from the contemplation of man be "a clergymen in the haunts of Good Fel- low"? the laity the slightly pathetic impression made on me? I hope I am not an unduly worldly man, and I am far from being a man of the world, my

contact with it being both limited and modest. I am sure that I have a lively sympathy with the general motives of clergymen, and a deep and rather tender respect for the peculiar virtues manifested by most of those whom I have the good fortune to know at all well. I meet them with some frequency where duty or pleasure calls them, except in their churches, which, for various reasons, I have for a long time failed to attend. I am more or less associated with them on committees, and have worked with them in the charities to which they devote so much of their energy. I have the pleasure of a certain social round in common with some of them, and they are numerous in my club, where they constitute a considerable element, and what may be called a varied assortment. My acquaintance ranges from dignitaries of the Catholic Church (both the Roman and the other) through most of the grades of seclusive and inclusive beliefs to the apostles of Ethical Culture.

From all but a very few of them I get the impression I have described as slightly pathetic. I do not know exactly whence it comes. I think that they are not themselves conscious of producing it. Some might resent the suggestion of it, though there are some of them with whom I should not hesitate to discuss it. It is with me a sense that they are exposed to a certain unflattering view of their words and acts and motives, not detected by them in their companions, but plain to me; it is sometimes amusing, it is more often painful. This is most likely to be seen in their moments of relaxation. A clergyman in a company where wit follows wine, and both — quite within conventional bounds — flow with the discreet freedom that is

their common charm; or at a billiard-table, though an eminent judge may hold the rival cue; or in the gay excitement of the athletic games that are the delight and gain of modern society, is at a vague but real disadvantage. If he win the verdict that he is "a good fellow," — and that we should all like to win, and ought to like it, — it is apt to be qualified by "for a clergyman." In the merry give-and-take of the talk in such surroundings, he is, in a sense, the victim of his calling. He is spared the keenest thrusts of others; his own lack the inspiration of equal contest. It may not be too much to say that by a common and wholly amiable impulse he is generally — just a little — patronized. And this attitude of mind toward him I have noticed in graver circumstances, in nearly all not directly connected with his particular branch of religious activities.

Thirty years ago, if my memory serves, this was not so, and certainly not in the same degree, — possibly because at that time clergymen as a class confined themselves within narrower limits, where their relations were more clearly defined, and where they enjoyed a fairly recognized authority. The present state of things may be due to an imperfect adjustment to the changes that have taken place. I do not at all dispute the wholesomeness of the changes. I am as far as any one can be from regretting that the capital of character and high motive with which I believe the clergy, as a class, to be more richly endowed than any other class, has, so to speak, found an investment wider and more variedly productive. But I sometimes speculate as to what the complex result may be when my clergyman becomes, without qualification, expressed or implied, "a good fellow."



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